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Collier's

February 16, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

THE HAND THAT TOUCHED LINCOLN

ABE'S DREAM OF ANN RUTLEDGE

A WATERFRONT PRIEST BATTLES THE BIG PORT'S BIG BOSS

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Don't guess about instant coffee. Pick the favorite . . . drink Nescafé*. Month after month, more people the world over drink Nescafé than all other instant coffees combined. They know that you can't make finer coffee, instant or regular!

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Flavor can't be boiled away!

All the flavor's in your cup!

FOR PURE COFFEE ENJOYMENT, DRINK NESCAFE

2 Thrifty Sizes

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc., to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

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We have never sacrificed quality for price

Television—like a fine watch—is a precise, sensitive instrument. To cut corners in its manufacture, merely to achieve low price, can only result in piling up service and maintenance expense for the user.

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And when this superb instrument comes into your home—you know with the passing of every added month and year, that nothing in the whole wide world of Television compares with your choice.

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Model J2056R. 20-inch (215 sq. in.). Charming 18th Century full-door cabinet design. Mahogany veneered top and sides. See this and the many other Zenith models at your dealer's.

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give it glowing "tone"!

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with new secret-formula oils

...that leave no oily "film"

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

One of the most famous landmarks in Newark, New Jersey, is a bronze figure, completed by sculptor Gutzon Borglum in 1911, of Abraham Lincoln seated on a bench. Located in front of the Essex County Court House, it is a favorite meeting spot for youngsters from nearby Roger Treat School. When photographer Arthur Lavine spotted Jane Fletcher, eleven (left), and schoolmate Blanche Lawrence, ten, beside the statue, he recorded this scene, which we feel is a fitting tribute to the Great Emancipator's memory. Collier's further marks the 143d anniversary of Lincoln's birth with features on pages 16 and 28.

Week's Mail

The Leaders & the Voters

EDITOR: Millions of Americans, who look forward to exercising their sacred franchise to vote for their next President, must have been sadly disillusioned to read your article The 12 Who'll Rule Our '52 Conventions (Jan. 5th).

While presenting a true factual report of what may be expected from the 1952 nominating conventions, what good are our "free" elections if a few politicos and not the people can decide who may be voted for in November?

The words, "Our American heritage is threatened as much by our own indifference, as it is by the most unscrupulous official or by the most powerful foreign threat. The future of this republic is in the hands of the American voter," uttered by Dwight D. Eisenhower, present a challenge which a great publication such as Collier's should recognize.

Future political articles, centered on educating Americans how they the people, and not a dozen self-selected leaders, may choose the 1952 candidates, would be doing our country a great service.

KIRK A. LANDON, Miami, Fla.

. . . Congratulations on your convention preview. I have just read it with pleasure, enjoying the impartial, nonpartisan presentation. It certainly indicates the men to watch.

Your writer, however, makes one unfortunate assumption that is not uncommon in national publications. A peek at the facts will show that it is more myth than fact that Governor Dewey has all of New York's delegates "in his vest pocket." I realize that your writer is only quoting a party leader, and yet he goes on to affirm the quote by saying "on top of these, Dewey is expected to have some 50 'hidden votes' scattered around in other state delegations."

Mr. Dewey has not certainly promised all of New York's delegates to the Eisenhower camp, but there are a lot of Republicans who neither like generals in the White House, nor enjoy Dewey's high-pressure tactics. New York is one of the states that can have a split delegation and there are signs that it will be split in 1952.

C. DONALD O'CONNOR, Ithaca, N. Y.

The Power of Advertising

EDITOR: Your January 5th editorial Truman's Crystal Ball, referring to Harry Truman's attack on "slick public relations counselors and gigantic advertising campaigns," was excellent. The idea Truman was attacking is also, I believe, an excellent one.

What the President is so riled up about is that many corporations are now realizing that they can advance their political views and tell the story of free business despite New and Fair Deal laws which have tried to gag them.

(Continued on page 69)

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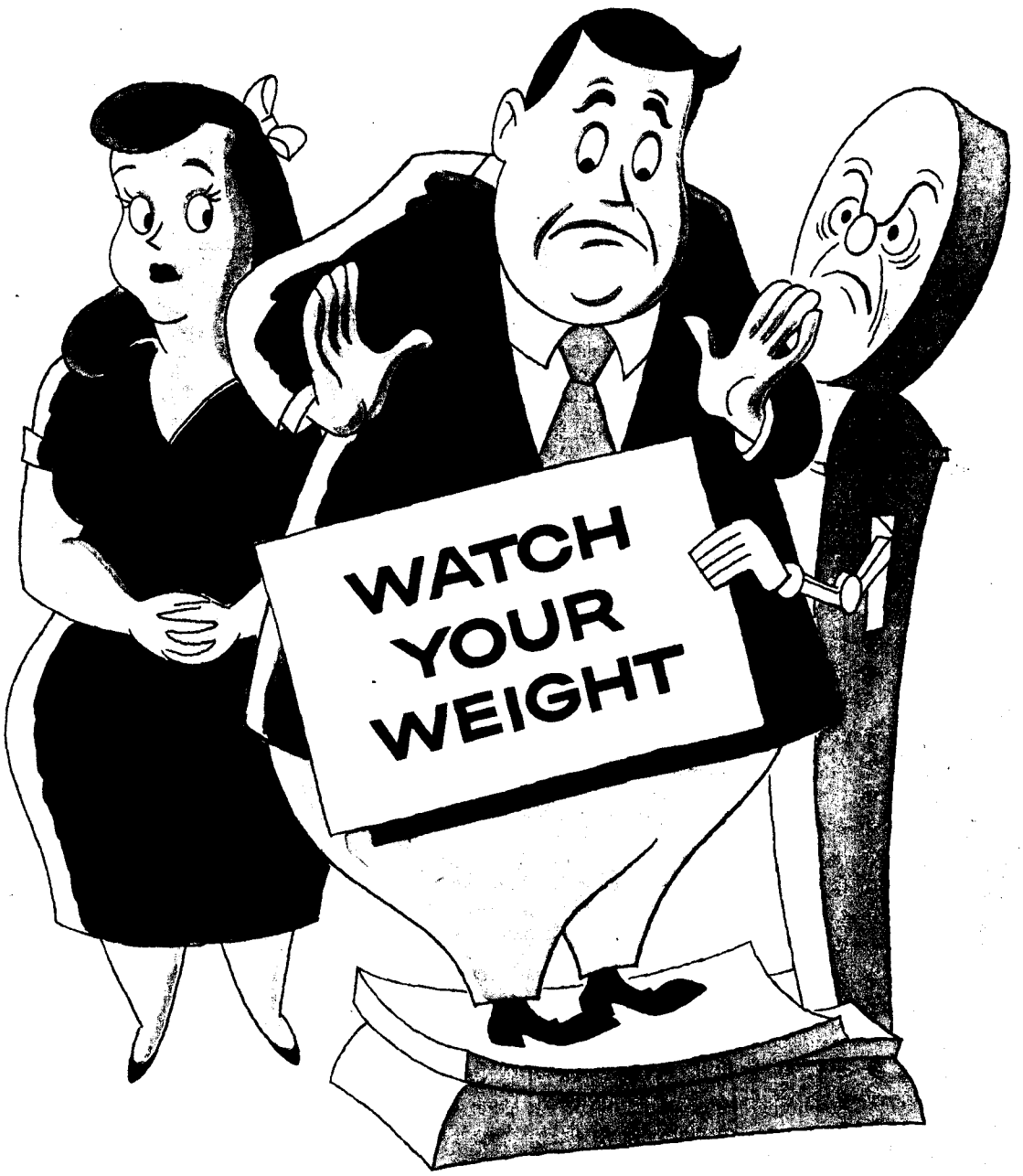


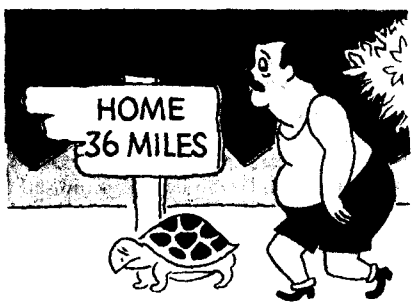
"CHEERS FOR CHUBBY"

THE CARTOON characters shown here—Mr. and Mrs. Chubby—are the "stars" of Metropolitan's new film, "Cheers for Chubby." This film humorously presents a serious subject—the health hazards of overweight.

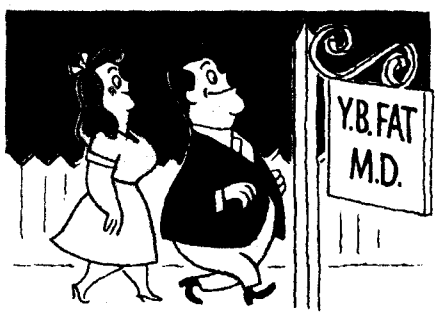
Medical authorities report there are some 25 million Americans who, like the Chubbys, are overweight—or who tip the scales to a point at least 10 percent higher than is best for their physical and mental health.

Today, doctors are urging all overweight people —especially those beyond age 30—to bring their weight down to normal and *keep it there throughout life*. This is because excess pounds may place a burden on vital organs, particularly the heart. Obesity may also shorten life as it is closely associated with heart and circulatory diseases, gall bladder trouble, diabetes, arthritis, and other disorders.

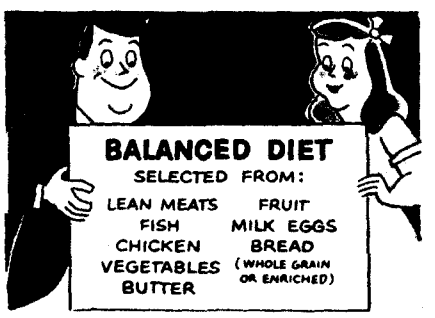
Here are some facts that the Chubbys learned about reducing—facts that may help everyone to get the greatest benefit from a weight-reduction program.



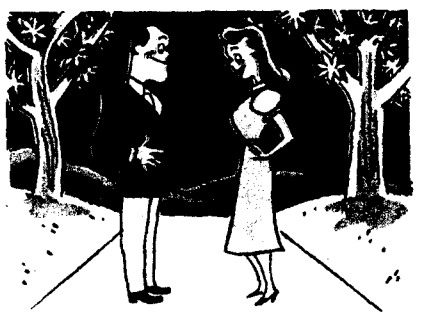
A false start was made by the Chubbys in their attempt to reduce quickly and easily. Chubby tried exercise only—and found that he had to run 36 miles to shed *one pound!* Mrs. Chubby tried the latest reducing fads with even poorer results. They found that so-called "simple ways to reduce" do not work—and that self-treatment with reducing pills may actually be dangerous.



The Chubbys consulted their doctor—the person best qualified to plan safe ways to weight loss. He put them on the right track by helping them develop a new set of *permanent* eating habits. The doctor also prescribed a balanced diet that would not only remove excess pounds, but would also allow the Chubbys to eat a variety of appetizing, nourishing foods.



Here are the foods that were included in the Chubbys' diet—foods that all overweight people need to protect health while reducing. These foods provide the protein, vitamins, and minerals needed for building, and repairing the body. They found this diet easy to follow—and they did not miss those dishes that teem with "hidden calories," such as gravies and sauces.



Here are the Chubbys after dieting sensibly, and firmly adhering to their new eating habits. They lost weight safely—from two to three pounds weekly—and they felt and looked better than they had in years. They also increased their chances for additional years of happier, healthier living, *because they knew that—the shorter the belt line, the longer the life line!*

"Cheers for Chubby" is now being shown in theaters. It gives many more facts about safe weight reduction. Watch for it in your neighborhood. Metropolitan's booklet, "Overweight and Underweight," is another helpful source of information. Just mail the coupon for your free copy of this booklet, 352C.

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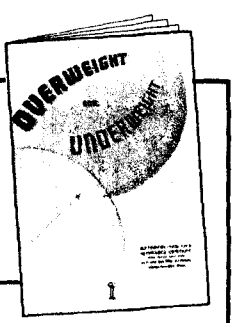
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 352C, "Overweight and Underweight."



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KENTUCKY thoroughbred horses are hailed the world over. And no less celebrated are the famous Bourbons from the Bluegrass State.

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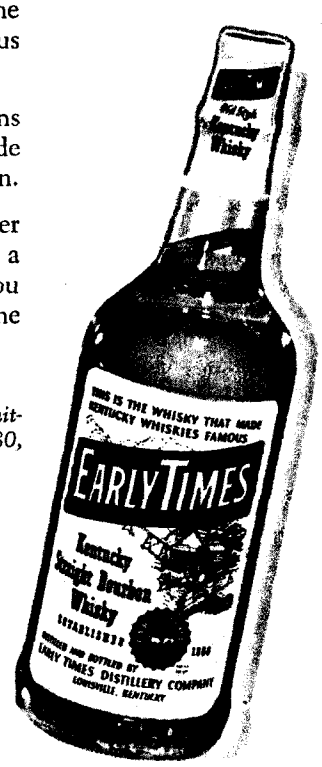
If you would like a color reproduction 16"x12", suitable for framing, send 50c to Early Times, Box 1080, Dept. CBF, Louisville 1, Ky.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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

In New Orleans they're training 32 women to be traffic cops. The theory, which we think weak, is that the girls will do a better job of keeping traffic moving in the heart of the city during heavy traffic hours. We've

seen pictures of some of the ladies and predict a minimum of success for the experiment. For example, who's going to watch silly things like traffic lights or the car ahead if there's an opportunity to gaze at handsome Mrs. Martha Carey, who may be stationed at the intersection of Canal and St. Charles Streets?

★ ★ ★

Just as old Forty-eight was ready to announce that the rising generation of Americans probably will be able to run things *better than their fathers, discouraging* word is received at this desk from the University of Georgia. If the Georgia idea becomes anything like general, the younger guys are going to be much too tired to take over when they arrive at the age of authority. The university has 4,600 students. They complain bitterly that there isn't adequate parking space for their more than 1,500 automobiles. University officials deny this. But, protest the students, if they use the particular parking space the officials speak of, they'll have to walk almost 200 yards to class. And that's clearly no way to insure the coming of a strong, alert, vigorous line of succession.

★ ★ ★

The future is not wholly desperate. Although corporal punishment is strictly forbidden by the public-school board in Denver, Colorado, the 700 boys in Cole Junior High have voted overwhelmingly in favor of one light wallop with a plywood paddle when, in the opinion of their teachers, it seems necessary. Moreover, the lads resent the ruling of the board that even one corrective whack on the caboose is illegal and that the practice must be stopped. The boys insist that they know better than the board what they need.

★ ★ ★

Let's see. The way we get it is, if you want to read more, you've got to read faster; but if you read faster, there is no guarantee that you'll understand more than you did when you read slower. Clear? Well, they're giving 10-week courses in speed-reading at the University of Louisville. We've just received word that one class increased its average reading speed 87 per cent, the best individual improvement being from a start of 216 words a minute to 760. Can't go into details here, except to say that word groups are flashed upon a screen at a rate of from 280 to 700 words a minute and your eyes are asked to grab them as they flicker by —snatch and retain. Sounds downright dizzying. For ourselves, we shall read as fast as we always have, moving our lips as we go and running our right index finger along the line we're perusing, doing our constant best to understand.

★ ★ ★

Look, customers, if you insist on writing letters telling us what's going to happen next November, it's all right with old Forty-eight. But don't hope to convince us that "Ike's bound to lose the labor vote" or that "Taft will be defeated by labor" or that "Truman will be defeated by the white-collar vote." Gather around the knee of a guy who's been trudging around with vote hustlers for years and listen to the croakings of experience. There isn't any labor vote. There isn't any bloc vote—woman, farm, Negro, white-collar, labor or any other class category. There's only one solid segment of voters the candidate has to watch out for and that's the crowd that votes against him. And they'll always find plenty of reasons. The class in practical politics is dismissed.

★ ★ ★

We pause to cheer lustily for the Mangas brothers—Jack and George—who run a cafeteria in Elwood, Indiana. Wouldn't have known a thing about it had it not been for a letter from Pfc Joe Hamelyn, of Indianapolis. Any serviceman who has served overseas eats for free in the Mangas cafeteria. No signs to announce this to the soldier, Marine, sailor or airman as he enters the place. When he gets to the cash-register-end of the line, George merely looks at the uniform and the overseas insignia and waves away the lad's dough. Jack and George have only one slogan for overseas servicemen: "You serve us; we serve you."

★ ★ ★

If you're thinking of going fox hunting in Illinois, this paragraph will save you money. Don't include an airplane in your equipment. It is now illegal to hunt foxes from airplanes in that state. For this valuable information you can thank Mr. Arthur F. Bitter, of Springfield, who describes himself as "one of the last of the fox hunting Bitters." Mr. Bitter goes on: "Of course, from

LOWELL HESS

an airplane it was occasionally hard to tell what was a fox and what wasn't. This sometimes led to rather regrettable mistakes. The nonsporting element put what I regard as entirely too much emphasis on this and our timid legislature acted accordingly."

★ ★ ★

We are indebted to Dr. Harrison M. Berry, Jr., of Philadelphia, for the news that three or four generations hence very few of us will have any wisdom teeth. And unless something reasonable is done about the cost of living, teeth of any variety will be superfluous, in the solemn opinion of

(Continued on page 70)

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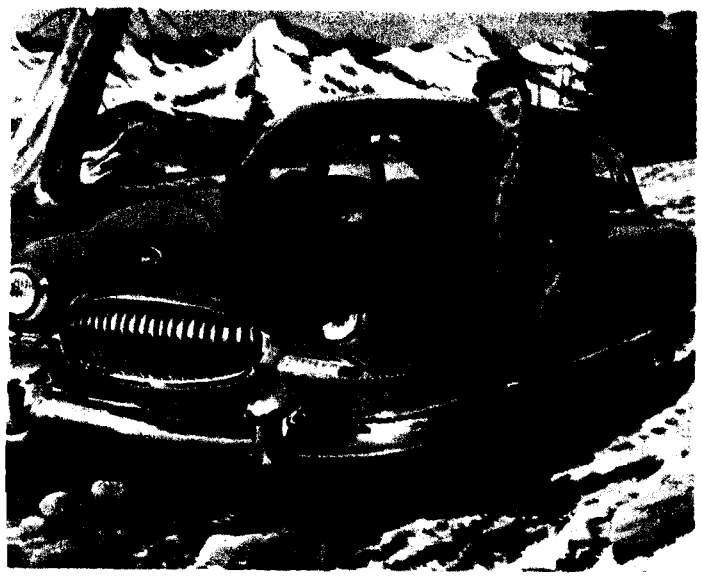
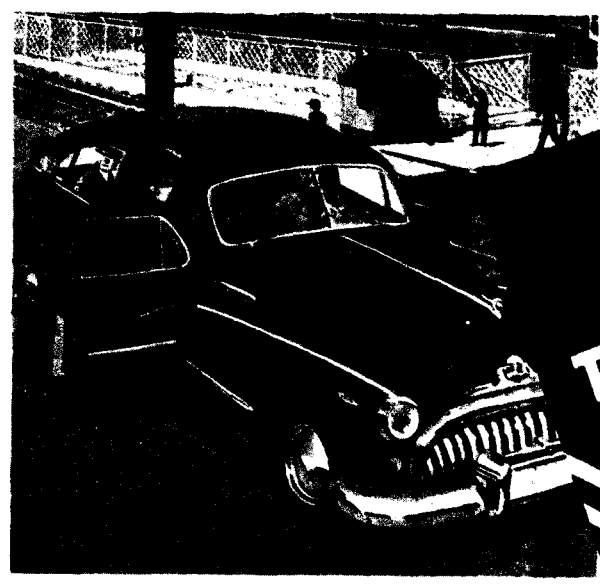
"Half of Byron, Mich., rides on Atlas Tires"

says Village President R. S. Houghton

"Sure, that fire truck has Atlas Tires. So does our local school bus. I use Atlas Tires, too . . . and Bob Lee, our R. F. D. carrier, swears by 'em. He has a 65-mile mail route—only 10 miles of it over paved road. What's more . . .



"There's Gordon Stowell. He likes to hunt up in the rough, roadless North country, and gives his tires really tough use.



"George Cady, who drives a car pool 60 miles daily, is another Atlas booster." Get Atlas Tires today for long wear and safety!

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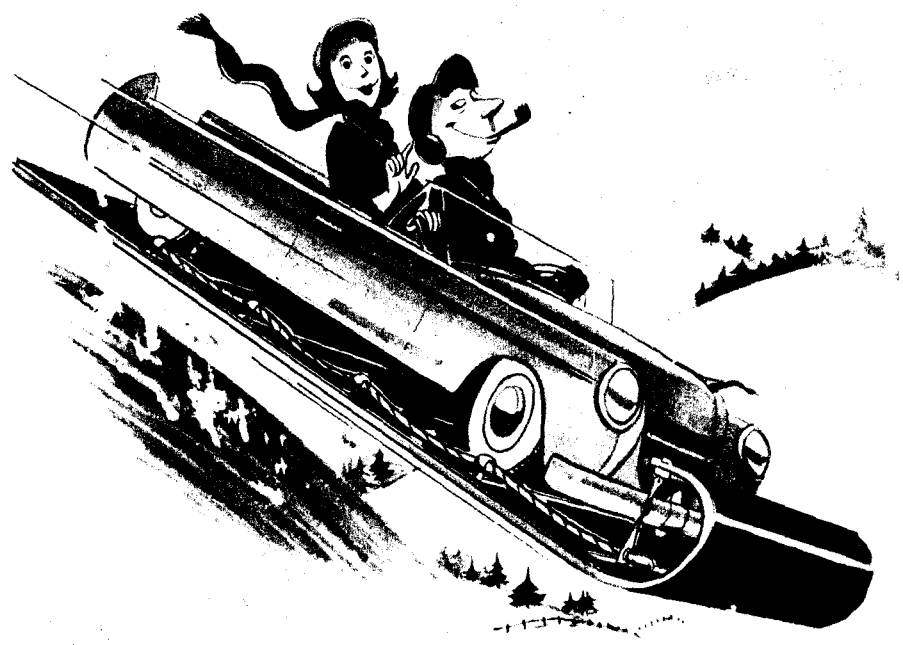

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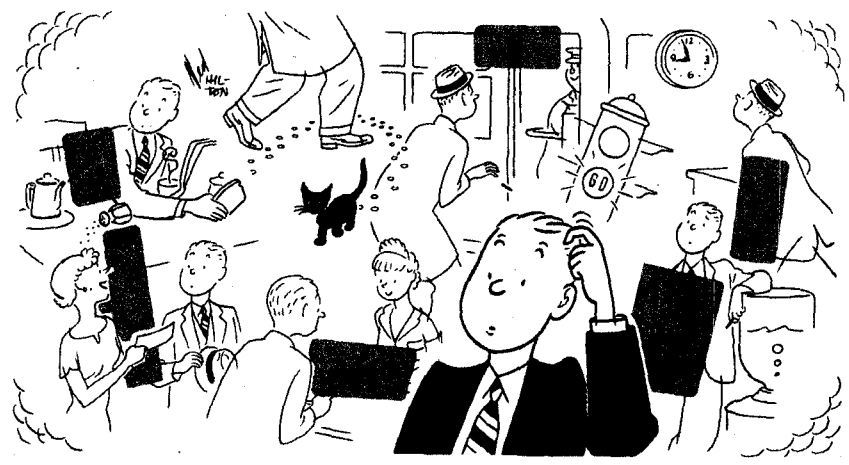

NED HILTON

One of Those Days When Nothing Much Happens

By PERRY GRANT

WHEN a guy tips over the salt shaker at breakfast and his wife stops him from tossing a pinch over his shoulder—bad example for Junior, she says—he pretty well knows what kind of a day is in store for him. Add to the sodium chloride a double passing of a neighbor's black kitten and you know exactly how I feel about my immediate future as I make my dash for the bus this morning. Something's going to happen. Nothing serious, maybe, like returning home with a blonde hair on my lapel—but something for sure.

Warily, then, I turn the corner and reach for the cigarette I never finish before the bus arrives. But there, standing at the curb with doors wide open, is the old traveling fumigator itself, and the operator is smiling at me from behind his coin box. Undoubtedly a trap.

I climb aboard and peer cautiously down the aisle. Could that actually be an empty seat? And right next to the rear exit? I plop into it quickly, asking no more of the powers that be. At least everything's hunky-dory so far, I say to myself, crossing my fingers.

Then comes the little old lady with the cane. I watch her struggle aboard and fumble for her coin, then follow her with my eyes as she drags down the aisle and comes to a feeble halt right over my comfortable roost, staring pitifully into my eyes. Hah, at last the sword has fallen! Like a true gentleman I make my I-was-robbed glance as gracious as possible and arise to offer my warmed-over seat, only to be aced out by the sucker across the aisle. Well! What's Unladylike Luck trying to do, butter me for the fire?

In town I get off the bus, catch the traffic signal easily for the first time in a week and enter our building, glancing apprehensively over my shoulder. I push into the elevator and shout, "Nine!" resigning myself to the slow, milk-run haul aloft. But the dame next to me asks for eleven, and from the rear come three tens, and from over in the corner a fourteen or two, and before I can pull myself together the operator says, "Nine," and I am entering Forbes & Company three minutes early. This is phenomenal.

Maybe it was pepper I spilled, and the cat maybe a deep gray? No, I refuse to be lulled into a sense of false security. Guard up, old man.

My desk is clear, my calendar void, my In basket empty and Mr. Forbes still out.

Then the phone at the switchboard rings. "It's the old man," Rosie whispers, one hand over the mouthpiece. *(Now it comes, I think.)* "Says he won't be in today and not to hurry with that Flockberry report."

Well, despite the forecast, the morning continues fair and safer. I win the toss for coffee and elect to receive. Benson from the accounting department finds an error in my favor in last year's Social Security deductions and also pays me back the pack of cigarettes I loaned him three weeks ago. My desk inkwell feeds like a Chinese supper and all my paper clips come out of the box separately. But I'm not fooled. No, sir, I'm ready when it comes.

At lunch a man gets up from the counter just as I enter and two waitresses fight over each other to take my order. My bacon-and-tomato arrives at the exact moment I down my last spoonful of soup. Caution, I warn myself. Things are going awfully well. As a protective measure I peer under the toast.

"Yes, sir?"

"A . . . this bacon . . ."

"Yeah?"

"It's . . . it's done just exactly as I asked for it!"

"Well, ain't it allus?"

"A . . . never mind," I say.

By five o'clock I am ready for the electric-shock treatment. And when I arrive home to find hamburger pie browning delectably in the oven I let out a scream that would hush a sewing bee.

"What is it, dear? What happened?" The wife is all eyes.

"Nothing!" I shout. "That's what happened—nothing!"

"There, there," she soothes. "It must have been a hard day."

I wave my head dully.

"Look," she continues, waving an envelope in my taut face. "This will make up for it. It's your G. I. rebate check. Came in today. And guess what? It's forty dollars more than we expected!"

The doctor finds me out in the garage under the stepladder opening umbrellas.

THE END

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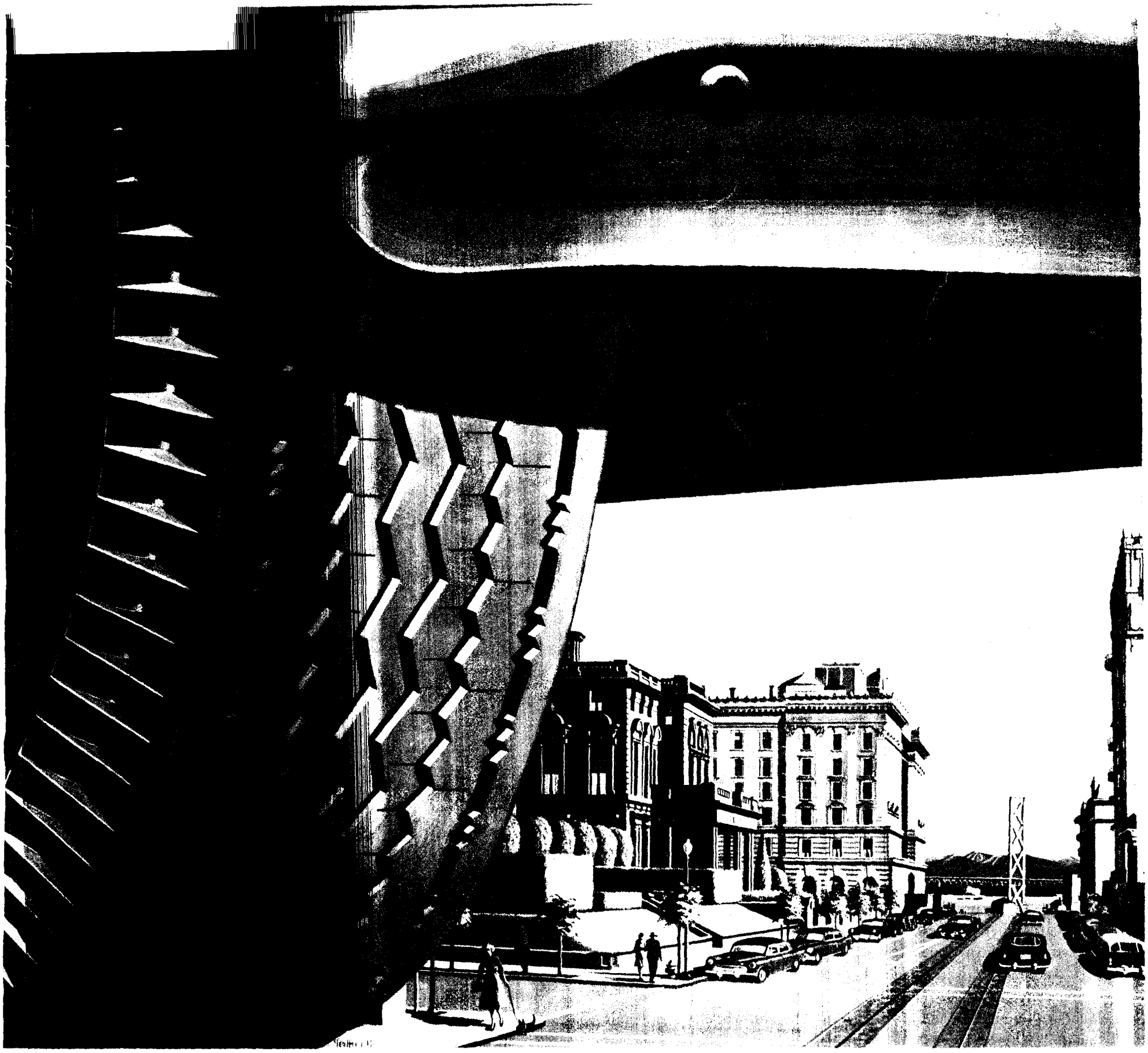

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OIL SCIENTIST, using laboratory model, shows how water flooding revives oil fields which have lost their natural "push." By pumping water into oil-bearing sands, trapped oil is forced toward outlet wells which bring it to the surface, where it is separated from the water. This technique, today used in 800 water flooding projects in the U. S., is now bringing to you and your neighbors millions of barrels of oil which once seemed beyond reach.

Water Flooding Puts New Life in Old Oil Wells

Remarkable Recovery Method Helps Boost U. S. Oil Supplies To Record High

An ingenious method of oil recovery, in which actual water transfusions are used to put new life into worn-out wells, will add extra millions of barrels to the nation's record oil supplies this year.

By pumping water deep underground into oil-bearing formations which have lost their natural pressure, oilmen now coax more oil out of the ground than nature alone would yield. This "water flooding" method is typical of the many special conservation devices developed by oil scientists of scores of companies in their efforts to squeeze every last barrel of oil from existing fields.

In their struggle to outproduce their rivals U. S. oilmen use the latest scientific developments to set new production records year after year. Equally important, they have constantly improved the oil products America uses. For instance, 2 gallons of today's gasoline do the work 3 did in 1925. Yet today's gasoline is priced about the same as 25 years ago—only taxes are higher.

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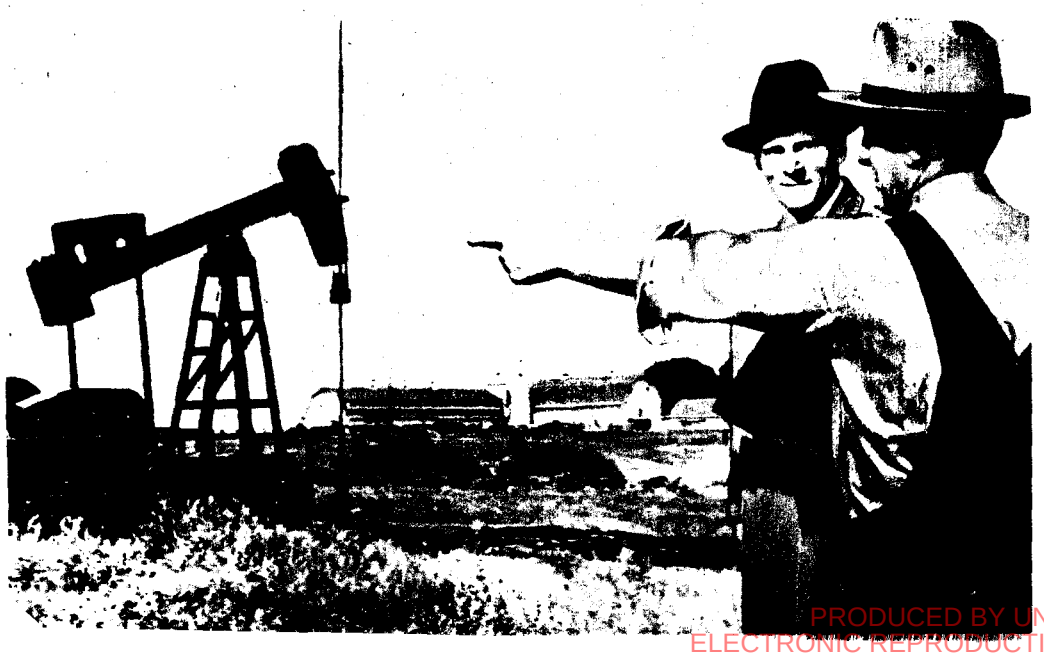
Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



(Left) **BENTON, ILL.** is scene of typical water flooding success story. Only two years ago oil production in this Illinois countryside had slowed to a trickle. Today, thanks to water flooding, "grasshopper" pumps like this are approaching an 8,000 barrel-a-day production rate—over 10 times the rate before water flooding was started.

(Right) **MILLIONTH BARREL** of oil recovered by water flooding at Benton is celebrated by field crew. In projects like this, U. S. oil companies are constantly finding new and better ways to bring you high quality oil products at the world's lowest prices.

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Collier's, February 16, 1952

50 Little-Known Facts
ABOUT THE ATOM

By DR. RALPH E. LAPP

How big are A-bombs? What's the story on atom-powered planes and "atomobiles"? These and other key questions are answered in the clearest report yet on atomic developments

1. ***How many A-bombs do we have?***

The exact number now stored in massive concrete vaults underground in this country cannot be revealed. However, in terms of Nagasaki-type A-bombs, it seems safe to say that the number exceeds 1,000. Trying to specify the exact number of bombs any further is meaningless, unless one sorts out the various caliber bombs and tabulates the number of each kind. Obviously, the size of our stockpile must be shrouded in strict secrecy.

2. ***How big is the Soviet A-bomb stockpile?***

Someone has said: "About Russia there are only varying degrees of ignorance." This applies to our knowledge of the number of A-bombs stockpiled behind the Iron Curtain. However, the "best" estimates current in Washington circles put the figure under the 100 mark.

3. ***Can the U.S.A. keep ahead of Russia in the atomic-arms race?***

Yes. There seems to be little question that the United States can outproduce Soviet Russia in manufacturing A-bombs and maintain numerical superiority in the atomic stockpile. But this is only half the story. As the Soviet stockpile grows, our numerical edge will mean less and less. Once the Soviets have, say 1,000 A-bombs, our numerical superiority will be of slight consolation; for with these bombs the Soviets could seriously attack this country and cripple its industrial might. Thus, an atomic-arms race is a dead-end street.

4. ***What limits our supply of A-bombs?***

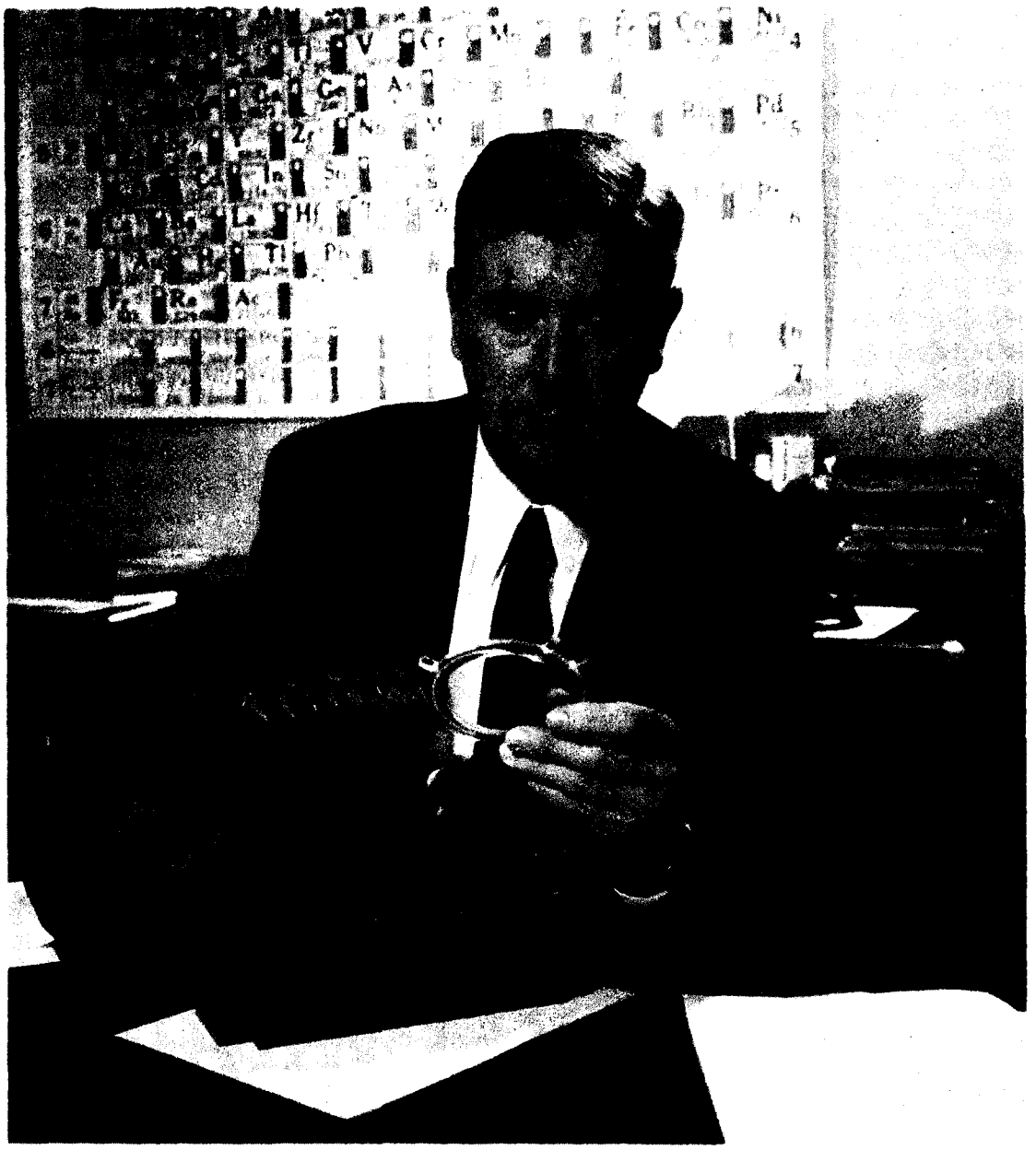
The biggest factor is the supply of uranium ore. If this supply were unlimited, which it decidedly is not, then the big obstacle to making more A-bombs would be the processing plants at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Hanford, Washington. These huge plants are being duplicated at Paducah, Kentucky, and on the Savannah River banks in South Carolina.

5. ***Where does the United States get its uranium?***

The bulk of this precious ingredient of the A-bomb comes from the Belgian Congo, 1,000 miles into the interior of Africa. This is the only rich deposit or mother lode ever discovered, so far as we know. There are numerous other less rich uranium mines outside and inside the Iron Curtain. This country also imports uranium ore from Canada and quite recently has intensified efforts to discover deposits in the United States. However, domestic ores are quite low in uranium content.

6. ***Are there any substitutes for uranium?***

No. Scientists have not discovered any element to replace uranium as a *(Continued on page 65)*



TOM O'HALLORAN

Dr. Ralph E. Lapp is a thirty-four-year-old nuclear physicist from Buffalo, New York who has been engaged in atomic research for 10 years—including three years with the famed Manhattan A-bomb project. For several years after World War II, he served in various executive and advisory capacities in the government, leaving in 1949 to become a writer, lecturer and industrial consultant on atomic matters. Although the author has received security clearance from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense, for the accompanying material, the estimates and opinions expressed are his own, and should not be construed as being those of either agency

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The Treasure in the Attic

Margaret wasn't greedy, but she wanted more for her family than this flimsy house in a run-down neighborhood. They deserved it—and it was up to her husband to get it for her

By ANN CHIDESTER

THE rain began again just before dawn. Margaret woke, aroused from a dream about going to sea on a leaky raft, a pale-green sea in which she saw only the comfortable, sleeping figure of her husband, floating as dry as a bone beside her irksome little raft. She woke up with the sense of anger and defeat which, in spite of her attempts to overcome it, was increasing day by day. She got out of bed and stumbled over Roy's slippers. She went to the far corner of the bedroom, where there was a leak under the low eaves of this house that had been built in less than a week. The wallpaper felt cold and soggy under her fingertips. She made a face, shivering, pulling on her pink wool robe, looking down into the dismal street where the light was slowly turning pale yellow.

Ollie had left his tricycle out again, scornful of the weather and the neighborhood children, who were always carrying off his toys. The leather seat was like cardboard from exposure to summer rains. Any moment now, one of the noisy Grover boys would come out, mount his bike with a shrill whistle, and set off like a jet to distribute morning papers.

Margaret hated this street. They had planned to live here only a year, until they got on their feet and could find something better, and now they had been here over four years. The street had become a personal presence, a monster, casting its shadow over her entire day, making her life ugly, dreary and futile. She was lost in this environment, no matter how hard she tried to pretend otherwise. Lately, all pretense had been almost impossible. The rows of square houses, all alike, poor shelters in any storm, gave her the sense of living in a chintz cell. She had planned for, and expected, a sturdy house with a wide lawn and neighbors who, unlike the noisy Grovers next door, were interested in something more than pork chops and secondhand station wagons.

She had not been raised to live miserably like this; and she had promised herself that, if by the end of summer they were still in this poor house with its leaky roof, in this neighborhood of strangers, and if Roy did not get Harry Newman's job, she would send Ollie to stay with her mother part of the day, no matter how Roy objected, and she would try to get her old job again.

Her mother, whenever she came to visit, always murmured with distaste, as though she were smelling a bad odor, "I don't understand, Margaret, why what was once a perfectly nice housing development has to look like the end of the world after only three years." There it was. And Margaret had had enough. It was ruining her and Roy and Ollie.

She gritted her teeth as the Grover boy burst from the house next door. Sometimes, at night, she was dead certain she heard all the Grovers breathing together in rhythm as they slept, close as sardines, in their little house for which they had such mysterious and hilarious admiration. The Grovers loved their place and loved it loudly and endlessly. This troubled Margaret and made her feel cheap at times, though she knew the Grovers had been accustomed to much less, while she had always had a more solid and fashionable way of life.

Roy did not stir as the Grover boy shrieked into the street. Roy's whole family had a great talent for sleep. Margaret combed her hair, determined that today she would not be shrewish. Roy might be a little lazy and lacking in ambition, compared with her father, but he and she had a better life together than her parents, and she had always disliked hearing her *(Continued on page 37)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

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He wore an old hat of her mother's—black velvet with looping feathers—and he looked like a battered, sleepy young knight. "Glaw," he said sleepily

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MITZI'S

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A MERRY MADCAP

There's never a dull moment around the irrepressible Mitzi Gaynor. When she's not throwing movie sets into an uproar with her prankish humor, she's getting cheers for her twinkling toes

By EZRA GOODMAN

HOLLYWOOD'S latest Cinderella is a merry-eyed madcap of twenty with a ski-jump nose, a sassy tongue and a pair of restless legs that perform pirouettes even during conversation. After two years at 20th Century-Fox, Mitzi Gaynor's dancing legs already have carried her through five films—her current one, Golden Girl, and the still unreleased The I Don't Care Girl being starring vehicles in which she does freehand portrayals of two early musical-comedy favorites, Lotta Crabtree and Eva Tanguay.

Mitzi is what the trade describes as a "galvanic personality." Voluble and vivacious, with ivory skin, slanting hazel eyes and light brown hair, she is a compactly constructed young lady of five feet six inches, who projects so much oomph that she has been deluged by GI pin-up titles from Keokuk to Korea. For example, members of the First Division's 18th Infantry Regiment, stationed in Germany, named her "Miss Demolition of 1951" for being "the girl we'd most like to explode with."

For sheer firepower, the 18th Infantry couldn't have done better. Totally irreverent, Mitzi never stops clowning. On the set, she may shout without warning to an electrician: "Kill that light overhead," thus causing vast confusion. Her fabulous appetite has caused her to call loudly for lunch at such unlikely times as nine thirty in the morning. As a rule, no one pays any attention to this.

But on one of her first pictures, Take Care of My Little Girl, before the Fox people had become accustomed to her ribbing, she leaped to a microphone, when director Jean Negulesco was preparing to shoot a sequence just before noon, and bellowed, "Lunch!" More than a dozen bit players and extras promptly hotfooted it from the set, commissary bound, and Mitzi had to scurry out and round up the missing Thespians so that production could continue.

After Take Care of My Little Girl was completed, Negulesco, to show that all was forgiven, presented her with a tin lunch box, with the suggestion that she keep it well stocked in the future.

Mitzi found a different way to plague Lloyd Bacon, who directed her last two pictures. Bacon has a habit of muttering when he is disturbed, a custom which, in turn, disturbs Mitzi. At such times, she sidles up to Bacon and cheerfully reminds him: "You're beginning to mumble, you're mumbling, stop . . . your . . . mumbling . . ." It stops him.

On the set and off, Mitzi is always on the move. She will dance by the director and chuck him under the chin, whirl past the wardrobe woman and buss her behind the ear, and leap by the choreographer and embrace him from behind. While talking on the telephone, she does *pliés* and arabesques and stands balancing on one foot. She goes into appropriate pantomime for each new costume she wears. She dances while dressing and never pulls her stockings up as other girls do. She gets the foot of the stocking on, then points her toes toward the ceiling and pulls her hose down.

The Gaynor clowning actually is welcomed by most of her associates, who feel that she keeps a set happy. "When Mitzi is around," says David Wayne, who has acted with her in several pictures, "everybody's cheerful. There's nothing as hard to work on as a dull and unhappy set. Mitzi's fooling keeps the tensions from becoming too explosive."

Despite this testimonial, Mitzi, who has a nickname for everybody, calls Wayne "Evil," a name with no particular connotations. Bacon is "Simon Legree." Even studio boss Darryl Zanuck is, *sotto voce*, "the Cigar." People she doesn't know well enough for a specific moniker are called "Cuz," short for cousin. Mitzi herself is called by an assortment of nicknames, including "Mitzele," "Gingersnap" and "Tootsie."

Her producer and discoverer at Fox, George Jessel, likes to call everyone he encounters, man or woman, "Morris," which leaves his mind unfettered for more thoughtful pursuits. That's what he calls Mitzi. It's also what Mitzi calls him. Casual bystanders, overhearing a conversation between the two "Morrises" are often greatly confused. It doesn't confuse Mitzi and Jessel at all.

Not only does Mitzi go in for nicknames, but she also undertakes devastating impersonations of her confreres. Here, too, the Hollywood caste system fails to inhibit her. When she was making her first movie, My Blue Heaven, producer Sol Siegel arrived on the set to watch her go through a number she had rehearsed. Siegel's presence unnerved Mitzi and she fluffed. When Siegel indicated displeasure at this, Mitzi snapped, "What would *you* do if *you* were an actress and the producer showed up on the set looking like this?" She then proceeded to imitate Siegel's imposing walk and manner and his businesslike attitude. Then she ran through the number again. It went off fine. What's more, Siegel got a big kick out of the entire performance.

"I've been dancing all my life," says Mitzi. Actually, she started when she was four years old. She was born in Chicago on September 4, 1931, and was christened Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Chenzy von Gerber, the only child of Budapest-born musical director Henry Gerber and Pauline Fisher, of Viennese ancestry. Mitzi's aunt on her mother's side, Francine Woodbury, was a concert ballet dancer, using the name of Mme. Francine.

The family moved to Detroit when Mitzi was three. One day, her aunt placed her in the five ballet positions. "I seemed to be able to keep my balance and that's how I started my career as a dancer," says Mitzi. She began to study ballet at the age of eight with Mme. Katherine Etienne. She was also captain of the girls' baseball team in the Detroit grade school she attended.

After a trip to New York, where she saw the Broadway musical Streets of Paris, with Carmen Miranda, Mitzi earned her first salary as a professional dancer—$1.25—for impersonating Miss Miranda for a Detroit ladies' club.

Brushed Off by Casting Departments

In 1943, Mme. Etienne moved her ballet school to Hollywood and Mitzi followed, both to continue her studies and, perhaps, to try crashing the studio gates. Her mother and aunt accompanied her, and Mitzi's mother took part-time secretarial jobs, so she could escort her twelve-year-old daughter to school and to studio interviews. The casting departments, including Fox's, told Mitzi to grow up first and then come back. Mme. Etienne today recalls that Mitzi was a good student who used to do imitations of the other pupils—among whom were Virginia Mayo, Adele Mara and Gale Storm.

"The theengs," says Mme. Etienne, "that I told her not to do, like tweetching her eyebrows and all sorts of leetle treecks, are the theengs that now go over beeg in the movies."

Mitzi's first stage show was Song Without Words, a 1945 Los Angeles production in which she was the littlest ballet girl. When she was fourteen, she joined the *corps de ballet* of Edwin Lester's Civic Light Opera Association production of Roberta, by claiming she was sixteen. Mitzi progressed to increasingly important assignments in such Lester shows as The Fortune Teller, Song of Norway, Louisiana Purchase, Naughty Marietta and The Great Waltz.

The latter, in which Mitzi played the ingénue lead, a gold-digging ballerina, was memorable for her on three counts. She lost her petticoat at one performance while dancing with Walter Slezak (she calmly stepped out of it and continued waltzing); she met Richard Coyle, her fiancé-to-be, backstage (they were introduced by Edward Everett Horton, a fraternity brother); and she was seen by Jessel.

Several months later, when Fox was looking for a singing and dancing girl to play Betty Grable's rival for Dan Dailey's affections in My Blue Heaven, Mitzi was signed to a one-picture deal at $1,000 weekly. When the studio brass saw how well she came across in the rushes, she was promptly handed a long-term contract under which she is now earning the same salary. Her last name was changed from Gerber to the more glamorous Gaynor (Mitzi insisted on keeping her first name and the same last initial) and she began to impress the citizens at the studio with her hoofing, harmonizing and general high jinks.

She's Addicted to Busman's Holidays

For all her fooling, Mitzi works hard. She takes her movies seriously and attends as many as five a week when she isn't working on a picture. She even organized impromptu ballet classes with other girls at the studio.

"I love her enthusiasm," says Lloyd Bacon. "She's saturated with the bug to act and carry on and make theater. Sometimes you judge scenes not by looking at what is in front of the camera, but by looking up above. If the electricians are watching a scene from overhead, it's good. They follow Mitzi the way a horse player follows a horse."

Despite her substantial salary, Mitzi lives modestly in an old-fashioned home in the Hollywood hills with her mother, an attractive woman who manages her affairs and whom she calls "Slim" and describes as her "best friend." Sharing a rose and beige bedroom with Mitzi is her close crony, blonde Yvonne Ruby, a onetime Ice Follies skater, whom she met when they were both studying at Powers Professional School in Hollywood, and who is now starting a screen career with bit parts in Mitzi's movies. The lower floor of the house is conveniently occupied by Mitzi's handsome fiancé (who is a thirty-one-year-old attorney), and his mother. Mitzi says she and Coyle plan to be married after her twenty-first birthday, next September.

Mitzi is unspoiled by her present eminence, probably because she came up the long, hard way.

"I had my ears pinned back, but good, in the theater, while I was working for Edwin Lester," she says. "By the time Song of Norway came along, I was pretty conceited. I was fifteen, and I'd done three shows, and I was as 'professional' as can be—you know how you get when you're fifteen.

"Well, the girls in the company ganged up on me, and told me off. I deserved it. I realized then that you have to *make* people like you. If it weren't for that experience, maybe I'd be mad about myself now. But I've had it. I've learned my lesson."

That's part of the explanation for her cheerful antics on the set. She's just busy getting folks to like her (which they do).

But there's another reason, too, and it's a strictly professional one: "I figure that the more fun you have in a show or a picture, the more fun the customers have."

THE END

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Abe's Dream of Ann Rutledge

By ROBERT S. HARPER

The turnout of the yeomanry increases as the train progresses eastward. Most of the stations are handsomely decorated with flags . . . The President-elect continues reserved and thoughtful and stays most of the time alone in the private saloon (sic) prepared for his special use.

—New York Herald, February 12, 1861.

THE tall man in the tall hat became conscious of the full fragrance as he entered the railroad car of the special Wabash train that was to carry him from Springfield to Washington. It came upon him gradually, while he was making himself at home among the brightly upholstered seats of the coach.

He put his hat aside, threw off his shawl and pretended to blow his nose as he wiped from his face the tears that had trickled down the furrowed, bewhiskered cheeks while he talked from the rear of the train to his friends on the station platform. Perhaps that was the moment he first felt the presence of the strange, haunting perfume. Yet, as he thought about it, it was not strange, nor was it haunting; it was something old, something familiar; it seemed as though it had been around him always.

"I'm glad that's over," said Mrs. Lincoln, sitting down heavily in the seat opposite him. "Maybe we can get a little rest now."

"Rest, Mary?" said the tall man. "No. There will be no rest for a long time."

"You talk like a fool, Mr. Lincoln—like a fool, I say. I've worked my head off to get you into the White House, and you talk as though you were going to prison. Well—I'm going to enjoy myself while I can."

"Of course, Mary," Mr. Lincoln soothed her. "It's my job; not yours." He peered from the window at the landscape, now sliding past faster and faster. Rain beat on the windowpane and blurred his vision. He did not blame the rain altogether for the dim view from the train window. His eyes still were misty; out there on the platform, as he talked to those who had come down to the station through the downpour to see him off, he had almost lost control of himself. Just as he finished his little speech, bells rang and the train began to move and he had turned to make his way back into the car before the tears trickled down his cheeks.

He looked around. "Where's Robert, Mary?"

"Up there in the next car with those horrible people who insist on riding with us to Washington," Mrs. Lincoln said. "That Hill Lamon! He'll be carrying his banjo when they take him off to Hades. And that's where he's bound, mark my word. How many bottles of liquor does he have with him?"

"Probably enough to see him through to Washington," grinned the President-elect. "Hill is never one to be caught napping."

"Disgusting! And those cigars he smokes. I saw him giving Robert one of them."

Mr. Lincoln chuckled. His wife turned to him again. "What's so funny about that? You laugh at the silliest things."

"I was just thinking, Mary, how sick Robert is going to be if he smokes one of Hill's cigars. They're not Harvard brand."

"Well! Just let Hill Lamon keep himself and his cigars out of our car. If he comes in here, smoking and banging on that banjo, he can just leave."

"Now, Mary, Hill doesn't mean any harm. If there's one man in America we can trust today, Hill Lamon is that man."

"Silly talk!" Mrs. Lincoln said. "You act as though you thought someone might try to kill you."

Mr. Lincoln studied her for a moment. "There are those in the land who would do such a thing,

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

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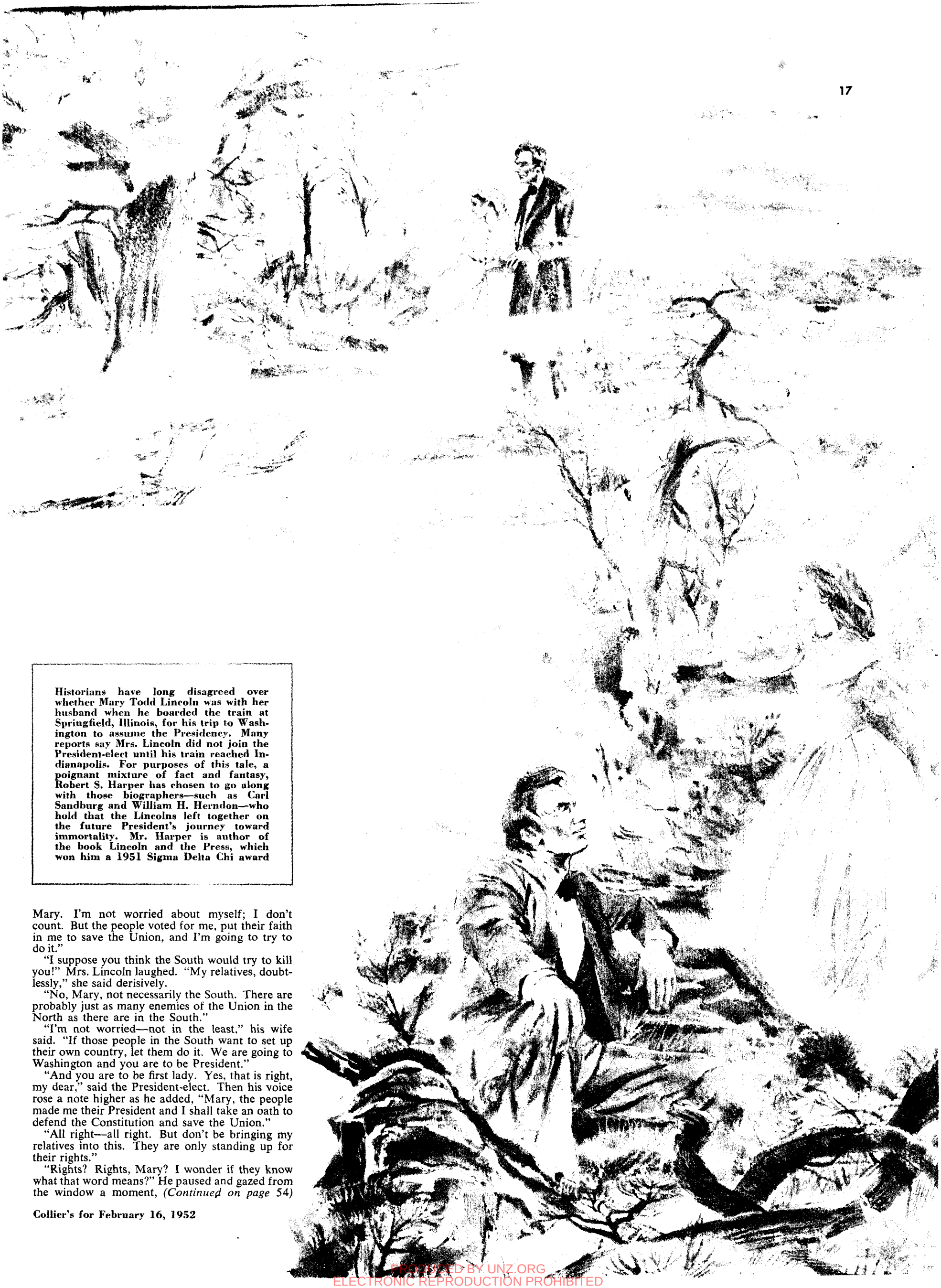

Historians have long disagreed over whether Mary Todd Lincoln was with her husband when he boarded the train at Springfield, Illinois, for his trip to Washington to assume the Presidency. Many reports say Mrs. Lincoln did not join the President-elect until his train reached Indianapolis. For purposes of this tale, a poignant mixture of fact and fantasy, Robert S. Harper has chosen to go along with those biographers—such as Carl Sandburg and William H. Herndon—who hold that the Lincolns left together on the future President's journey toward immortality. Mr. Harper is author of the book Lincoln and the Press, which won him a 1951 Sigma Delta Chi award

Mary. I'm not worried about myself; I don't count. But the people voted for me, put their faith in me to save the Union, and I'm going to try to do it."

"I suppose you think the South would try to kill you!" Mrs. Lincoln laughed. "My relatives, doubtlessly," she said derisively.

"No, Mary, not necessarily the South. There are probably just as many enemies of the Union in the North as there are in the South."

"I'm not worried—not in the least," his wife said. "If those people in the South want to set up their own country, let them do it. We are going to Washington and you are to be President."

"And you are to be first lady. Yes, that is right, my dear," said the President-elect. Then his voice rose a note higher as he added, "Mary, the people made me their President and I shall take an oath to defend the Constitution and save the Union."

"All right—all right. But don't be bringing my relatives into this. They are only standing up for their rights."

"Rights? Rights, Mary? I wonder if they know what that word means?" He paused and gazed from the window a moment, *(Continued on page 54)*

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JERRY COOKE

The Rev. John M. Corridan talks with workers daily. Faces are blacked out so men can't be identified and barred from jobs

A Waterfront Priest Battles

Smart, fearless and hard-working, a young Catholic clergyman leads a stirring fight to win a better deal for New York's embattled longshoremen. His deep spirituality and passion for justice may triumph

This is the second of two articles on the New York water-front system. Lester Velie continues his account of William J. McCormack's rise to great power on the piers and in city politics. Last week, he showed how the Big Boss of the Big Port has become one of the city's richest men through sand-and-gravel, concrete, real-estate and stevedoring operations—a man of great influence

WILLIAM J. McCORMACK, the big power in the Port of New York, has never been elected to city office. Yet for 20 years he has frequented New York's City Hall. He started out with unlimited entree to the office of the late Mayor Jimmy Walker, continued his visits through the reform administration of Fiorello La Guardia, entrenched himself as right-hand man and adviser to William O'Dwyer. And he is having more of the same with the present mayor, Vincent Impellitteri.

In their administrations, he has been powerful enough to win franchises and city contracts for companies in which he is interested, settle strikes that threatened the city's food and fuel life lines, and conduct investigations. Without title, without salary, he headed a special transit committee to avert a threatened transit shutdown last year. Equally, without office, he stepped into a New York Stock Exchange strike in 1948 and, after other mediators failed, got the ticker tape running again.

Yet so quiet, so behind-the-scenes is McCormack's power that, at 61, few New Yorkers have ever heard his name.

A rugged product of New York's brawling West Side, young McCormack grew up amidst the incessant bloodletting of such gangs as the Marginals, the Hudson Dusters and the Gophers. Some of the gangs' more lurid members went to work in McCormack enterprises. One was Linky Mitchell, who was slain in 1929. The notorious Owney Madden, who did not work for McCormack, calls him friend. Somewhere along the line, McCormack made the transition from the roughhouse West Side days to running things with quiet, behind-the-scenes power.

Young McCormack cut his book education short at grammar school. The result has been a forthright, untutored speech, but uttered with a certain amount of force. He is listened to. In his youth, McCormack had no use for words anyway.

Young McCormack's first job was as a teamster's helper in the nearby Washington Market, where his younger brother Harry soon joined him. The teamsters were a tough lot, but the brothers McCormack were a formidable pair even in such company. Harry, who died in 1944, has been described by lifelong friends as a chunky little man "with the strength of a lion." Once, in a stable brawl, he picked up his foe as if he were a doll and dunked him repeatedly in a horse trough. Then he whipped him across the face with a horse towel. Another time, when brother Willie was getting the worst of it in a scuffle with a porter, Harry seized a cooperage adz swinging from the man's belt and, with one blow, ended the brawl.

Young Bill McCormack was a member of an early teamsters union, Local 449, and Harry was its business agent. A turbulent lot, the teamsters would meet atop a saloon at Hudson Street and Tenth Avenue and often wind up their union discussions with a free-for-all. On one such occasion, several dozen union members went to the hospital. This was the union whose official, Joe Forkey, was the victim of an early New York labor homicide in 1913. And when Dan Tobin, now president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, visited the local soon after, its members set upon him and beat him soundly.

Young Bill McCormack of those days is remembered as a handsome, hard-boiled fellow, nicknamed "Duke." He set great store by physical fitness. He neither drank nor smoked, and still doesn't. Even when he was well in his forties and wealthy, he would repair three nights a week to a Y.M.C.A. gym for a workout.

It was during World War I, when McCormack was in his late twenties, that he glimpsed the great riches that could be harvested on the docks.

Able to handle men, teamster McCormack had advanced himself to foreman for a trucking company owned by a John G. Gillen and then, with his brother Harry, bought it out. The company's business stemmed largely from the docks, its horse-drawn trucks carting away the produce and other cargo deposited there. In daily contact with the

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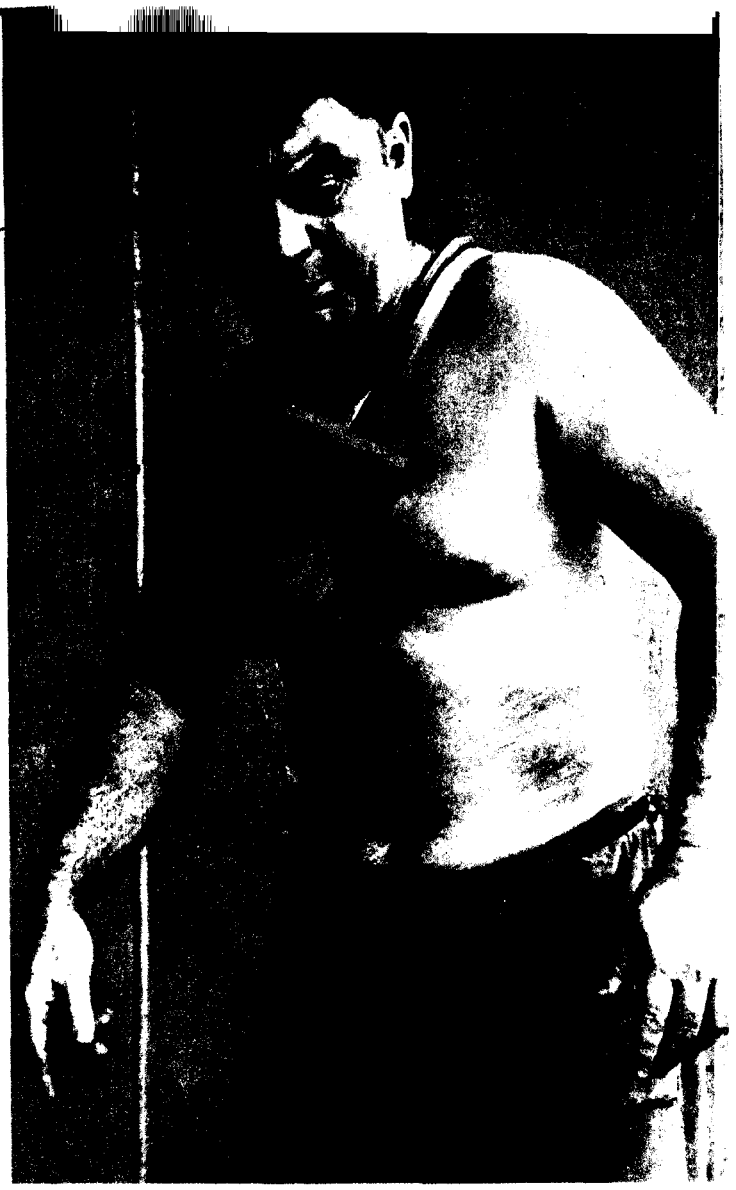
JERRY COOKE

William J. McCormack, mill[illegible]aire and political power, is biggest man in the biggest port



BOB SCHWALBERG

Typical dock worker: veteran Frank Desmond

the Big Port's BIG BOSS

By LESTER VELIE

piers, the perceptive young McCormack sensed that more money could be made from stevedoring —loading and unloading ships—than carting cargo from the docks. One such stevedoring opportunity knocked on McCormack's door. This was the contract for loading meat on ships destined for American troops in France. Paid per quarter of beef handled, the man who held the stevedoring contract could make a fortune from the thousands of tons of beef shipped abroad.

But the business had an occupational hazard: sudden death. The right to stevedore the meat was a prize for which men shot it out even as they do today over other pier prizes. The holder of the meat contract could expect to retire from business—feet first, with a bullet in his head. That is what happened to one of Bill McCormack's contemporaries, a Tom Kelleher.

But Bill McCormack and his brother Harry bid for the contract, loaded the meat and lived to go on to other business. The brothers McCormack divided the duties. Harry had charge of the loading on the docks. Bill had charge of trucking the meat from the warehouse to the docks.

The men whom the McCormack brothers hired to spread the nets and do other beef-loading labor on ship deck, inside the hold, or on the dock included some bully boys from the Marginals and Hudson Dusters gangs who in time became central figures in the most celebrated murders of their day. Two were Tanner Smith and Rubber Shaw.

Tanner Smith was the brash young gangster, quick with a knife, who was responsible for the late Mayor William J. Gaynor's famous Order No. 7 (since rescinded): No cop could use his club except to protect his life. Here's how Tanner Smith brought it about. Tanner, as leader of the Marginals who ruled the mid-town area along the Hudson River, had combined his forces with Owney Madden, the Gophers' leader to the north. Once, when police routed Owney Madden and Tanner Smith from a gang haunt, young Tanner hastened to City Hall and demanded an audience with Mayor Gaynor. Admitted, the hoodlum displayed his bruises and demanded an end to "police brutality." Mayor Gaynor nodded sympathetically. Order No. 7 against the cops—which gave free rein to New York's West Side gangs—was the result.

At the Obsequies of Tanner Smith

Tanner Smith worked as a foreman in the McCormack brothers' meat-stevedoring operation, and they were friends besides. When Tanner died, Bill McCormack went to the wake at his home and sent a Mass card and flowers to his funeral.

Tanner Smith died in 1919 as violently as he had lived—by murder. Rubber Shaw, a Hudson Duster, whom Tanner Smith had fired from the docks, punching his nose for emphasis, did it. Bill McCormack, according to old friends, narrowly missed death at Shaw's hands, too.

"Rubber Shaw came into the Avonia Club looking for Bill McCormack," an early friend recalls. "He stood behind McCormack watching him play cards for some time. Then he left, and went to the Marginals' social club on Sixteenth Street and Eighth Avenue where he stood behind Tanner Smith, just as he had done with McCormack. Then he let Tanner have it—with three shots in the back. In his last agony, Tanner fired at Shaw but missed."

Shaw fled to Hoboken, New Jersey, where he was tracked to a rooming-house hide-out and murdered. Seized for the killing was Patrick Linky Mitchell, a friend of the slain Tanner Smith. Police couldn't make the murder rap stick, and Linky Mitchell lived on to work in a corporation in which McCormack was vice-president, until a killer's bullet caught up with Mitchell, too, a decade later, in 1929.

Meanwhile, Bill McCormack had completed his meat-stevedoring contract, had sold a trucking company he owned to the United States Trucking Corporation and had become that company's executive vice-president with particular responsibilities for handling the teamsters.

The trial of Linky Mitchell's killer, Jimmy Russell, showed Linky Mitchell to be an employee of U.S. Trucking. When Mitchell's widow took the witness stand, she was asked:

"Did you ever know him (Linky Mitchell) to be on the payroll of United States Trucking Corporation?"

"Yes, I did."

"When?"

"When he brought his money home."

Other witnesses, including police, testified Linky Mitchell was a notorious killer. A former teamsters union delegate who had dealings with U.S. Trucking and Bill McCormack recalled his contacts with employee Linky Mitchell to a Collier's reporter:

"We were having some troubles with the trucking company," the union *(Continued on page 56)*

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"I'm right here in the bunk with you, [illegible] Peggy [illegible] you don't [illegible]

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BOYHOOD PAL

By J. C. FURNAS

It was as screwy as anything could be—me running around carrying out a ghost's orders. But I had Puggy's call letters on my leg to tell me I wasn't dreaming

YOU talk about these old-time millionaires lighting cigars with hundred-dollar bills to show off. Well, I'm no show-off and I never been what you could call rich, but I'm way out ahead of that kind of caper. I mean sixteen years ago I lit a cigarette with a five-hundred-dollar bill and never regretted it. It don't matter if people know about it now. Nobody'll believe it, anyway.

I come from Callao, Indiana, which is a tank town on the Vandalia railroad, or was. The Vandalia was swallowed up years ago. For all I know, Callao's gone too, but my hailing from there had a lot to do with this deal. I went to Chicago when I was seventeen and got a job in a wholesale-grocery concern called Blatch & Cummings. They got branches for three hundred miles around, and I moved up the ladder and traveled for them, checking up on local managers. Never married, just worked days and went out nights some, but never hooked up with any girl that got steady ideas same time I did.

Well, November, 1928, I had to go shoot some trouble in the Columbus branch. I disremember what the trouble was, but I never forgot much else about that trip. I left Chicago in Lower Two in a Pullman named Mt. Minnequamagog, on the men's-washroom end, right over the wheels. They said it was coming on Thanksgiving and travel was heavy and I was lucky to get that. Not what I call luck.

Half an hour before we pulled out, I was on board and brushing my teeth and crawling into my nightshirt—I never been comfortable in pajamas yet—and bedding down for the night. I reckon I might of got to sleep and missed it all, only when they hooked the engine on, the engineer come back too heavy and gives us a shaking up that fetched me broad awake and sore about it. I was still wide awake and sore when we were already fifty miles on our way. I had a bottle in my grip—Canadian rye, stronger than most you got those times—so I had a snort and then another one, but it just made me wakefuller, like I had something bothering me but couldn't recollect what.

One trouble was the train noises—first a stretch of whacka-whacka-whacka-whacka and then a string of clicks and rattles that was worse. Usually those ordinary train noises don't trouble me ten cents' worth, but this stuff kind of latched on to my attention and pretty soon I commenced hearing tunes in it, only the tune wouldn't stay put long enough to help you drowse off. It would start Turkey in the Straw and switch to I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles and then to Marching Through Georgia, fit to drive you nuts. And then it seemed like it started sending Morse code.

I know Morse because when I was a kid, me and another kid next door named Myron Brinton, only we always called him Puggy, pooled our junk money and sent away for one of those Learn-to-be-a-telegrapher-boys layouts: two keys and some wire and dry cells and a code book. We rigged her up and sent stuff back and forth from each other's bedrooms. Puggy was smart but in a low-down kind of way and I don't know as I ever liked him exactly, but he was a couple of years older and always up to something and some ways I guess he was kind of a hero to me too. His call letters was MB and mine was TK, for Tom Knox, which is my name. And I reckon once you know Morse you never forget it, like swimming.

Well, these rattles on the train hit a Morse letter now and again—just V and some hash, then P and more harsh and so on. Then over and over again, like these things they shake in rumba orchestras, they started up: Da—daditda . . . Da—daditda . . . Da—daditda . . . And that's Morse for TK.

That's right, I thought it was the whisky. I hadn't had much, but a little bad booze sometimes goes a long way. But the more I listened, the queerer it got, because the rattle even sent that TK with a little slur, just like Puggy used to. I never got up to a sending speed that would faze him, but he was always a sloppy sender compared to me.

Then I figured I was asleep and dreaming without knowing it, so I shook myself awake for sure,

Then I out with my right leg, like a girl in a ballet, and twisted sidewise so she could see the spot

and the rattles kept right on sending. It seemed like the noise was back of the head of the bunk somehow. So I got into my pants and checked up, and what was back of the head of the bunk was the washroom wall and the steel closet where they keep sheets and towels. I prowled the men's room, and the only soul in it was the porter catching a nap. I was feeling kind of cool round my bare feet, but I stayed with it and woke him up and offered him a dollar to open up the closet, though it didn't seem reasonable there was any room in it for a practical joker.

He did it, but it was pretty plain he thought I was drunk or nuts, and I wasn't arguing the point; I just waved the dollar at him. And, like I expected, there wasn't any little green men in there sending Morse. There was nothing but stacks of linen.

When I got back in the bunk, the TK business had quit. But naturally I sneezed as my cold feet warmed up and here it was again: Dadadit—dit—dididit—diditda—dadit—dadidit—didididit—dit—didit—da. And that's Morse for *Gesundheit.*

That finished me. I reached over to the window sill and tapped back with my middle fingernail, like handling a key: Dada—dadididit, meaning MB.

Puggy come right back—it was him, all right—with a stream of Morse that swamped me. I had to break in and send how I was rusty as an old gate and he always was a lousy sender and slow down! Then I did one of those double-takes, like in the movies. Here I was, holding conversations with the rattles on a train.

He slowed and begun sending pretty clean code for him. First off he made it clear he was dead. "But I ain't in the other world," he says. "Seems to be one but I ain't there yet. I can't go there till I get something off my mind."

So I asked him where he was; I had to send it twice before he got it. I guess I was pretty jittery.

"Calm down, Tom," he says. "I ain't going to bite you. I'm too glad to see you. If you stay jumpy, I can't read you and I got no time to waste. Where am I? I'm right here in the bunk with you. You need a shave and you got on an old-fashioned nightshirt, like the hayseed you always was. But you don't feel crowded because I ain't here in the flesh, like they say. And no squawks about its being your bunk because I been first citizen of this Lower Two for seven years and if anybody's an interloper it's you, see."

He said he'd died in 1921, when he was thirty. Seems he'd left home after I did and gone bad and turned professional gambler and done all right on long-distance trains sometimes and in joints sometimes and then when he was in France with the A.E.F., cleaning up on the boys paydays. He said he never asked for trouble with amateur stuff like marked cards but he never saw the beat of the second deal he developed. That fitted. He was always bragging himself up.

Well, this car had been on a Florida run in 1921 and Puggy and his partner had quarreled over money in the washroom and the partner had knifed him and he'd staggered out and fell into Lower Two and died there. "I been here ever since," he says. "When you're dead and got something on your mind, you stay where you died till you get it off. That's the rules. And that's where you come in, chum."

I said, "Why pick on me?" There must of been hundreds of people in that bunk in seven years.

"Ain't you my friend?" he says. "You're the first familiar face I seen since I got mine, boyhood pal." He sent that with a kind of a sneer. "Besides, I ain't the kind of spirit that can moan or holler or talk right out. Some can, but I'm the rapping kind, and the run of these passengers don't know Morse. A couple of times I tried the regular spirit system, rapping the alphabet by numbers, five for E and thirteen for M and such, but it's too monotonous to catch their notice. They'd just go to sleep on me. I don't see how those uneducated spirits get anywhere with it."

I asked if the train crews didn't know Morse.

"They don't sleep in Pullman berths," he says. "Now, if I was haunting a house, maybe I'd get somewheres pounding and hammering, but nobody pays any attention to noises on trains. I been trying Morse on them all this time and I never found a one that knew code, *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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Nairobi, Africa, is a cat-lover's paradise. The above sign is actually on display there. So is another (aimed, presumably, at elephant fanciers) reading: "Elephants Have the Right of Way"

IT'S A

Follow the trails of Hoffman,

THE late Damon Runyon used to start many a story with a conversation in Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway. (Runyon called it Mindy's, Collier's readers will remember.) This story also starts with a conversation in Lindy's. I was talking to a Hollywood cameraman who had just come back from several months on location in Africa with the unit working on the moving picture King Solomon's Mines.

"Did you shoot any lions?" I asked him, idly.

The lensman looked up from a cliff-sized portion of Lindy's strawberry shortcake. "Are you jesting, Bub?" he said. "They have signs on the streets of Nairobi: 'Persons Bothering Lions Will Be Severely Dealt With.'" He plunged back into the whipped cream like an Eskimo dog team yelping through a snowdrift.

"No kidding?"

"No kidding."

I looked out of Lindy's window at the midway called Broadway. The signs on the street said, "Turtles Mailed Anywhere, 25 cents." The signs said, "Orange Juice, We Squeeze It, U Drink It." The signs said, "25 Dancing Partners 25." Nothing about persons bothering lions.

"You know," I said to the cameraman, "there must be a lot of interesting things like that in the world. I'd like to see it all someday."

The cameraman looked up, his eyebrows shaggy with cream. "Do it," he said, "while it's still there." He whipped back into the whipped cream, but his phrase drummed in my mind like one of those ghostly echo-chamber voices in the psychological movies: "Do it while it's still there. Do it while it's still there."

"All right," I said suddenly, "I will. I'm going around the world. What do you think of that?"

"Waiter," he said, "more strawberry shortcake."

The next thing I knew I was getting injections. The Tattooed Lady never got as many needles as I took in the next couple of weeks. Then I began to get words of worldly advice on world travel from the Experts, who think they know all about it because they once caught a glimpse of life through a hole in their own back fence.

There's the chap who says, "A tourist, my dear boy, is a fellow who travels thousands of miles to get a picture of himself standing in front of his car."

Another offers this philosophy, "Listen, kid, just subscribe to the local newspapers of all the places you're thinking of visiting. Read them for a couple of weeks and you'll never go."

Then there's the character who says, "Don't forget to look up Joe Blow in Bombay—or is it Calcutta? He'll take good care of you." This last is delivered with a wicked wink and a nudge in the arm in which you have just received a typhus-cholera cocktail.

To me, all this was like cold water off a duck's back, which mine closely resembles. I set about booking passage.

After some thought, I decided to pass up the caviar caravans (See the World Through a Lorgnette; Price, This Week Only—$15,999.95) and the youth tours ($1,500 and Bring Your Own Sleeping Bag). In the first place, I didn't have the $16,000. In the second, I am forty years old, and like to read in bed. I gave my business to Trans World Airlines and the Philippine Airlines, which fly comfortably between the hard knocks and the Fort Knox schools of travel.

It was a sticky day in August when my plane took off from New York's Idlewild Airport and off I went into the world blue yonder. This is my report on what I found.

I wasn't the first person to fly around the world (although from the looks of the international situation I stood a good chance of being the last). A great many Very Important Persons had done it before me, and had come back with a great many Very Important Thoughts. I came back with a gag-bag stuffed with stories, anecdotes and puns—a lunch box full of dinner conversation. As a confirmed humormonger I have a hunch there might be as much worldly wisdom in the wisecracks as in all the sound and fury of the VIPlomats.

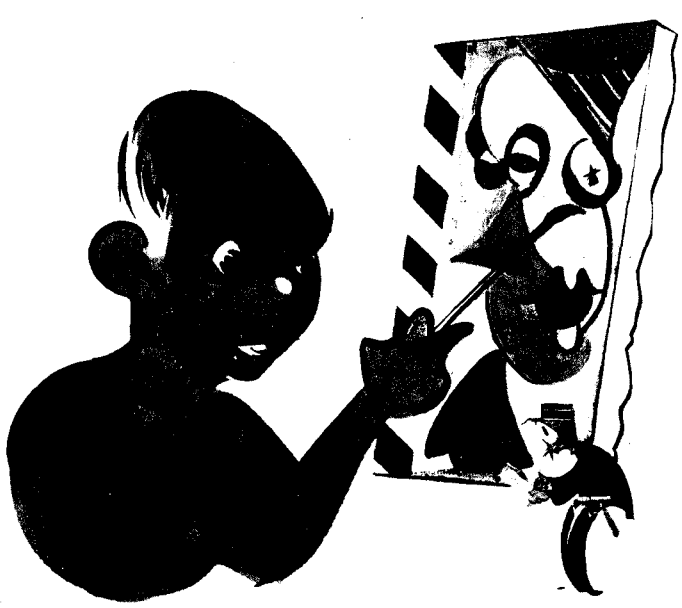
My first stop was England, but I did not linger long. Austerity and the clamp of government restrictions seem to be coming between the words Great and Britain. The food situation in London is summed up by a sign I saw in a hotel-restaurant: "To prevent guests taking fruit away from the table, there will be no fruit." Rationing, and its handmaiden, rigid production codes, produced this recent newspaper comment: "All those who wish to vote for freedom and democracy will raise their hands and rattle their handcuffs."

The British, through it all, have never lost that democratic open mind which is so striking to any visitor in Europe. Anyone who doubts it is hereby directed to London's Whitehall, where at one end the British have placed a statue of Charles I, the famous king who was beheaded—and at the other end a statue of Oliver Cromwell, who beheaded him.

Open minds, unfortunately, don't necessarily mean full stomachs. Austerity has made the British so skittish that, in a recent survey, over half the adult population testified that they would like to move abroad if able. Said one young chap recently: "I've always wanted to see the States, and besides, if I become an American citizen I get to win the Revolution."

One peculiar footnote to the British situation is the rise of Scottish nationalism, which hit the headlines recently with the pilfering of the Stone of Scone. Many Scotsmen proudly wear the kilt and tartan of their clan. That is, they wear it when they can get the clothing coupons, for the kilt alone frequently has more than 30 pinch-pleats in the back and requires as much material as two men's suits.

There is a rumor, by the way, that Scotsmen wearing kilts are not permitted on top of double-



For cops, Picasso sketched man who had robbed his villa—only it was abstract drawing. Police caught abstract crook

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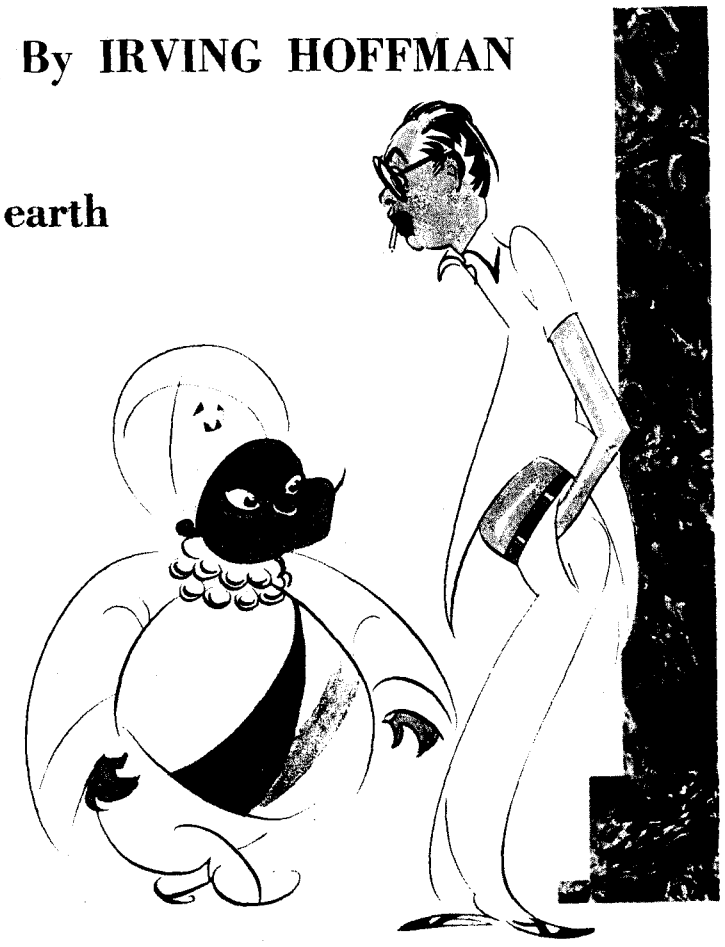
SMILE WORLD

• By IRVING HOFFMAN

ighthearted rover who found mirth at every corner of the earth



Formal dress is the rule at India's Taj Mahal Hotel. That means no tie or coat; shirttails carefully worn outside pants

decker busses in London, for the obvious reason.

As I flew across the channel to France, I got my first disillusionment about the world—the white cliffs of Dover, England, were red! (Possibly the fact that I made the crossing at sunrise had something to do with this.) Below me the water was furrowed by the summer crop of channel swimmers. TWA President Ralph Damon supplied the statistic that while it took Florence Chadwick 13 hours and 20 minutes to swim the channel from France to England, it took her only nine hours and 10 minutes to cross the Atlantic Ocean by TWA Constellation.

On a sunny summer day, there are more Americans on the streets of Paris than there are in the whole state of Nevada. Most of them are here because of the travel itch in the American heel. Some others, the military delegation, are here in case the Russian heels start feeling the same tickle.

Most American travelers romp happily through France like touring tumbleweeds, not putting down any roots, and never speaking anything but English. Joe Schenck, the picture magnate, lived at the Hotel George Cinq in Paris, and got along fine by just telling the taxi drivers, "Hotel Joe Schenck."

On the other hand, when you rub some Americans with Gallic they are never the same. In Barbizon, an artists' town outside Paris, I spotted a former inmate of Toots Shor's Manhattan restaurant, now sporting a beret. He had put his roots down in the fertile soil of France and had sprouted a set of whiskers like a sidewalk Santa Claus.

This Broadway-to-Barbizon character, by the way, was once a drama critic for a small New York newspaper, and supplemented his paltry pay check by press-agenting some of the shows he reviewed. He once sat patiently through the hideous New York opening of a show he was representing, while the rest of the audience sneaked off into the sheltering night. At the final curtain, he stood on his seat and cheered wildly, and then went to his typewriter and wrote, "Last night at the play the entire audience rose as one man and shouted, 'Bravo!' "

Lately, the Paris gazettes have broken out in a rash of Picasso jokes. There was one story to the effect that this abstract painter's portrait of composer Igor Stravinsky had been seized at the border of a Balkan country because the customs officials thought it was a plan of their frontier fortifications. Another switch on this tale concerns the time Picasso's villa at Vallauris was robbed. The painter drew a sketch of the thief for the police, who studied it carefully and then went out and rounded up 14 men, six women, a horse, a cat and a barber pole.

The French governmental situation is still reminiscent of the old game, musical chairs. Cabinets change so fast that one photographer in Paris is reported to be making a fair living just taking pictures of the members of new French governments.

Politicians, by the way, are the participants in most of the duels fought in France; journalists are second. Lovers, you may be surprised to learn, don't even turn up in the standings.

A good example of the mutual trust in high places in this great country concerns the lock of the main vault of the Bank of France. No one person is entrusted with the entire combination—a majority meeting of the board of directors is required to open the door.

For tourists with an edifice complex, a star attraction after seven centuries is still the Cathedral of Rouen. The Butter Tower of this famous cathedral was paid for by the faithful, who offered alms for eating butter during Lent. Another interesting spot is the home of Balzac, in Paris, where there may be seen a blank picture frame with the legend, *"Ici un Rembrandt"*—("Here is a Rembrandt"). The writer never had the money to buy it.

There was an unverified report at one time that France was breaking up part of her Maginot line fortifications and using the material to build atom-bomb shelters, but the people didn't seem to be worried by this little hot-foot from history. The opinion here is: "In case of war, we shall be like spectators at a tennis match, turning our heads from side to side as the planes fly overhead from east to west, and then from west to east."

Elsewhere in Europe, the prevailing opinion seems to be that Stalin can go to Helgoland any time he chooses. This has produced in the Europeans a remarkable philosophical calm, which translated means: Business going on as usual during altercations.

This attitude is revealed in the anecdote of the German train conductor who entered a compartment and announced to the passengers, "There are three strict rules on this railroad: No smoking in the compartments. No placing of feet on the seats. No bribing or offering gratuities to employees of the road. May I remind you that you have already broken the first two of these rules?"

As business perks up, Europe's declining birth rates have turned upward also. King Frederik of Denmark, visiting a small town to open a new public building, exclaimed to the mayor: "The streets seem to be full of children!"

The mayor bowed and replied, "Your Majesty, we have been preparing for this great day for years."

Another bit of Danish pastry highlights the curious contradictions in the behavior of Americans, who in their own country spend millions of dollars a year in message tolls to add the word "Please" to telegrams, but who sometimes go in for rude Yankee-panky abroad. The Danes tell of the American tourist invited to attend a performance of Hamlet at Elsinore. "You people are sure behind the times," muttered the Yank. "I caught that show in New York five years ago."

While American aid has made many Europeans humbly grateful, what they consider American political intervention has made some of them grumbly hateful. Recently a Swedish newspaper took occasion to remind President Truman of the prayer of the Lapland monk, "O Lord, bless all the peoples of the earth. Give to each his heart's desire. But, please, dear Lord, leave Lapland alone."

After France, Italy has received the greatest influx of tourists. During the holy year, the Pope is reported to have received more than 2,000,000 pilgrims, and the tourist tide has not ebbed. Over the years, pilgrims kissing the foot of the statue of St. Peter in Rome have completely worn away the right toe.

A great many tourists visit Naples, and flippant Italians comment that most of these travelers seem bent on interviewing Lucky Luciano, ex-viceroy of American rackets. Luciano maintains a brisk interest in American affairs, and recently amused one correspondent by declaring, "American politics have degenerated to the lowest level in 15 years."

Another prominent American I ran into in Italy was Ludwig Bemelmans, the artist and writer, who warned me of the danger of accepting invitations from members of the unfrocked European nobility. These hosts, he explained, *(Continued on page 61)*

Hong Kong, says the author, is "land of milk and honeys." The girls wear dresses demurely buttoned at collar—but slit from hem to hip

Japs still giggle at hushed-up tale of late emperor who inexplicably rolled up speech, peered through it at lawmakers

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Collier's ***COLOR CAMERA***

BROADWAY AFTER DARK

Ward Morehouse, N.Y. World-Telegram and Sun columnist, has a desk, but he rarely uses it

THE jangly and cacophonous theatrical district in New York City, bisected by a sputtering Broadway and spread over 18 blocks from north to south and three from east to west, is a city within a city. It often seems to be the area of the greatest madness in an overcrowded and overloaded metropolis, but it also has neighborliness and cracker-barrel hospitality. There's a barber on Forty-fourth Street who sent Christmas cards to all his customers; there's a dear old lady on Fifty-eighth Street who feeds the pigeons on the stroke of five every afternoon; there are doormen, bellmen, cops, cabdrivers, waiters, newsstand dealers, bartenders who know the faces of hundreds and who greet the same people every day.

My job as theatrical columnist and once-a-week drama critic for the New York World-Telegram and The Sun is somewhat more glamorous than many others. I live, for instance, in a beautiful and distinguished hotel, the Plaza, but my wife does a lot of shopping at the nearby supermarket. She goes to church three blocks away and gets her hair done in our immediate vicinity.

The heart of Theatertown is only a dozen blocks away. It is my town—a small town in Manhattan in which I live and work—a hospitable community not unlike Cape Charles, Virginia, or Green River, Wyoming. It is peopled by bums and racketeers and hoodlums. It is also the area in which famed, colorful and glamorous people are to be found every night in the year. I see these famous people of the Broadway world pretty regularly because it is part of my job; they belong to my beat, as did the cops and firemen when I was covering police for the Atlanta Journal. Many of the celebrated theater folk are my good friends and have been for years. Come with me, then, for a week of theater talk and friendliness over the Glamor Trail.

Say it is Monday. The time is midnight. Audrey Hepburn, the vivid young actress from London,

In typical week, Morehouse visits with many theatrical friends. Here he's at Stork Club with Audrey Hepburn of hit show Gigi. He tells readers she is "simply loving New York"

Meeting Rosalind Russell at Hotel Pierre, friend Morehouse wishes her success on tour. Says star: "I'm still trying to be an actress"

Leaving Katharine Cornell, after a sea-food lunch, Morehouse promises to see her later. She dashes off to play a Wednesday matinee

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By WARD MOREHOUSE

having galloped through another of her vastly engaging performances as Gigi at the Fulton, gorges herself on Stork Club ice cream. She declines host Sherman Billingsley's gift of champagne but accepts a lipstick, flashes brown eyes that turn greenish, and chatters: "Oh, I thought I was such a blooming flop on the opening night, but then, at the end, the audience was wonderful. Jolly wonderful." Miss Hepburn is not bad herself.

Tuesday, Rosalind Russell, staying at the Pierre Hotel before going on tour, charms with eyes and hands as she talks. "Plans?" she asks. "I want to tour in Bell, Book and Candle until spring, and come to Broadway in a new play in the fall."

The next day, over a sea-food luncheon at the Gloucester House, Katharine Cornell, a star for three decades, chants: "I was nervous as a witch before The Constant Wife opened, but that's nothing new. I've always been nervous. I was glad, however, to be coming back in something gay."

On Thursday, I wandered up to Gracie Square, near where the mayor of the city lives, for a talk with Alfred Lunt and Mrs. Lunt—Lynn Fontanne—in their charming, narrow (16 feet), exquisitely decorated East End Avenue house. They bought the place only after many rent-paying years.

If you're still along with me, I went on Friday to the soda fountain in Jack Nicholas' crossroads store in Grand Central Station with the distractingly profane and enormously talented Barbara Bel Geddes, who has that scrubbed, bobby-sox look. Her performance as the outspoken virgin in The Moon Is Blue is one of the delights of the New York theater. The play will earn a million.

On Saturday, I walk out upon the Avenue, watching the out-of-towners who come to visit my town. I finish out the day in paying a call upon one of these visitors, Ginger Rogers, who found a play (Love and Let Love) and lost it on Broadway last year. Then to the theater to see Gertrude Lawrence in the play of her career, The King and I, and to speak a moment with her, backstage. And so home to the big hotel on the edge of Theatertown.

On Sundays I scorn the subway and get into my car to deliver my Monday copy to the World-Telegram-Sun. Then, frequently, I drop in at Luchow's in Union Square for German pancakes—and then drive on back to my mid-town acreage, where I know people, many people.

It's all about like it used to be in Savannah, Georgia, where I was born. Just like it is now in Register, Georgia, where I have a farm. Just like it might be in Santa Fe, which is on my dream schedule for the years to come. THE END

More interested in people as friends and neighbors than in gossip, columnist Morehouse invites Barbara Bel Geddes for afternoon soda. He says theater folk are seldom "fancy"

Keeping promise to Cornell, columnist turns up at theater with wife, Rebecca, to see a revival of The Constant Wife for second time

At tea with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Morehouse listens to Alfred explain how he enjoyed staging opera for the Metropolitan

Dropping by for a chat with Ginger Rogers, his neighbor at Plaza for few weeks, critic everybody likes gets a big, beautiful "hello"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

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Westbound

Sally knew she must find courage for what lay ahead —find it in this cruel country that terrified her

By MICHAEL FOSTER

THERE is a book-lined room, with a floor painted blue, in an old ranch house. Scattered pieces of soft, dull Indian silver catch a little light from the crumbling embers in the fireplace, and there are Navajo rugs on the blue floor. In a shadowy corner, there is a rack of rifles. One of them is lavishly gold-mounted, with old-fashioned elegance, and the gold is worn very smooth from much use.

In the evenings, there is good talk in this room—the sort of talk that once went with the creak of saddle leather and the jingling of bit chains and the crackling of lonely campfires in the West. And after a while a different sound, from far away, comes to this drowsy room. Tonight's Coast-bound streamliner is coming through the distant pass. Running through the night, it sends its long cry into the wild hills, to die away among the mesas, under the high, Western stars.

There was another evening, in the late summer of 1879, when Sally McAusland sat in a tent, brushing out her hair with a heavy and expensively monogrammed brush. The campfire of piñon wood in front of the tent made a gentle light on the canvas walls, but Sally McAusland kept her head turned away from the entrance of the tent, where the flaps were tied back wide open. She kept her face concealed by the veil of her fine, fair hair, because, while she made long, slow strokes with the brush, she was crying silently. And outside, from the darkness beyond the campfire, the Mexican woman was watching again, her black eyes shining without any expression at all.

Sally McAusland, sitting on the edge of her camp cot, had to weep without anyone knowing it—if she could manage it. She was twenty years old, and not yet a very good manager when it came to the emotions. In everything else she was well schooled, as a New England girl of good family should be. But now, following her husband through the wild, harsh country of the Territory of New Mexico, she felt the most primitive fear and loneliness a woman can feel: *there is no home for me any more—not even a friendly place for me to bear my child.*

In a corner of the tent was her husband's magnificent, gold-mounted Winchester rifle, and she looked at it for a long time. Once in a while a tear ran down her cheek. To her, this rifle, though she had seen it used so often on the trail, was a symbol—the only one in sight—of the solid richness of the East; for it had been presented to David by the board of directors of the railroad, in appreciation of his work. The trouble was, she hadn't known that the work was so hard and dangerous and so lonely. But, she thought now as the tears dried on her cheeks, she guessed she would have come along anyway.

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

David ran down the bank. Gig was lying with his head and shoulders in the water, unconscious

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MIGs Are Down His Alley

By WALT SHELDON

A dozen Red planes shot down in 17 days—that's the amazing record racked up by Maj. George A. Davis, Jr., our top jet ace in Korea. And he's still hunting MIGs

MAJOR GEORGE ANDREW DAVIS, JR., a thirty-one-year-old fighter pilot, landed in Korea on the 21st of October, 1951. Although he was a World War II pilot with a fine combat record, his arrival was unheralded and unmarked by ceremony; many veteran pilots with excellent records are fighting in Korea. Davis was given a North American F-86 Sabre jet and sent out on his first combat flight as a wing man. Then he flew nine more missions in the same position.

In November, the mild-mannered Major Davis became a squadron commander.

On November 27th, Davis shot down two MIGs. Three days later, he shot down another, plus three Red bombers. It was an amazing day's work, and people began paying attention. He now had one more "kill" than he needed to become an ace. Five days later, the unassuming major lined up his sights on two more MIGs and blasted them from the Korean skies. And on the morning of December 13th, just 16 days after his first kill, Davis racked up an additional two Communist fighters—and then, for good measure, shot down two more that afternoon, for a record one-day kill in jet warfare.

By that time, his colleagues in the ace-studded 4th Fighter Interceptor Wing, like just about everyone else in the theater, were bug-eyed. Davis had then been in Korea less than two months; officials could not recall that any other UN pilot had made even a single kill in so short a combat span. What's more, his plane wasn't even scratched.

Neither was Davis' serenity, although in just a little more than two weeks he had become undisputed top ace of the Korean air war, and had made his name one for airmen to conjure with, like those of World War I's Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, and World War II's Major Dick Bong.

Davis' fellow pilots, at a loss for a precise explanation for his terrific prowess, commented simply and respectfully: "He's a natural." Davis himself, a truly modest man, merely shrugged and explained, "It's my job"—and went on flying.

You often get short answers from Davis when you ask him to talk about himself. When you switch the conversation around to his wingmates, or to the technique of shooting down MIGs, he immediately warms up.

On the things that make a good fighter pilot, Davis has very definite ideas. As he expounds them, you begin to realize that a tremendous amount of thought and hard work underlie Davis' deceptively smooth combat performance—and his easy, unruffled manner.

"Our best pilots are cool in a pinch," says Davis. "They have to be, to decide what to do when they're going 600 miles an hour, with a MIG just two seconds away."

He speaks in a mild voice with a touch of Texas in it. The drawl is disarming, but the words, well chosen and literate, make sharp sense all the time. You ask what things, if any, a good fighter pilot is born with.

"Well," he says, "certain traits could be inherent—like aggressiveness."

"What do you mean by aggressiveness?"

He smiles. "In jet combat your chance comes—and is gone—real fast. You have to stay after MIGs, or they'll get away."

As he stands there, slight of frame, quiet, relaxed, you sense that he's in complete control of himself.

For several hours, one hectic afternoon, he faced a battery of reporters, newsreel cameras and microphones. Everyone else was bustling around excitedly, but Davis was very much at ease.

"You'd think," an impressed reporter whispered, "he was only fighting MIGs!"

During that press session, Davis was asked a question which UN airmen are beginning to recognize as one of the most recurrent (and hard to answer) of the Korean war: "Those Reds you shot down off the coast today—what nationality do you think they were?"

"Well," said Davis, gently, "there's a lot of 'em in the cold water up there. Somebody might swim up and take a look."

In spite of an occasional quip, Davis is in dead earnest about his job. He thinks about it every waking minute. Among other things, he watches the pilots in his squadron closely to see who among them will develop into tomorrow's aces.

"You can usually tell a good man," he says, "even in training back in the States. He's got that aggressiveness, and he stays cool—in the air, I mean. A man's flying ability has nothing to do with his personality on the ground. Good fighter pilots come in all shapes and sizes. Some are quiet and unassuming and"—he chuckles—"a lot of them will plain *tell* you they're good."

You have to find somebody else to tell you how good Davis is. Getting him to relate dramatic details of his exploits is about as easy as uprooting oak stumps. Take the famous "Bomber Shoot" of November 30, 1951, in which he shot down a round million dollars' worth of Red aircraft in four minutes.

He looks vague, almost absent-minded, when you ask him about it. "Went up there and saw these planes coming down from Manchuria," he murmurs. "We dove on them, and I got four."

To find out what actually *(Continued on page 68)*

Sabre jet pilot Davis is a quiet, unassuming officer who talks freely about the exploits of others, but discusses his own deeds reluctantly. He's 31 and a native of Lubbock, Tex.

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The Hand That Touch

A voice long dead spoke through this simple old lady who—in her own way—could speak the truth eloquently and, by her very love, make a legend come to life

AT NORTON HIGH they still talk about that Lincoln's Birthday assembly in hushed and reverent tones. But when they ask old Charlie Weston, sole member of the Norton Speakers Committee, why he's never invited the same speaker again, Charlie only shakes his bald head and mutters, "Just don't care to push my luck further than I have to," and then he clams up. A kind of cold granite dulls his eyes, his mouth shows the firm fierce tautness of a back-country farmer and you know there's no point pressing him. Among the faculty, however, there are those who love to tell the story.

The way they tell it is this: On the Friday before the assembly, Charlie was a glittering bubble of good humor. He wore his brown fedora at an almost rakish angle when he strode up the steps that morning, signed the time book with a flourish and kept his first-period English class in a constant uproar with one hilarious Lincoln story after another. Charlie was always at his best when the time for the annual Lincoln's Birthday assembly was drawing near. For him, Lincoln was no mere legend, no statesman to be learned about in history books.

There were boys who had hit the beaches at Normandy or waded ashore at Tulagi and Okinawa who knew what Lincoln stood for because they'd been in one of "Pop" Weston's English classes; and, Charlie believed, the world was still in enough of a mess to make Lincoln the kind of man a kid ought to know. Every year, Charlie went to endless trouble to find a speaker for the assembly who could communicate Charlie's own excitement about Lincoln and Lincoln's ideas. This year, the speaker was to be the Honorable Noah W. Johnson—a fine orator and the first Negro to be appointed to the State Civil Service Commission.

The bubble glittered brightly till the third period when it was punctured suddenly by a telegram forwarded from the main office: MR. JOHNSON RUSHED HOSPITAL EMERGENCY APPENDECTOMY. REGRET CANCELLATION MONDAY ENGAGEMENT. It was signed by Mr. Johnson's secretary.

Charlie took it hard. He raised his gray eyes and gazed wistfully at the boys and girls of English 531. He glanced at Johnny Gresham, the class skeptic, noted the dreamy self-absorption of Katie O'Connor, and focused at last on the fuzzy black head of Norman Patterson, the only Negro boy in class. And though Charlie had never known even a glimmer of prejudice in his thirty years of teaching, he unconsciously narrowed his eyes and scowled at Norman's innocent face in a moment of illogical irritation.

The period was nearly at an end. Charlie crumpled the telegram and threw it angrily into the wastebasket. The Lincoln's Birthday assembly would be held on Monday; how could he possibly find an adequate speaker over the week end?

"For Monday—" he began. There came a low groan from the rear which Charlie suppressed with a menacing eye. "For Monday I want you to follow up today's reading by finding a good anecdote about Lincoln. I'll expect you to bring it to class Monday morning."

He turned to the blackboard and wrote several book titles on the board. "Any of these will provide at least a dozen anecdotes," he explained. He watched them scribbling hurriedly in their notebooks and wondered, not without a twinge of annoyance, whether the holiday would mean anything more to them than the extra day off next Tuesday. Then the bell rang and the class filed out.

In the act of gathering his papers, Charlie looked up to see Norman Patterson standing sheepishly beside the desk. "Yes—what is it?" Charlie asked petulantly. It was his free period and he was eager to make a few last-minute attempts to find a substitute speaker for Monday.

Norman's big eyes tried to meet Mr. Weston's "It's about the assignment—" he mumbled.

Charlie frowned. The boy's timidity had bothered him since the beginning of the term when the class had laughed mercilessly the first time Norman was called on to read aloud. Not having the heart to call on him again, Charlie had hoped that in time his shyness would wear off, but so far there had been few signs of improvement. "What about the assignment?" Charlie asked him now.

"Well," Norman hesitated. "About those books—do we have to get our anecdote from a book, Mr. Weston?"

"Where else do you expect to get it?"

Norman rubbed his dark knuckles into his eyes. "From my grandmother," he said. "She knows a lot of stories about Lincoln."

"She does, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Norman answered. "She even saw him once."

"She what?" Charlie snapped.

Norman gulped. "Yes, sir. She even touched him—once when she was a baby and lived in Washington."

"Your grandmother *touched* President Lincoln?" Charlie said softly. "Is that what you're telling me, Norman?"

Norman nodded.

"How old is she?"

The boy shrugged. "My ma says she's going on ninety—but Grandmother, she don't remember her birthday so good."

Charlie performed a rapid mental calculation. It was, he decided, a distinct possibility. He stared at Norman, realizing that here might be the solution to his most immediate problem.

"Can I ask her for an anecdote?" the boy asked shyly.

"The hell with the anecdote!" Charlie said, dropping his classroom manner. "Just tell me this—does your grandmother get around much these days?"

"She got a cane," Norman said, "but she gets around plenty."

"And she likes to talk—especially about Lincoln, eh?"

"She never does nothing but."

"Wonderful!" Charlie said. "Absolutely wonderful!"

AFTER school that day he drove Norman past the New York Central freight yards to the dilapidated frame house where the boy lived.

They went inside, and Charlie met Norman's grandmother. Old Mrs. Patterson was a small, white-haired Negro lady whose eyes glistened like silver beads in deep shadowy sockets; the instant Charlie saw her sitting in her rocker against the background of lace curtains and dusty window-panes, her face wrinkled like a relief map, her twisted skeletal fingers curled over the rounded ends of the chair arms, he cast aside his last small doubt.

"What's that scamp of a boy been up to now?" she asked in a thin quavering soprano when she saw them. "His ma's got to slave all day for a livin' and here he is gettin' into a mess of trouble again!"

"No trouble this time," Norman protested. "This here's Mr. Weston, my English teacher to speak to you about Abraham Linc

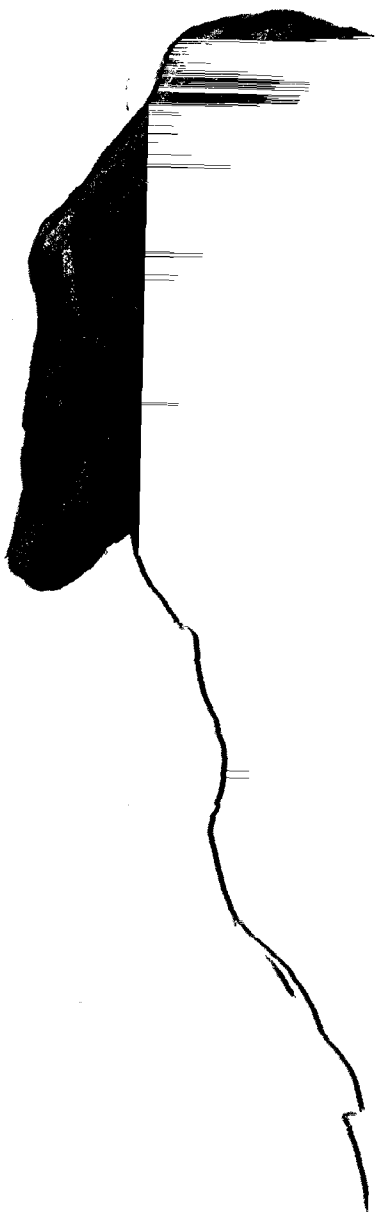
The old lady peered more closely Then she shifted her eyes to Norman tioning squint. "What you been say an' Abr'm Linkern, huh?"

"Norman's only been telling me hc know about Lincoln," Charlie said. ' actually saw him when you were a c

The old lady sucked in her thin lip silent, at her grandson. "You fetch book," she commanded quietly.

Norman went into the next room a carrying a thick black-covered scra he placed in his grandmother's lap. ' I don' know 'bout Abr'm Linkern,' Charlie. "I been collec'ing ev'rything since I was that high to a grasshoppe

"May I?" Charlie asked. He re book and, handling it gently, turne pages. They were filled with fac clippings: pictures of a hundred dif memorials, of Lincoln himself with children, of Lincoln at public cer



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Lincoln

By IRWIN STARK

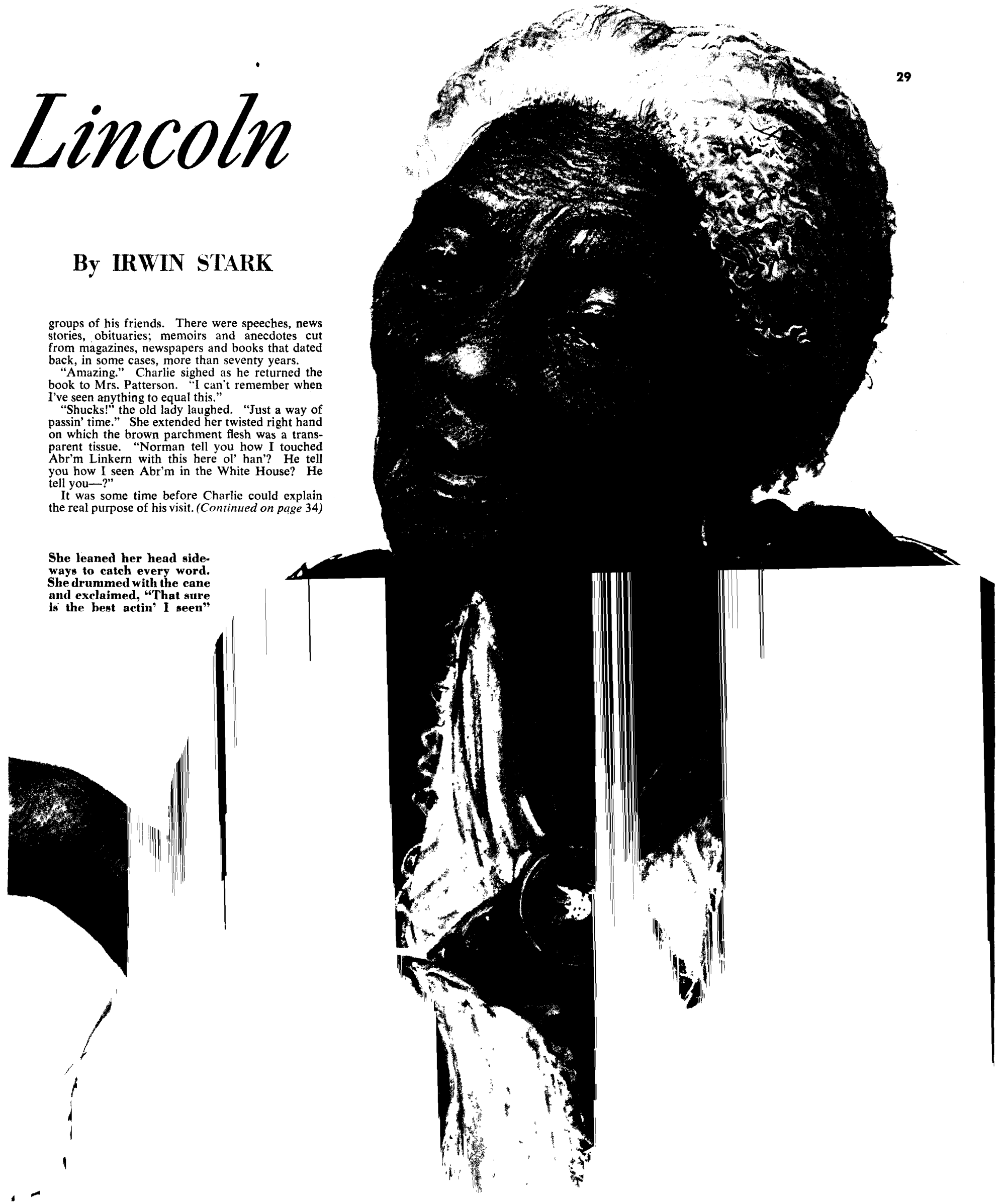
groups of his friends. There were speeches, news stories, obituaries; memoirs and anecdotes cut from magazines, newspapers and books that dated back, in some cases, more than seventy years.

"Amazing." Charlie sighed as he returned the book to Mrs. Patterson. "I can't remember when I've seen anything to equal this."

"Shucks!" the old lady laughed. "Just a way of passin' time." She extended her twisted right hand on which the brown parchment flesh was a transparent tissue. "Norman tell you how I touched Abr'm Linkern with this here ol' han'? He tell you how I seen Abr'm in the White House? He tell you—?"

It was some time before Charlie could explain the real purpose of his visit. *(Continued on page 34)*

She leaned her head sideways to catch every word. She drummed with the cane and exclaimed, "That sure is the best actin' I seen"



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Catering to Your

Sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything else to entice us goes yearly. There are now 2,000 kinds—in all sizes,

NOT long ago a Chicago candymaker played host to the members of the fifth-grade class of a nearby school. The children, their teacher said, were "interested in watching American industry at work." Naturally, the confectioner could scarcely turn down a request to tour his plant when it was so phrased, but the prospect of 32 ten-year-olds running wild among his pots and pans filled him with a certain dread.

To his surprise and relief, the youngsters were on their very best behavior. They wandered from room to room and from floor to floor wide-eyed with wonder and in almost absolute silence. The only sounds they made were gasps and gurgles as they watched big caldrons of marshmallow being poured out on long tables to set, great masses of taffy being pulled by long-armed machines, and endless streams of all-day suckers cascading to and through the wrapping machines.

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SWEET TOOTH

into the 17 to 20 pounds of candy we each enjoy colors and flavors

By ROBERT FROMAN

At the end of the tour the plant head invited the children to his office and told them that each could have his choice of a sample from a big assortment of his candies spread out on a table. It was the signal for a pandemonium of shrieks and grabs. But one little girl hung back, arms at her sides and a look of agony on her face.

"What's the matter?" the candymaker asked her. "Don't you like any of these candies?"

Her face crumpled. "I like them all!" she wailed.

It was a statement in which large numbers of her fellow Americans would join her, for ours is an intensely sweet tooth. According to a survey made by the confectioners, more than 95 out of every 100 of us eat candy more or less regularly. For the past 10 years we have been averaging from 17 to 20 pounds apiece per year. In 1950, we kept 1,365 manufacturers *(Continued on page 45)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

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LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Around one date—November nineteenth—he had penciled a heavy circle

Gleason's Calendar

By MARY ELIZABETH COUNSELMAN

I NEVER hang up a new calendar, riffling the pages and wondering what's ahead, that I don't think of Joe Gleason.

Gleason joined the day staff of the Herald in February of that uncertain year when it became general knowledge that Russia, too, had the bomb. It was a time when everyone had suddenly come to feel a bit skeptical about the predictable future, when the comforting security of the atom bomb's being our personal property turned out to be only an illusion.

This was the background against which I remember Gleason so vividly, remember that first day when he came breezing into the city room to brace our managing editor for a job. A few of us glanced up from our typewriters in sour amusement to watch Lonnigan give him the brush-off. Orders were to cut all expenses, so he wasn't hiring anybody new, and certainly not some old drifter pushing retirement age.

I don't know what Gleason said to him. But next day, there he was, sitting at the rewrite desk, typing up some accident story a leg man had phoned in—a bald-headed, gravel-voiced little gnome who talked out of the corner of his mouth. He always worked with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and I never saw him without a cigarette drooping from his tight mouth or that shapeless hat cocked over one eye.

On the wall above his desk, Gleason had hung up a big one-page calender. Around one date—November 19th—he had penciled a heavy circle.

Of course we all wondered why, but we hesitated to ask. It was weeks before our youngest copy boy blurted out the question. Gleason closed one hard, brown eye. The other twinkled oddly, as though at some secret joke. "Oh, that?" he said. "That's my own special day, kid."

The copy boy looked puzzled. Gleason tipped back his chair, grinning, pretending not to notice how the city room had quieted down briefly so we could eavesdrop.

"Yep!" Gleason said, gesturing dreamily. "That's my *lucky* day! The day something very extra-nice is going to happen to me. I don't know what. Maybe I'll be trapped for twenty-four hours in a phone booth with Jane Russell over there!" He ogled, and clucked his tongue at me. "Or maybe the owner of this newspaper chain will drop dead—and the lawyers will suddenly discover that I, Joseph P. Gleason, am the only living heir! Or —or maybe . . ."

We were all laughing at him by then, though with that half-wistful expression of grownups watching a child write to Santa. The copy boy laughed too; he wasn't that young.

"Aw, quit kiddin'!" he snorted. "You gonna get married or somethin'? Is that the day?"

"Me?" Gleason hooted cheerfully. "Son, the only woman who ever thought I'd make husband material died sixteen years ago. You know," he said, looking at the copy boy without a trace of self-pity, "it hit me pretty hard. For a while there I thought of joining her. Never had much luck, all my life. *But you know why?* Because I never *ordered* myself any—that's why! Know what makes luck? Guy's attitude. It's as simple as that!"

"Yeah?"

"Absolutely!" Gleason gave a solemn nod. "So, this year, I've decided I'm entitled to an extra share. I'm even calling my shots. November 19th —that's the day I've picked for it to happen."

"The day you *picked?*"

The copy boy didn't get it. But the rest of us did, and the whole staff clustered around Gleason's desk, laughing and kidding him about his crackpot idea that you make your own luck just by expecting it, that a man could even mark a date on a calendar and say to Fate: "I'll take mine on this day!"—and it would happen.

"Of course," Ferris, on the copy desk, said coldly, "you don't really believe that guff." Ferris had ulcers; his face showed it. "Just a gimmick, huh? Something to kid yourself along with? Because," he pointed out logically, "the odds are three hundred and sixty-five to one that, if anything good does happen to you, it won't occur on a date you pick. Nobody can shove luck around."

"No?" Gleason's knowing eyes were fixed on him. "You wouldn't care to lay a little wager on that? Say, oh, fifteen or twenty bucks? Nobody holds the bets. Loser pays off November 20th."

That did it. A newspaperman will bet on anything if the odds look good. We all got in on it. Even me, the only woman on the Herald.

"I'll take twenty of that, pop," I said. "But what do you call 'luck'?"

"Something that will change my whole future," Gleason promised. "Any more of you wisenheimers think I'm cracked? Twenty bucks' worth?"

Before the week was out, twenty-six people had taken bets against that marked calendar. It wasn't the money so much as the principle. Our minds told us Gleason's idea was pure fantasy. But our hearts hinted that maybe, after all, faith is a stronger force than logic.

THAT dreary year passed slowly. Nobody on the Herald had much good fortune; but Gleason seemed dogged by the imps of mischance. We felt a malicious satisfaction every time some small catastrophe—the ordinary things that happen to us all—happened to Gleason. But he never lost that mocking, one-sided grin. "So what?" he would say cheerfully. "I didn't say I'd be lucky *every* day."

We couldn't wait to make him pay off. Then Ferris, the dyspeptic, hinted darkly that maybe he couldn't. "You realize," he said to a group of us, one day, "that there's over five hundred clams riding on that goofy bet? Where would an old schnook like Gleason raise that kind of dough in a hurry?"

Lonnigan frowned, and admitted that Gleason's record of having worked on four different papers in as many years did brand him as a journalistic hobo who never saved a dime. We knew he lived in one of the cheapest hotels in town; and if he had two suits, he certainly never wore the other one.

"You see?" Ferris said. "He's nutty as a candy bar! But if he thinks he can just welsh and laugh it off— A bet's a bet, I say."

"Right!" Gleason spoke behind us; we hadn't seen him join us. "Remember that, Ferris, and don't start crying the blues about your twenty!"

That was late in October. As November drizzled in, we began to watch Gleason with growing suspicion. He was looking tired and pale lately, losing weight. He had stopped hanging around Tony's with the rest of us after work. We figured he was worried about all those bets.

And then, the morning of November 19th, he didn't show up for work. Townsend, the city editor, called his hotel, and the desk clerk informed him that J. P. Gleason, Room 207, had checked out the night before, leaving no forwarding address. I don't know which emotion hit us hardest —anger, disgust, or a kiddish disappointment. So Gleason hadn't really believed in his lucky day, after all. He had skipped out.

All of us were sour that morning. Lonnigan and Townsend yelled at each other more than usual; Ferris accused the janitor of swiping his soda-mint tablets. I called up drearily and canceled my weekly beauty-parlor appointment. And the youngest copy boy hit the next youngest with a wastebasket.

It was time for the night staff to take over when Lonnigan's phone rang. He answered it, yawning, then sat bolt upright, beckoning to us wildly. "It's Gleason!" he said. "He's in the hospital!"

Ganging around him, we began asking questions. An accident? Our eyes widened when Lonnigan shook his head. Surely poor old Gleason hadn't tried to—? Oh, no! Nothing was that bad.

"Tell him we were all just kidding about those bets!" I begged. "Please! Tell him."

Lonnigan, listening to the voice on the phone, blinked at me. His face went blank with amazement.

"Gleason heard you," he said. "He says, thanks, toots, but *he* wasn't kidding. And will we please hurry down and pay up our bets at the Mercy Hospital office . . . *Huh?*" His eyes strayed to Gleason's vacant desk. "He says there's an envelope under his typewriter, explaining—"

Ferris grabbed it. We crowded close and watched him take out the contents: a thousand-dollar life-insurance policy, made over to Lonnigan, and an advance surgical bill of five hundred dollars. There was also a note in Gleason's scrawl:

Dear Suckers:

If Nov. 19th isn't my lucky day, policy will cover all debts and bets. If it is, and I'm lucky enough to live through this operation for cancer of the thyroid, I just can't wait to see your happy little faces when you shell out twenty bucks apiece. The doctor says I'll make it okay if I don't worry about the expense. And why should I? If I live, it's you poor cynics who have to pay for my operation!

Be seeing you, suckers!
Gleason

THE END

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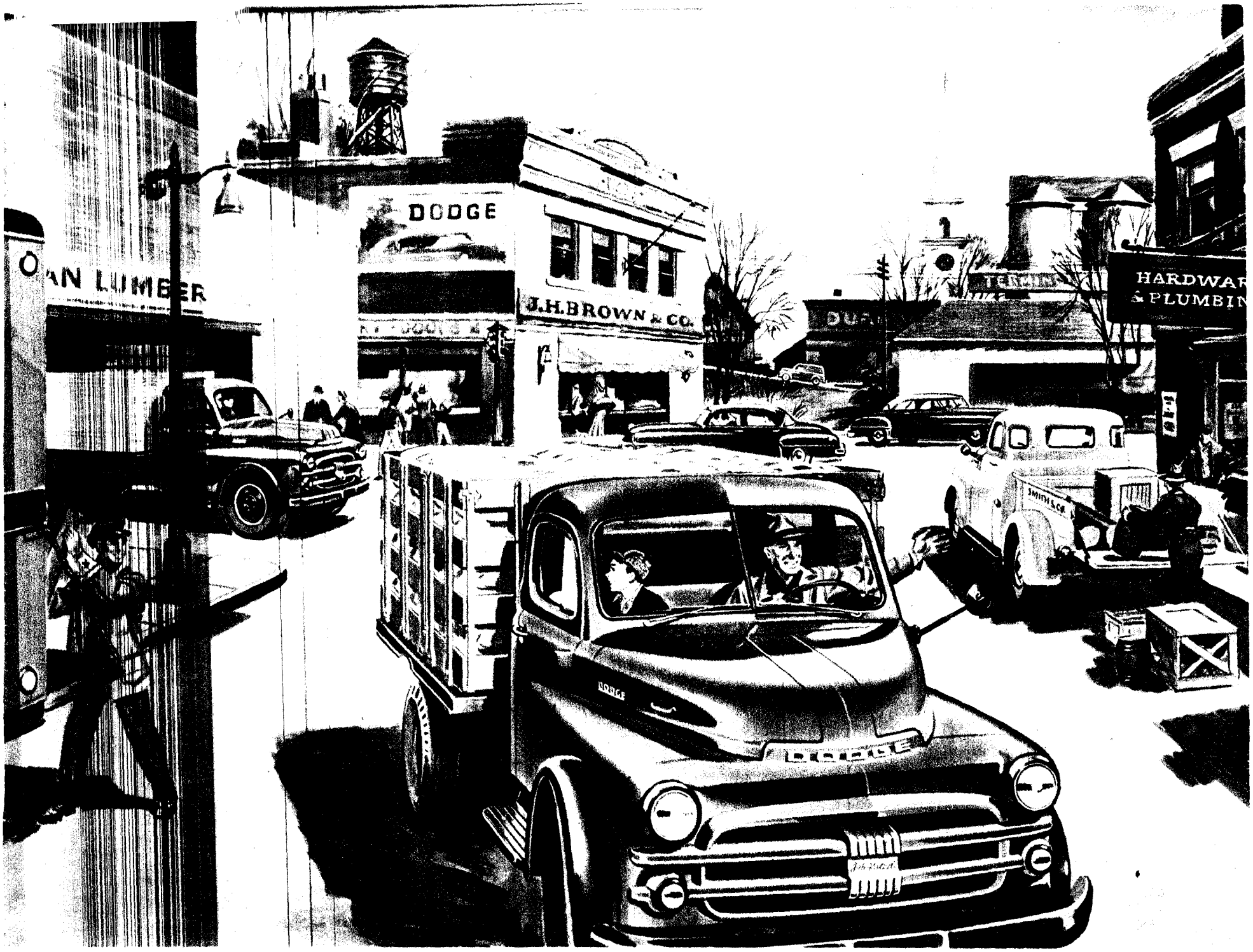

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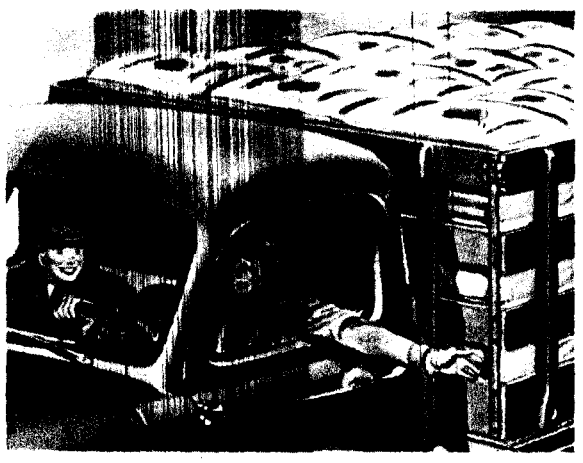
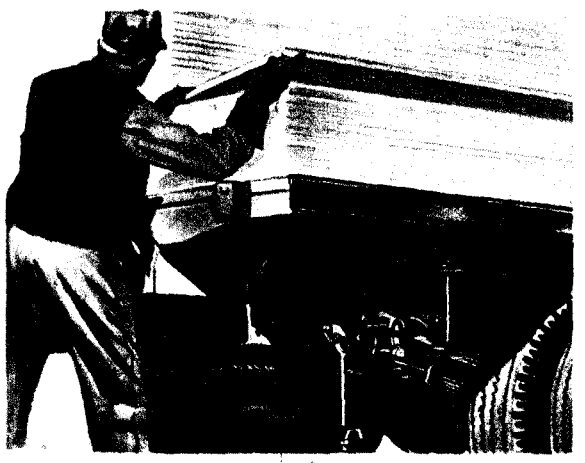
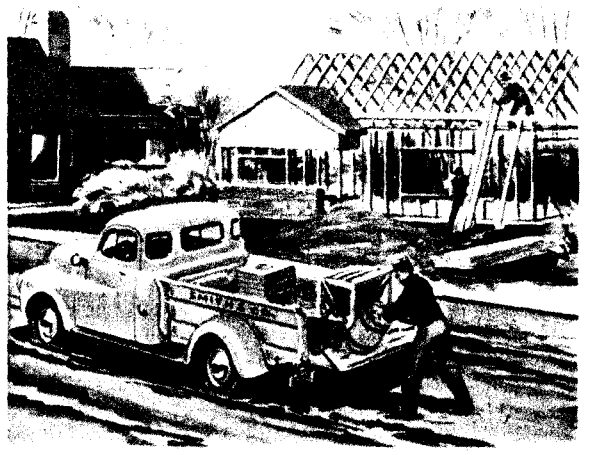


Take your loads and roads, for instance. Naturally, they're different. Your loads may be big or little, heavy or light, bulky or compact. Your roads may be paved or rough, level or hilly. So your truck must fit your particular trucking job. And there's a Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck that's factory-engineered to do just that!



No matter what loads you haul, you'll carry them surely and safely in a Dodge truck that's "*Job-Rated*" for that job of yours. Its load-carrying units (frame, axles and springs, for example) will have the strength and capacity your loads demand. You'll haul bigger payloads. Your truck will perform better and last longer.



No matter what roads you travel, you'll move your loads quickly and economically in a truck that's "*Job-Rated*" for your job. Every load-moving unit (such as engine, clutch and transmission) will stand up under severe operating conditions. Why not see your Dodge dealer about a truck that fits that *different* trucking job of yours?

DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS

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The Hand That Touched Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

But finally, while the old lady moved back and forth in her rocker, gazing intently at her grandson, he managed to tell her about Monday's assembly. "I couldn't expect to find a better speaker to take Mr. Johnson's place," he finished hopefully, "and I'd be honored if you'd accept."

"You mean— You want *me* to come an' speak at Norman's school? You want *me?*" The old lady stared at Charlie open-mouthed.

"That's exactly what I mean," Charlie said as he watched her turn her eyes on Norman's beaming face once again. Then suddenly she was smiling.

"Be pleased to come!" she announced in her high cracked voice. "Be mighty pleased to come an' tell them all 'bout Abr'm Linkern!" Leaning forward, she cocked her head in Norman's direction. "One thing," she whispered. "It got to be a secret. His mammy dasn't know. She don' like for me to go gall'vantin' round without her, nosir. But if she leave for work at eight, she don' have to know 'less somebody tell her."

"Not me! I won't tell on you!" Norman promised. "You don't have to worry about me!"

The old lady cackled a contented laugh and slapped the arm of the chair. "Then I'll do it! I'll sure enough do it!"

ON MONDAY morning, after explaining the situation to Agnes Farnum, the dramatics-teacher, who was in charge of the assembly, Charlie drove to the Patterson home to pick up Norman's grandmother. She was waiting in the parlor when he arrived, an old green-checkered overcoat buttoned to her neck, a red silk scarf about her head and her plain black cane grasped firmly in her right hand.

"You remember," she warned Charlie as he helped her down the stoop and into the car. "My daughter-in-law dasn't know. There'll be hell to pay if she do."

"Don't you worry," Charlie assured her. "She'll never suspect a thing."

By the time they reached the school, the assembly was already in progress. Charlie held the old lady's arm and escorted her to the side door which led to the stage. Together they entered the crowded wings where boys and girls in costume and make-up were waiting their turn to go on.

"So this is Mrs. Patterson!" Agnes Farnum said enthusiastically when she saw them. "Mr. Weston's told us all about you and of course we're simply dying to hear what you've got to tell us. Now just make yourself comfortable while I introduce the next number." She paused a moment before leaving them and nodded toward the corner. "I thought you'd like to have Norman with you," she added.

Charlie glimpsed him standing shyly near the props table, hands behind his back. "Hello, Grandma," Norman whispered as he tiptoed across the wings.

Mrs. Patterson grasped the boy's hands affectionately. "Ain't it a big place!" she said to him.

Charlie located a chair for Mrs. Patterson and helped her off with her overcoat and scarf. She sat down with a grateful wink and smoothed out the creases of her long wine-red gown; the gown surprised Charlie so much that he found himself staring almost rudely.

"Gee, Grandma," Norman said, "you sure got yourself spiffed out. If Ma ever—"

Charlie placed a firm hand on the boy's shoulder. "Now you find a seat someplace and be quiet," he ordered. "Your grandmother's going to be all right."

"Yes, sir," Norman answered meekly. He took a chair behind his grandmother, folded his hands in his lap and sat there without another word.

Agnes Farnum returned from the stage where the dramatic group was about to present a scene from Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. "There's the choral society after this and then we'll have Mrs. Patterson," she informed Charlie.

The old lady was fascinated by the play. She leaned forward, her hands gripping the cane, her head leaned sideways to catch every word; and when it was finished, she drummed loudly on the floor, turning to Charlie to exclaim, "That sure is actin'! That sure is the best piece of actin' I seen for a long, long time!"

In the auditorium, however, the applause was little more than tepid, and as Agnes Farnum ambled back to the wings after introducing the choral society she was obviously annoyed. "They're bored stiff, as usual," she said bitterly. "They want animated cartoons and nothing else."

Charlie glanced at old Mrs. Patterson, whose eyes were fixed now on the choral society, which was singing Hadley's arrangement of the Gettysburg Address. He prayed silently that she at least would not be wasted on the kids this morning. Anyway, it was worth trying . . .

Then, all too quickly, the choral group was finished and Agnes was walking across the stage to announce Mrs. Patterson.

"We are indeed fortunate in having with us today," the dramatics teacher began conventionally, " a person who knew Abraham Lincoln and who has come here to tell us about her experiences. I am going to ask Mr. Charles Weston of our English Department to bring her on stage and introduce her to you."

Charlie took Mrs. Patterson's arm and they walked slowly toward the center of the stage while the assembly applauded politely and Agnes beat an unobtrusive retreat. Then Charlie smiled encouragingly at the old lady, who smiled back, toothlessly. Leaning heavily on her cane, she gazed quietly out at the many upturned faces as if she had done the very same thing every day of her life. Whatever happened, Charlie thought, she wasn't going to suffer from stage fright.

"Frankly," he said into the mike, "I don't know much more about Mrs. Patterson than what Miss Farnum has already told you. But I do know this—she has a good deal to tell us about Abraham Lincoln and whatever she tells us will come directly out of her personal experiences." He turned to Mrs. Patterson while he adjusted the mike to her height. "Could you please tell us where and when you were born, Mrs. Patterson?"

The old lady brushed a vagrant hair from her eyes and stared a little blankly at the mike till Charlie pushed it in her direction. Then she seized the vertical bar and said firmly, "I was born in No'th Car'lina. As for when, I don' rightly know 'cause there ain't no records left. My daddy an' my mammy was slaves an' they runned away an' my daddy got hi'self a job drivin' coach for Pres'dent Linkern at the White House in Washington, D.C."

"You were only a child then, weren't you?" Charlie asked, as though he were a radio interviewer.

"That's correc'—but there ain't nothin' I can't rec'lec' like it was right this very minute."

A sudden, respectful hush fell on the auditorium, and Charlie knew the kids were interested. "Would you care to tell us about the first time you met the President?" he asked.

"The first time?" The old lady closed her eyes. "That's mighty hard to say 'cause I met him so many times. I use to take my daddy's meals to the stables near the White House an' my daddy use to take me round to see the Pres'dent. Mr. Linkern was the most 'portant man there was in the country an' he was likewise a mighty sad man 'cause of the war an' the suff'rin' but he always had a great big smile for my daddy an' me. 'Jeff,' he use to say to my daddy, 'I didn't know if I done the right thing to free all them slaves all of a sudden but when I sees that little gal of yourn I know I done right 'cause she goin' to grow up to be a free an' independent woman an' have free an' independent chil'en like any woman in this here United States of America.' An' one day. . . "

Charlie inched away from her. She was doing well enough without him, he thought. He caught Agnes Farnum's approving smile from the wings and then slipped quietly off stage to join her.

"She's perfect!" Agnes whispered. "Let her alone and she'll hold them every second."

And she *was* perfect, Charlie thought happily. He saw Norman standing among the other children in the wings; the boy's shoulders were thrust back and his eyes had a fine proud glint in them.

Mrs. Patterson stood regal in her wine-red gown and crown of white cotton hair, an old woman who was plainly enjoying herself. Her warm voice never wavered. She told how she had played with the President's children on the White House lawn. How the President had once picked her up in his gangly arms and made a face at her through his beard. How she had touched his warm cheek with her hand. She told how he had looked when her daddy drove him to the hospitals to visit the wounded and how sad he was when he sat alone in his room in the White House. And when she told how her daddy had wept the night Lincoln was shot, Charlie saw that Agnes' eyes were wet. He passed a hand over his own eyes.

Mrs. Patterson talked for nearly twenty minutes without a pause and there was hardly a sound from the captivated boys and girls. For that space of time, Charlie thought, Lincoln came alive for all of them; his great spirit walked among them, and through the eyes of this old Negro woman the deep and melancholy and wounded eyes of the Great Emancipator looked down lovingly on the children gathered here, and on men and women everywhere.

Then he felt a hand pressing his arm and Agnes was looking up at him, her eyes still wet. "Charlie—we're running overtime," she whispered. "We're running overtime and you've got to stop her."

CHARLIE walked out on the stage again. He stood behind her for a moment, and when she paused for breath he grasped the mike and said, "I wish we could go on listening to you for the rest of this wonderful morning, Mrs. Patterson—but I know you're tired and we have no right to impose on your kindness any longer."

"Ain't a bit tired," Mrs. Patterson protested, but nobody except Charlie heard her because she was standing away from the mike and the applause drowned out all other sounds. She leaned on her cane and laughed, nodding from left to right.

Charlie raised his arm and finally quieted the kids. "I'm sure I speak for all of us when I say to Mrs. Patterson that we thank her from the bottom of our hearts." Again the applause thundered, and the curtain was lowered. Backstage, groups of children and teachers gathered around Mrs. Patterson, shaking her hand in turn and asking questions all at once.

Charlie had succeeded in steering her as far as the stage door when Mr. Ramsgate, the principal, appeared and demanded an introduction. "This," he said floridly, "is one of the very memorable days of my life."

The old lady chuckled. "Why, I ain't half warmed up yet," she said. "Didn't have a chance to tell them 'bout the time my daddy took the Pres'dent fishin' on the P'tomac. Didn't—"

"Excuse me, please," Mr. Ramsgate in-

COLLIER'S **"I told him you were in the bathtub and he said maybe you can use one of these"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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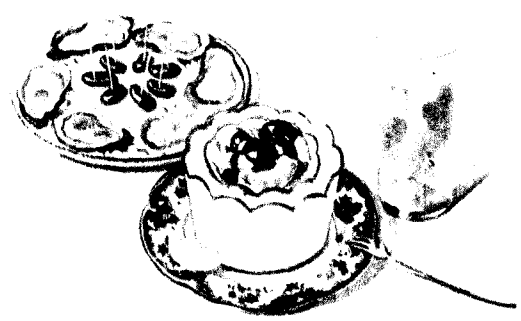
"HOME PREVIEW OF THE MARDI GRAS COSTUME," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 65 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs . . . enjoy it!*



Beer and ale—mealtime favorites

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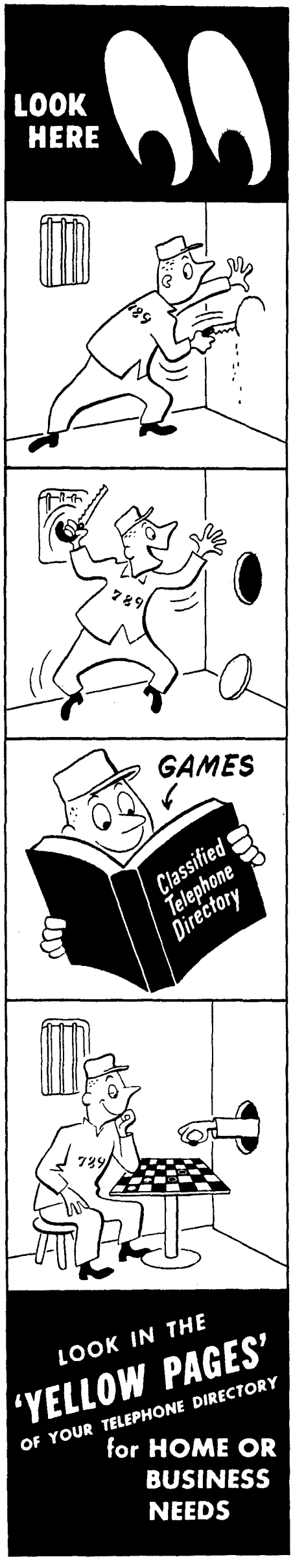
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terrupted. Grimacing, he stopped to read a note which a student monitor had thrust into his hands. "Norman Patterson—?" He looked up at Charlie. "Isn't that Mrs. Patterson's grandson?"

"He's right over here," Charlie said. He put his hands on Norman's shoulders and turned him toward the principal.

"Um—mm," Mr. Ramsgate said, glancing down his nose at Norman. He consulted the note once more. "There's a Mrs. Mabel Patterson waiting to see him in my office," he explained. "Some sort of emergency."

Old Mrs. Patterson clutched at Charlie's arm. "It's her!" she gasped. "It's her—and she dasn't know!"

But Mr. Ramsgate offered his arm to Mrs. Patterson and the old lady reluctantly accepted it. She cast a despairing look at Charlie as she and Mr. Ramsgate walked down the corridor toward the office.

IN THE anteroom outside the office, a stout, middle-aged Negro woman was waiting. She rose from her chair and walked quickly to Mrs. Patterson. "Mother! Where you been? I just come home from work 'cause I forgot—" She stopped abruptly and glared at the red dress. "You got on my best party gown," she said angrily.

Norman's grandmother looked at the woman guiltily. "I had to wear somethin' fittin' for the 'casion," she said contritely. "Had to wear somethin'."

"And you!" Norman's mother said to her son, who was cowering behind Charlie. "I been all over this town lookin' for your granny an' I just knowed in my bones you had somethin' to do with it!" She stared at the four of them. "What's happenin' here anyhow? What you doin' with old Mother-in-law?"

Mr. Ramsgate said nervously, "Now, now, Mrs. Patterson. I'm afraid there's been a slight misunderstanding."

"There sure has!" Norman's mother said furiously. "What's it all mean?"

"My dear woman," Mr. Ramsgate said solemnly, "if you had only heard your mother-in-law a few minutes ago when she was telling us about her childhood in Washington, when her father worked for President Lincoln and she—"

"You told them that?" the younger Mrs. Patterson asked. She looked incredulously at her mother-in-law.

"It was one of the most impressive talks we have ever had the privilege of hearing," Charlie said, wondering why the woman should be so angry.

Norman's mother burst into a loud guffaw. "Sakes alive!" she cried. "Granny ain't never been in Washington nor anywhere else south of Philadelphia! She was born and bred in New Jersey an' ain't never set foot outside the North all her livin' days!"

There followed a moment of awful silence.

"But the stories—the stories about Lincoln," Charlie said.

"She's always making up stories about Lincoln," Mrs. Patterson said. "She's plain bugs about him."

Old Mrs. Patterson turned her innocent eyes up to Charlie. "Abr'm Linkern's the greatest man ever lived," she said quietly. "Just remember that."

"Okay, Granny," Norman's mother said, "time to go home now." She scowled at Norman. "I'll take care of you later," she told him.

The old lady and the boy looked at each other. It was a look that compounded pain and understanding and sympathy. She had done it because of him, Charlie thought; she had wanted the boy to feel proud of her. She had told the most appalling lies because she had wanted Norman to feel proud of himself. For an instant, when the door closed behind the two women, Charlie hated both the old lady and her grandson. Telling lies about Lincoln—that was unforgivable.

"Ah, well," Mr. Ramsgate sighed. "I don't see why this need go any further than—" He shrugged and looked up at the ceiling.

Charlie smiled weakly. "Of course not," he said uncertainly.

"And you must admit," Mr. Ramsgate added, "it was certainly an inspiring speech."

Charlie went out into the corridor and up the stairs to the second-floor room where his class was waiting. He was angry, and he knew the anger showed in his face, for the children gaped at him oddly. Norman had followed him into the classroom, but it was only after Charlie had sat down at his desk that he noticed the boy's black face among the others in the room. Norman looked puzzled and a little scared.

Vaguely Charlie realized that one of the girls was raising her hand. "Yes—what is it?" he asked sharply.

Katie O'Connor arose and glanced furtively at Norman. "Mr. Weston," she asked, "is Mrs. Patterson really Norman's grandmother?"

Charlie saw the boy's eyes sink into the hard surface of his desk. "Yes," he answered coldly, "she really is."

"Well—she was simply grand!" Katie exclaimed. "Everybody thought she was grand and Norman ought to be proud of her!"

Murmurs of agreement surged through the class. Charlie tapped brusquely for order and recognized the waving hand of Johnny Gresham.

Johnny looked straight at Mr. Weston. "We liked those stories about Lincoln all right," he began. "But what I want to know is"—he stopped for an instant, then finished quickly—"were they all true? Did they all happen the way Norman's grandmother said they did?"

An indignant muttering arose; the kids obviously thought Johnny Gresham's question a breach of taste. Charlie looked impassively at Johnny. He thought of Mr. Ramsgate's advice. There was no reason why the truth had to go any further than the office. No reason except that it *was* the truth. No reason except that for thirty years he had told his classes that Lincoln was nothing if not honest. And he had told them that because he believed it, because it was a cornerstone of his life, not to be moved by compromise or fear, not to be shattered by hypocrisy.

He stood up and looked calmly down at the class, at Johnny the cynic, at Katie the dreamer, at all these kids who would make a world he'd never live to see. Waiting tensely for his answer, they were the symbol of everything he'd believed and learned during those thirty years—the symbol of his belief that all children could be shaped into an image of what was best and most enduring in humanity. Yes, he thought, he would have to tell them the truth.

"Mr. Weston! Mr. Weston!" Norman Patterson stood in the aisle demanding to be heard.

"Yes?" Charlie asked curtly. The boy's eyes were big and round and clear. His hands were clenched into fists at his sides.

"I want to tell them about my grandmother," Norman said.

For a second Charlie thought he would stop the boy. But then as he watched him wet his lips and turn to face the class, he knew this was the way it had to happen.

"All those stories my grandmother told," Norman said, "she made all of them up out of her head." His voice was firm now in the awful silence of his classmates. "There wasn't any of them that was true!"

Charlie Weston's heavy breathing was the only sound in the room till Johnny Gresham snickered loudly and triumphantly. Norman's eyes glared across the room at him.

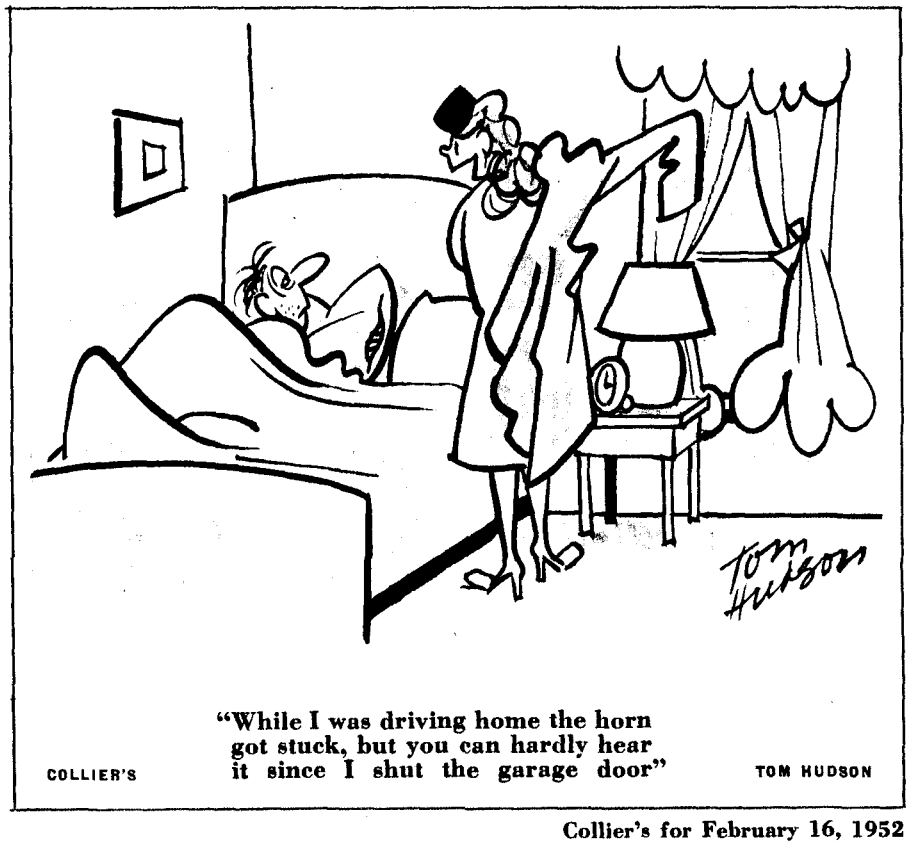
"But it don't make any difference!" Norman shouted. "It don't make any difference because all the things she said about Lincoln, all those things are still true! Abraham Lincoln's the greatest man ever lived in this country! He was kind and he was honest and he loved all the people, black and white, rich and poor! Those things are still true like my grandmother said and don't you ever forget them!"

THE boy took his seat again, his head held erect, his eyes fixed on the head in front of him. And standing stiffly behind his desk, astonished like the rest of the class by Norman's impassioned eloquence, Charlie remembered the look that had passed between the boy and the old woman.

"Of course they are still true!" he said, and this time his voice rang with a deep and vibrant conviction. He searched the faces in front of him, the child faces that were only beginning to grasp what Norman had already discovered for himself. "Honesty, faith, courage and understanding—these things will always be true," he told them. "And someday you'll know them better because they were once true and honest and beautiful for an old lady like Mrs. Patterson!"

And because, Charlie thought, tingling now with the force of the insight which had saved him at last, because there *was* a higher truth, a truth of creation that could reach out through an old woman's imagination and vision and make itself a part of all the great truths that had ever been lived and suffered for in this miraculous world.

Norman's red lips were parted against the gleaming white of his teeth. Yes, Charlie thought, truth was a very great thing. But compassion was bedrock. THE END



"While I was driving home the horn got stuck, but you can hardly hear it since I shut the garage door"

COLLIER'S — TOM HUDSON

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Treasure in the Attic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

mother's harping voice the first thing in the morning. There had never been enough of anything for her mother, and Margaret did not want to be so greedy; all she wanted was a decent life.

She was a young woman with a clean look, and now she studied her face in the mirror for signs of worry and strain. She saw none. Her nose was still faintly freckled, and her gray eyes appeared calm and even a little amused, but her chin was formidable. "Where?" she asked aloud. Where had all her dreams gone, and Roy's young ambitions, and that wonderful feeling of love, that amazing and wild tenderness, the old words which, when she and Roy had first spoken them, had hung in the air like marvelous music?

"Roy," she said. "Roy Augustus MacMillan!"

He looked like a furry giant under the sheets, his thick black hair sticking up straight, and the pale, irregular scars of old war wounds showing on his forearms.

"For Heaven's sake, Roy!" Margaret said in the commanding tone of a colonel. She could hear Ollie singing sleepily as he lay in bed in his room across the hall. He was singing one of his dirty songs again. Roy did not move. She felt that she could look forward to generations of men who would lie like logs in perfect bliss before their screaming wives. She bent and bit his ear.

"Glaw," he said.

The alarm went off. Two more Grover boys came outdoors whistling and yelling. Doors slammed. A car without a muffler roared down the street. Margaret went around to the other side of his bed and planted a good kick. Roy opened one eye.

"Rise and shine," she said sweetly.

"Glaw," he repeated. Dutifully, however, he rubbed his head with his knuckles and sat up, staring glassily. When he was like this he had a boyish charm, but Margaret had no time for charm now. The roof was leaking. She must get Ollie dressed, breakfast on the table, and Roy sufficiently awake to set out for the office.

"I'm sorry, honey," Roy said. "I guess I was awfully mean last night."

"No," she said. "It's only that if someone gets Harry's job, then we're stuck here forever. Screaming Grover boys, nasty little houses, small yards, an ugly street. What have we in common with these people?"

"Oh, I dunno. We're alive, too, same as they are."

"I don't mean to be snobbish, darling. I just hate all of this."

ROY looked at her, surprised. "I never realized until last night how much you hate it. I mean it seems nice and comfortable to me, and the people are swell when you get to know them." He looked around the small room with the fireplace that never worked properly, the flowered wallpaper, their wedding picture, taken while he was still in uniform, and the one old tree on the block, rustling outside their window. "I didn't think you hated it—loathed it."

"It's not what I want for us," she said steadily. He looked all beaten, sitting there on the edge of the bed like that, and she was sorry again she had begun the day so poorly.

"Look, dearest," Roy said. "I can do the work. Harry told the boss so the day he heard about his transfer. But so can Bill do the work. It just depends on what the Old Man decides."

"Bill and his loud ties!" she said with a sniff.

"I can do back flips to attract the Old Man's attention," he said.

"Oh—the roof's leaking again," she said, trying to sound casual.

Immediately, Roy looked guilty. He got up and went to the corner and touched the wet wallpaper gingerly and then stood staring at it as though overcome by some memory far stronger than this present, nasty reality. He stood there for a long moment.

He never let her know his thoughts when he stood like this, and it made her feel both sad and annoyed that she, the woman and mother in this house, had to nag about such trifling matters as a roof that leaked all the time. This small leak had grown to the dimensions of Niagara. She called his mood daydreaming, but whenever she questioned him, he would merely grin and make some wild joke. He stood there, in his loud, striped pajamas, a big young man, sweet and friendly to all the world, popular in the neighborhood, with something wistful in his expression that tore at her heart, so that she wanted to forget about the noisy neighbors, the ugly street, and everything else in the world except the three of them.

LATELY, however, his complete peace with everything had begun to annoy her. He was too satisfied with their life as it was, taking pleasure from this house and all that went with it. It seemed a weakness, a complacency that was dangerous in a young man. A woman, the one to feather the nest and care for their stomachs, had to think of practical matters, didn't she?

"Okay, hon," Roy said. "I'll do the fancy back flips if I can." He went to take his shower.

She dressed quickly. Ollie padded barefoot across the floor. He looked exactly like his father. It was often shocking to Margaret to see Roy like this in midget edition. Ollie was four years old, without any particular skills or talents except an ability to make sounds like a frog and to blow enormous spit bubbles. He stood exactly as Roy had stood—mooning, a dreamy smile on his lips as though sleep still lingered joyously and heavily in him, like a happy meal.

"Get dressed, Ollie love," Margaret said, kissing his cheek which, under her lips, was as warm as sunshine. She wished she had time to linger over him, cuddling him and playing.

"Glaw," Ollie said. He looked at the wet wallpaper. He poked it. Then he butted his head into the corner and sniffed with pleasure, loving the miserable smell of wet plaster, paper, night rain and wood. He stuck out his tongue and licked the paper.

"Don't be a puppy. Hurry and get dressed, dear. Bring your shoes and Mama will lace them."

Ollie made a noise like a frog, pleased. She pushed him into his room, started him dressing, and went down to the kitchen, where, once the aroma of coffee and bacon warmed the air, she felt she had successfully begun a new day for all of them. Then she heard Ollie in the bathroom. He and Roy were laughing. If she did not put a stop to it, they would go on like that all morning, but she wanted to go up there and join them and not miss all the fun. Instead, holding the pancake turner, she went to the foot of the stairs, yelling like a shrew, and they came down, hand in hand, making as much noise as possible, very happy with everything.

"You ought to be gypsies," she muttered, but she smiled. They were worth all the terrible aspects of life in this house—only, she wanted better things for them.

"I'll be home early," Roy said. "Ollie and I'll take care of that leak in the roof in ten minutes flat."

"Darling," she said, putting her arms around him, "I know it's a pesky thing. We'll be mending that roof all our lives. It was never put on properly."

"Pie," Ollie said, stern as a general. "Chawklit pie, Mama?"

"Not for breakfast, love."

"Get him," Roy said proudly.

"Chawklit cake?" Ollie insisted.

"No, dear."

He slipped from the table and went into the living room where he would lie on his

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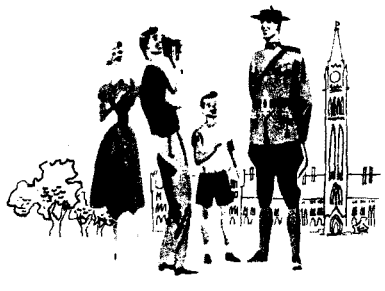

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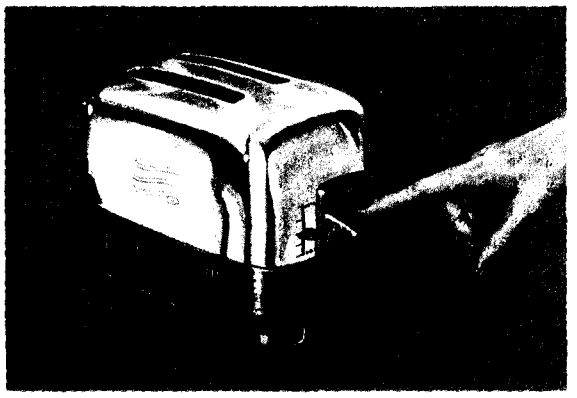

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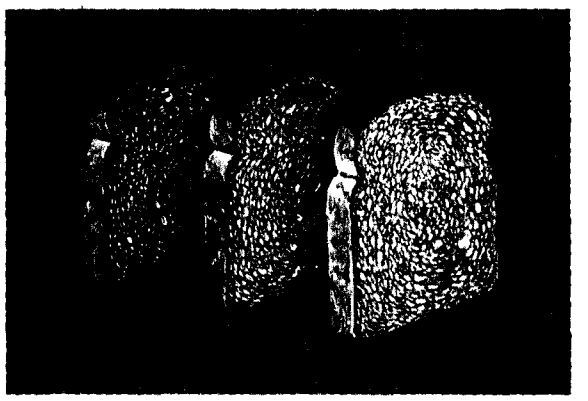

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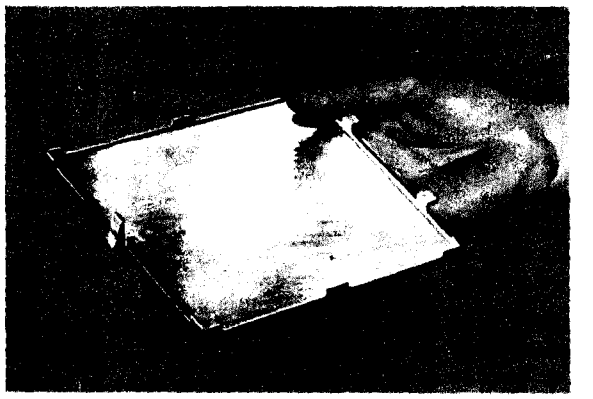

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round stomach to play with his cars, trotting to the window every few minutes in hopes the sun would shine.

"Ollie's like his grandfather. He has a champagne taste," Roy said. "If I don't get Harry's job, that boy will be ruined for good."

He wanted to make a joke about Harry's job when, for almost a month now, that had been her, Margaret's, last thought at night and first hope of the morning. It made her feel helpless to stay at home, unable to do anything, while Roy went down to the office and waited for a sign or word from the Old Man—as though it were a small matter to him, really.

"The world won't end," he said.

"My world will." She could not look at him.

"Try not to worry. It spoils your day," he said as he kissed her. "You can't do anything about it."

"But you can!" she said involuntarily.

FOR a moment, he studied her face. It seemed then that he was a million miles from her, thinking thoughts exclusively his own, keeping his most secret desires and problems to himself. You lived with a man for a long time, and he could still surprise you and bewilder you.

"Listen, my dear," he said gravely, "nothing is so important. Nothing in the world is important enough to scare you like this, Margaret. I don't want a worrying wife. I don't want Ollie to be an old-man kind of boy who goes around worrying. You hear?"

"Yes," she said, and nodded, but she was not like Mrs. Grover and these women in the neighborhood who could happily accept their lot. He ought to realize that.

"Okay, then," he said and went down the walk, standing very straight, holding his umbrella high, making it plain to her that he was proceeding about his business while she stayed in her own place. She watched him until he disappeared around the corner.

"My trike is just drowned," Ollie said. "Pewie looie." He looked out sadly at his tricycle. Just then, one of the younger Grover boys came bounding out of his house on his way to school. He paused, listening to something his mother called to him. Then he ran into their yard, carrying Ollie's tricycle up onto the back porch. Margaret opened the kitchen door. The boy smiled at her, his face wet and his red hair curling tight to his handsome head.

"Maw said I should bring in Ollie's trike," he said. "Hi, there, Ollie!"

"Glaw," Ollie said in admiration and made a horrible face. The boy laughed appreciatively.

"Say 'thank you,' Ollie," Margaret said.

Ollie made a loud frog noise. The Grover boys were lively and noisy but they did not quarrel or use dirty language, and when they did something like this she was exceptionally ashamed of herself for not being more friendly. It was just that it had always seemed a bother, since they were going to live here such a short time. Roy said the Grovers had lived in a tiny apartment for so long that this house seemed a miracle to them, even if it was small and crowded. Margaret sent Ollie out on the porch to wipe off his tricycle, and he stayed out there, riding around in the small space, trying to be as noisy as the Grover boys. Someday soon Ollie was going to have a lawn with big shade trees and a big porch for rainy days.

The telephone rang, but it was not Roy. It was her mother. "Why does Roy make such a mystery of it?" her mother asked. "I never could get a thing out of your father, and when he was made sales manager, he forgot to tell me. It was almost two weeks before I knew a thing about it—and I had to hear about it at the bridge club!"

"Roy will call me if the Old Man says anything."

"Well, men are so timid. Roy ought to speak his piece. They can yell their heads off in a poker game or around the house, but when it comes to business, they act like they're asking to be knighted. Honestly!"

"Roy knows what he's doing, Mother." Margaret could imagine him down there, doing back flips outside the Old Man's office.

"But whatever will you do, dear, if he doesn't get it? You need a coat, a good fur—and Ollie, piano lessons and all of that."

"He'll get it, Mother," she insisted, but the back-flip idea was no longer funny. Her mother was right. Roy ought to be more serious and ambitious for her and Ollie.

She hung up with a bang when she heard Ollie scream. The rain had stopped, and Mrs. Grover, who had been working as usual in her back yard, was now standing holding him.

"There, there, he only fell," she said.

"He's all blood," Margaret said weakly.

"Only a scratch. Head wounds bleed terrible," Mrs. Grover said. Ollie, the shyest and most savage of creatures, who hid behind chairs and bushes and made ugly faces at strangers, lay in the big woman's arms, slowly quieting. "I do like a small boy in my arms," Mrs. Grover said, as Margaret took him.

COLLIER'S

"He generously left each of you a million dollars. Unfortunately, he didn't have a cent to his name"

MORT WALKER

"Thank you, thank you so much," Margaret said breathlessly, and carried Ollie into the kitchen where she sponged his face. She ought to be grateful he was so well and strong. He had tried to pull his tricycle off the porch and had become entangled in the wheels, and fallen down the concrete steps. He made a fierce gorilla face, pushing away from her, and wandered off into the house. She looked after him, puzzled. He was already trying to be a grown man who did not need her. Mrs. Grover still stood in her back yard, and Margaret opened the door and thanked her again, chatting a moment, wishing the Grovers did not always make her feel so uncomfortable. But they were so satisfied with their lot, and sometimes she thought that Roy, who liked to have an occasional beer with the Grovers, considered their way of life just about perfect.

WHEN she closed the door, Ollie had disappeared. She looked into his room. Then she remembered the leak in the roof. He must have gone up to the attic, probably planning to repair the leak himself, having assisted in the ceremony a number of times.

"Where's my fella?" Margaret asked, peering into the attic. She could not see him in the maze of battered trunks, old family portraits, an easel she had used in college, bits of furniture and heaps of old books and magazines she hoped to read someday. Up here at this hour, the air was strange—thick but golden with new sun, and the attic was like a place out of this world, high as a plane in the air. "Ollie," Margaret pleaded, "come have your lunch, you poor tiger with a broken head."

She knew he was hiding, pretending to be a frog again. She could hear him—a sniffling sound that grew louder into a kind of munching, as though a beaver worked away at the floor boards. Then she found him sitting near the duffel bag that had been Roy's in the Army. He wore an old hat of her mother's—black velvet with two looping feathers—and he looked like a battered, sleepy young knight. "There you are," she said, "you old boy, you."

"Glaw," he said sleepily. He was grinding something hard between his sharp little teeth. A smudged, greasy box lay on the floor beside him.

"Whatever have you got, darling?" she asked. She thought of nails, rat poison and glue. She opened his moist hand. A wafer like a dog biscuit lay in his sweaty palm. It felt dry and hard in her fingers and had no odor or taste. She picked up the box. It was a box of K ration left from the war. She remembered finding it in the closet in the tiny apartment where they had lived just after they were married. She had come across it hidden in the far corner behind some ski boots, and she had thrown it away, but she had seen it again, being carried into this house in a box of books. It was as though Roy could not bring himself to throw it away, refusing to believe in some secret part of himself that it might not come in handy someday. He must have stored it here under the eaves, not far from the leak, probably planning to show it to Ollie someday when he could understand about that dreadful time. Now Ollie was eating the cooky with sleepy satisfaction.

One package of wafers was unopened. A chocolate bar, turned gray, and cubes for soup, and an envelope of coffee were untouched, but whatever else had been in the box was gone, hidden by Ollie with his pack-rat instincts. The package was as heavy as lead in her hands.

"Oh," she murmured. "I had forgotten. How could I ever forget all of that, those days?" She had forgotten the days and nights in her parents' house when she'd lain alone and sleepless, promising herself that if Roy came back to her she would never ask for anything more again in her life. A poor satisfaction the big, spacious house of her parents had been to her then, without Roy. Her mind had been haunted by ghostly visions, things she had seen in the newsreels and papers, about New Guinea and all those strange, remote places whose names she had breathed daily, those far islands that she had imagined as being no larger than baseball diamonds at the time.

It was those days, those other names, those comradely faces that Roy must remember when he stood in his safe little house; it was the nights and days in the endless tropical rains that made this house with its one slow leak seem like a palace to him. Surely, the noise of the Grover boys must fall upon his ear like hilarious, happy music, and this very street she found so bare must delight him and seem, at times, startlingly wonderful to him. And she had forgotten so soon, so easily. A blush of shame spread over her face. Part of Mrs. Grover's pleasure in her little house must date back to the terrible days of the war, when her husband had been in Italy. And Margaret had said—how many times—that she and the Grovers had nothing in common!

SHE remembered the first night they had slept in this house, just before Ollie was born, when it was all new and smelling of new wood, and enormous after the crowded apartment. Roy had turned to her in the blue light of the curtainless bedroom. "I never thought I could be so lucky," he had said. "We're the luckiest people I know." And she had forgotten all of that in her desire to live as she had lived as a girl—in a big, comfortable house whose roof did not leak. Only, then, she had been without him and without Ollie. She had had nothing—nothing at all.

She picked Ollie up like a sack of flour, just as she heard Roy chatting with Mrs. Grover. She heard the sound of their hearty laughter, followed by the banging of the kitchen door. He was calling to her, and she replied. He came bounding up the stairs, pulling off his tie, carrying a big galvanized pail full of equipment. It banged as he ran. He was as noisy as any of the Grovers.

"Thought I might as well take the rest of the day off and get at that leak." He gave her a casual smack and went over to the corner, poking around.

It was a moment of terrible revelation to her. Was it true that she had made a harried man of him, like those husbands whose wives, in their greed for everything, pressure their men until the men are no longer strong, happy warriors but drones in service to their unreasonable queens? And what had that done to Ollie? Had she begun to make a worried little boy of him instead of a bounding, noisy lad like the Grover boys?

"What is it, dear? Bad morning?" Roy asked, seeing her expression.

She put Ollie down in an old cradle, where he snored. "Don't bother with the leak, darling. I don't care if it leaks like a sieve." She wrapped her arms around him, holding him like this for warmth, memory, and the sheer pleasure of it, recalling the times when her arms had ached for him and her heart and mind had burned with terror that he might be killed somewhere in a foreign night, far from her. "I'm going to ask Mrs. Grover for coffee tomorrow. We'll sit in my nice kitchen and enjoy this house you have given me."

He took her chin in his hand. "Have you been drinking?"

"I love you, Roy. I don't need anything else."

His look of worry passed. He relaxed in her embrace. She was going to give him the life, the happiness she had so vehemently built for him during their first days together. He grinned, already partly understanding her. "Incidentally, not that you seem to care much," he said, "I got the job. The Old Man was surprised I worried about it. Said he never thought of anyone else."

"Wonderful."

"You *are* calm about it. Women—they nag you about getting a better job, and—"

"Job, job, job," she murmured. "House, leaks, yard, money. Who cares?"

"Hey, remember the child," he said. But Ollie continued to snore and it seemed to Margaret, as Roy raised her in his arms, speaking all the old words they had forgotten, that in the sun that came in the window the greasy old box of K ration sparkled like gold, a rare treasure. THE END

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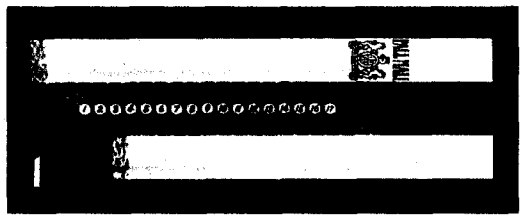

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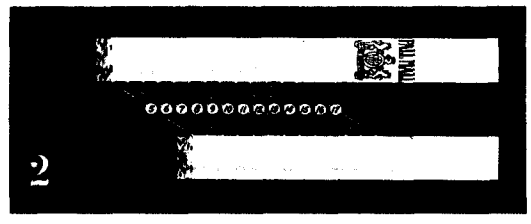

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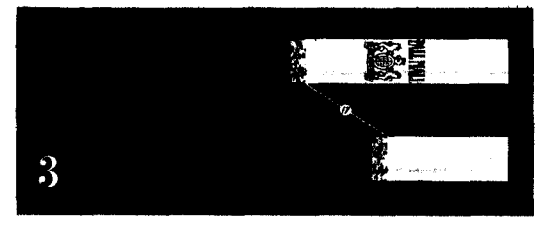

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Dick makes small talk with Korean youngsters

Brother Act at the Truce Talks

By GREG MacGREGOR

Truce parleys with the Reds would have moved even slower if Korea-born Dick and Horace Underwood hadn't been there to smooth out language problems at the conference table

Panmunjom, Korea

FOR hours UN officials had tried to get straight answers from the Reds facing them across the green baize conference table. Again and again whole sentences had been phrased and rephrased, but to no avail. The Communist negotiators neatly avoided making direct replies.

Tempers were growing short when the senior UN delegate, nettled beyond diplomatic endurance by these trip-and-block tactics, finally turned to a mild-looking American Army lieutenant and snapped:

"Tell them that the Communist mind changes like a weather vane!"

The lieutenant was stumped. Weather vanes are almost unknown in Korea. For a moment he hesitated, then he turned to the Communists.

"The United Nations delegate," he said slowly in Korean, glancing out of the corner of his eye at his harassed superior, "wishes to tell you that a woman's mind changes like grass in the wind—and the Communist mind is the same." The Chinese and North Korean officers flushed.

Richard F. Underwood, First Lieutenant U.S. Army Reserve, sighed deeply, leaned back and began polishing his glasses. This minor crisis was over, at least for him. There probably would be a similar one the next day—but maybe his brother Horace G. Underwood, Lieutenant USNR, would catch that.

Together the Underwoods, descendants of two generations of missionaries to Korea, comprise one of the most unusual brother acts in recent diplomatic history. Their specialty: interpreting. "Add to this," says a friend of theirs, "mind reading, the patience of Job and a generous helping of the wisdom of Solomon."

When the truce talks began last July in Kaesong, Dick and Horace Underwood sat in on the first meeting as official interpreters. "We would have considered ourselves fortunate to get one person who could speak English and Korean," says one of the former delegates, Major General Henry Hodes, "but to get two like the Underwoods was just a wonderful break."

Not only could they speak Korean fluently but their keen understanding of the Oriental mind quickly made them so indispensable to the UN delegation that one or the other of the brothers was always present at every session.

On many occasions during the long months of argument, quick thinking on the part of the brothers helped keep the peace talks from bogging down completely. Often a word or sentence which was perfectly clear to the UN negotiators would have a completely different meaning to the Reds. Of course many of these problems resulted from the grammatical form of the Korean language.

"For example," explains thirty-four-year-old

Lt. Dick Underwood, Army, and Lt. Horace Underwood, Navy, walk together from tent at Panmunjom after truce discussions

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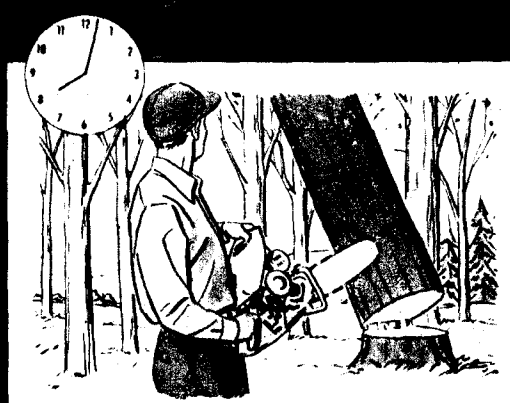

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Horace Underwood, "difficulties come about in translating English into Korean because there is only one tense in the Korean tongue. There are no singular or plural forms, as there are in English." But the Underwoods, by their remarkable command of the Korean language, were able to vault these semantic barriers. As a result the UN proposals were always presented to the Reds with perfect clarity.

From the first, translating the Red demands into simple, clear English for the UN delegates presented just as difficult a problem. But the Underwoods easily unscrambled the double talk, down to every delicately shaded Oriental nuance. "They have been invaluable to us," says Vice-Admiral Charles Turner Joy, the senior UN Command delegate.

Even the Reds, on one occasion, were forced to pay twenty-four-year-old Dick Underwood an indirect compliment. Some months after the talks began he was relieved from his interpreting duties to aid in the recovery of an eleven-year-old Korean youngster—a story, which, incidentally, created world-wide interest. The child, Kim Won Kyu, had strayed from his home, crossed the Communist lines and was promptly arrested as "a spy." The Reds claimed the youngster had been paid 2,000 won (33 cents) by South Korean troops to report on enemy movements. Dick Underwood visited the grief-stricken parents and pieced the story together.

Kim Cleared of "Spy" Charge

On the strength of his report, the UN delegation made a formal demand for the boy. Apparently young Kim certainly had been on the prowl—for candy. He had heard that UN correspondents in the truce-talk zone gave candy to Korean waifs. While searching for sweets, he strayed over the line of demarcation and into the Communist zone. Confronted with irrefutable facts, the Reds made their own investigation and grudgingly accepted Dick Underwood's findings. The child was returned to the UN zone and reunited with his family.

As the truce talks progressed, Dick and Horace's work week ran a full seven days, with their exacting duties rarely ending at the close of each day's session. They were present at all liaison meetings and subdelegation and delegation discussions. And while staff officers and UN officials convened each night between seven and midnight to discuss proposals and queries for the next truce session, the Underwoods could be found in their own tent, carefully going over each word in the day's text.

Then when the generals, admirals and colonels retired, the brothers, working until 3:00 or 4:00 A.M., checked the proposals and queries slated to be presented to the Reds the following day, in order to determine whether or not the language would convey the exact meaning intended. Often they suggested revisions because the phrasing of a point was impossible to translate. But this painstaking approach to the language barrier paid off, preventing many unnecessary pitfalls in the negotiations.

The Underwood family in general comes naturally by their extraordinary linguistic talents and their equally remarkable grasp of the psychology of the Oriental mind. Horace, his wife Joan, and their eight-year-old son, Horace Horton II, live in Tokyo. Others of the family include brother John, a missionary in Seoul, his twin James, a Presbyterian minister in Hancock, New York, and twenty-two-year-old sister Grace, who is attached to the Army's Special Services in Tokyo. All of them would have been greatly astonished had Dick and Horace failed in their assignment. Reason: for the last 67 years the Underwood family has been serving the Korean people as teachers and missionaries.

Their mother, Ethel Underwood, was brutally murdered by Red assassins in 1949 —before the start of the Korean conflict— in her home on the edge of the campus of Chosun University. Their father, Horace Horton Underwood, who was president emeritus of the university, a Presbyterian and Methodist college founded by his father in 1915, died shortly thereafter. The brothers never had any illusions about the Communist foe sitting across the conference table.

Most of their lives have been spent in Korea; but in the U.S. they consider Brooklyn home, primarily because relatives—the Underwoods of the typewriter manufacturing concern—still live there. Also, they were educated in Brooklyn prior to attending Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York. Their real home, however, is Korea. Their hearts and, indeed their lives, like those of their parents before them, are dedicated to the "Land of the Morning Calm."

When the war began, Horace, who had been teaching in Seoul, was already on active duty with the naval reserve. Dick had been vacationing in New York, waiting to begin his senior year in college, when the Reds struck. Immediately he volunteered and was commissioned a second lieutenant. Then, to his amazement, he remained on duty in the U.S. As time went by, he began to fear he would never be sent back to the place where he knew he could do the most good. Finally, after obtaining leave, he went to Washington on his own funds, and for three weeks warmed chairs in the waiting rooms of the Pentagon before he found the right man and convinced him. He was promptly dispatched to Korea.

The personal tragedy brought to the family by the ruthlessness of the Reds made the brothers keenly aware of their responsibilities at the conference table. They know only too well what to expect from the Reds. Perhaps this explains the mental agility they showed from the beginning in spotting mistakes—whether by accident or deliberate intent—in translations by their counterparts, the Communist interpreters.

A friend tells this story: "On one occasion the Reds made a proposal concerning a demilitarized zone, and in translating the suggestion into English the Communists' interpreter used the conditional word 'should.' The Reds' proposal appeared acceptable to some UN delegates since the one word made it appear that it would not be unconditionally binding. Later that night the Underwoods, as usual, were going over the Korean version of the day's text. They discovered that the Red interpreter had made a mistake—a vital mistake. He ought to have read 'must immediately' instead of 'should.'

"This meant something entirely different, of course. Almost trapped by the error of the Red interpreter into giving serious consideration to something they could never accept, the UN delegates flatly rejected the Communist plan. It was a vital catch, because it meant a great saving of time in later discussions.

"And throughout history you'll find that time is always the important issue at cease-fire talks; it's measured in only one commodity—human lives." THE END

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Catering to Your Sweet Tooth

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

busy turning out well over 2,500,000,000 pounds of candy, and we paid them nearly $1,000,000,000 for their trouble.

The factories are scattered all over the country. Although Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts dominate the business, accounting for about two thirds of the total poundage, every state has at least a few candymaking concerns. Georgia and Virginia, for instance, make large amounts of peanut candies. Ohio is a big fudge-producing center. Texas and Louisiana turn out pecan specialties. New Jersey goes in for hard candies, and California is growing in importance as a chocolate-covered-bar-making center.

Always Busy with New Ideas

The candymakers devote endless ingenuity to devising confections to please us. They currently turn out at least 2,000 different kinds of candy, and they invent new ones every year. One manufacturer says the number of different types now in production is nearer 20,000, if all the variations in flavor, shape and size of pieces are taken into account. Into them go a large part of the world's output of sweetening and flavoring materials.

Of cacao beans we take nearly half the world's production. Of sugar our confectioners use 1,000,000,000 pounds a year, of nut meats 250,000,000 pounds, and even of such delicate ingredients as peppermint oil, vanilla, cinnamon and other spices, used only a few ounces at a time, they need nearly 4,000,000 pounds annually. Their storerooms are romantic caverns stuffed with delectable treasures from everywhere—cashews from India, pistachios from Italy, ginger from Canton, licorice root from Lebanon, dates from Iran, Brazil nuts from the Amazon, filberts from Turkey, coconut from Samoa.

With these and with such home-grown ingredients as eggs, milk and cream, butter, honey, fruits—a total of 77 varieties of agricultural products—the candymakers perform countless wonders. One of the basic candies, for instance, is rich, chewy caramel made with sugar, corn sirup, milk and shortening, but varied with flavors such as chocolate, coffee and maple and with Brazil nuts, peanuts and cashews. Nougat starts out as mere sugar, water and eggs, then branches in dozens of different directions with *glacé* fruits or molasses or peanut butter or coconut. Fudge can be little more than sugar, water, milk and chocolate or can blossom out with dozens of lively flavors. Even simple peanut brittle varies from plain sugar, corn sirup, water and peanuts to luscious concoctions rich with butter and molasses.

The monumental U.S. sweet tooth and the industry which caters to it are the result of an aeons-long historical development. The longing for concentrated sweets goes all the way back to our arboreal ancestors. They probably competed with bears for caches of wild honey, even before they discovered their own nakedness, and later competed with bears for the latters' hides to use in covering their nudity. Over the millenniums, experimental-minded ape men and cave men doubtless learned to combine honey with fruits into something remotely resembling candy. By Egyptian times the Pharaohs' retinues usually included at least one cook who could turn out appetizing confections of honey, flour, almonds, dates and figs.

The Greeks, Romans, Chinese and other ancients made the most, candywise, of honey and other available sweetening agents, such as the root of the licorice plant which grows wild throughout the Near East, but supplies of these seldom were large enough to permit everyone to satisfy his appetite. It was from the banks of ancient India's Indus River that there came a plant which was destined eventually to brighten the lives of all lovers of sweets. Members of Alexander the Great's expedition to India in 325 B.C. were the first Westerners on record to break off stalks of this plant, chew them and taste cane sugar. Today, it or beet sugar (the process for making beet sugar was discovered only 200 years ago) is a basic ingredient of nearly all candies.

One of the early ways of preparing sugar was to boil the cane juice to a thick consistency and form it into little balls which hardened into sugarplums. From the earliest days there have been all sorts of other experiments with spices, fruits and nuts in varying combinations with sugar. But by far the most successful such experiment was made, according to some authorities, by Charles I, King of Spain.

In 1519, one of his subjects, Hernando Cortes, paid a visit to Montezuma, Aztec ruler of ancient Mexico. Though the chief result—and Cortes' chief claim to fame—was the brutal destruction of Aztec civilization, the conquistador did make a few constructive discoveries. One of these was an odd drink, much favored by the upper classes of the Aztecs, brewed from seeds of pods which grew on a strange tree and were called *cacahuatl* or "bitter drink." Cortes sent samples home to Spain where it may or may not have been King Charles who had the bright idea of counteracting the bitterness with sugar. No matter who had the idea, the result was chocolate.

In the centuries since then, chocolate has become by far the most favored of all candy flavors. There is solid chocolate in all its dozens of forms—starkly bittersweet with only a minimum of sugar, rich with milk and much more sugar, wafer-thin and bite-size pieces lightly flavored with mint or rum, larger pieces crunchily sprinkled with almonds or peanuts or filberts. There are the hundreds of chocolate-covered candies with cream centers, fruit cordial centers, chewy caramel centers, coconut centers and all the others. And then there are chocolate fudge, chocolate caramels, chocolate nougats and even hard candies with chocolate centers.

It is such enormous variety which typifies American candy. Many nations have developed their own peculiar specialties. The Swiss have gone in for milk chocolate, the English for toffee, the Finns for fruit jellies and the Spanish for nougat. But in the U.S. there never has been any such specialization in the contents of candy.

The Birth of the Nickel Bar

Just before World War I, however, one candymaker accidentally launched the big American candy development. At that time the most popular candies were chocolates with various types of centers, chiefly cream centers. Presumably on the theory that the more of a good thing the better, this particular confectioner tried molding a few outsize cream-centered chocolates to sell for a nickel. In the course of the next decade, the nickel candy bar became the nation's favorite type of candy.

In fact, it grew so rapidly in popularity that anyone who caught the public's fancy with a new type of bar almost automatically hit the jack pot. There was, for instance, one Chicago confectioner who had gone into bankruptcy five times during the early twenties in the course of trying to perfect a new type of small-piece candy. As he neared the brink for the sixth time, his creditors told him to sell what materials he had on hand for the best price he could get. He could realize most on them, he decided, by mixing them into some sort of five-cent bars and selling these to jobbers. Two weeks later his banker was arranging to extend him several thousand dollars more in credit. For the bar he had invented immediately produced huge orders from the jobbers.

The creation of another successful candy bar was fantastically casual. Waiting at the plant for an interview with his boss one day, a salesman for a Long Island candy firm was watching one of the production lines turn out small chocolate-covered coconut pieces. Idly, he picked three pieces of the candy off the line and stuck them together. In that form, he shortly pointed out to his boss, they looked like a bar. The latter agreed to try producing such a bar and soon had to abandon making the individual pieces in order to keep up with demand for the new product.

One reason for the tremendous success of bars is that they are so gaily and colorfully wrapped. Somehow, the sight of a counter full of candy, each item in its own individual paper or tin-foil wrapping, seems

COLLIER'S "I can hardly wait to go shopping in these new clothes I just bought!" JEFF KEATE

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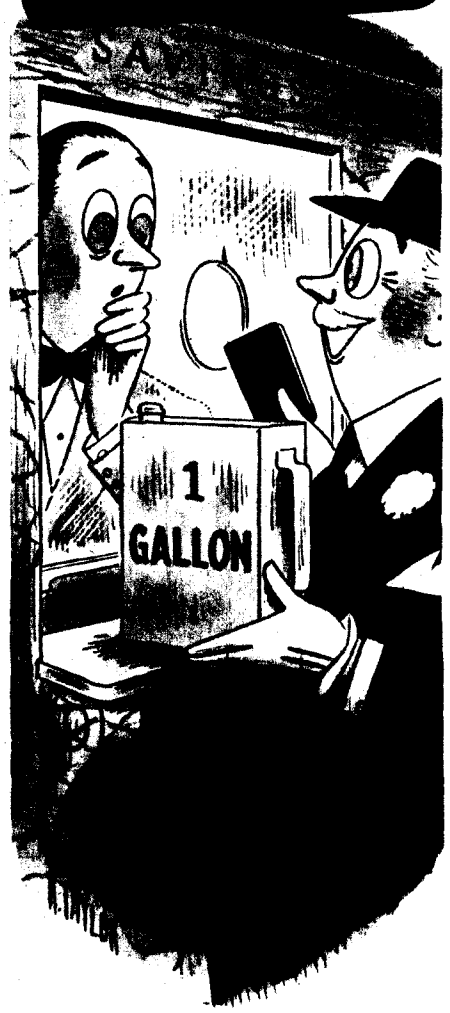

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to be just the thing to make most of us hungry enough to reach for our pocketbooks. Taking their lead from the success of bars in this line, makers of gumdrops, lollipops and jawbreakers now often wrap their products in cellophane or foil to gain such appeal. Probably the nation's health consciousness has something to do with this appeal, but it also includes something intangible.

"It's just," said one purchaser, interviewed at a candy counter by a confectioner's sample survey crew and asked what she thought of the display of bars, "it's just that they all look so neat and nice."

Sales Percentages Compared

Today, bar candy accounts for about 45 per cent of U.S. candy sales. Package goods, which usually are sold in one-, two- or five-pound boxes, make up a little over 20 per cent of the total. Bulk goods, the kind of candy which is weighed out for you when you buy, amount to a little less than 20 per cent. Five- and 10-cent specialties, which are packed in boxes or bags to sell at those prices, have about 10 per cent of the business, and penny goods have about 5 per cent of it.

To watch the candymakers at work, I spent several weeks touring factories specializing in each of these different types. They ranged from small shops selling candies made in their own tiny back-room kitchens to huge plants mass-producing thousands of pounds per day of several hundred different confections.

One thing they all had in common, though, was a blend of the richest, most mouth-watering aromas anyone ever inhaled—the aromas of roasting nuts, bubbling fruit sirups, fragrant spices, melting butter, maple sugar, molasses and dozens of other appetizing ingredients. Most pungently aromatic of all are the chocolate factories. One Brooklyn neighborhood, which is dominated by a six-story, block-square chocolate plant, is soaked day and night in the warm, rich odor of roasting cacao beans.

One method of roasting the beans is to blow them upward at high speed through an inclined cylindrical oven four feet in diameter, 40 feet long and with a temperature of 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. This rapid roasting prepares them for machines which crack the thin outer shells and winnow them away from the inner kernels or "nibs." Then the nibs go to huge millstones which grind them into chocolate liquor by releasing the cacao butter which makes up half their weight. Sugar and—for milk chocolate—milk solids join the liquor at this point, and it goes to "conching" tubs of polished granite for long hours of stirring to develop flavor.

Oddest sight to be seen in the confectionery business is a big room full of conching tubs, each 10 feet long, four wide and three deep, with long stirring arms moving dizzily round and round. After conching, the chocolate goes to tempering rooms where it is solidified into either retail bars or big 10-pound blocks for use in making other types of candy.

Big stainless-steel bins usually transport the chocolate from one operation to the next, and a good deal of it always sticks to their sides so that they have to be steam-cleaned after each use. This is a sight which always saddens young visitors.

"Doesn't anyone," one horrified lad inquired, "ever get to lick the pots?"

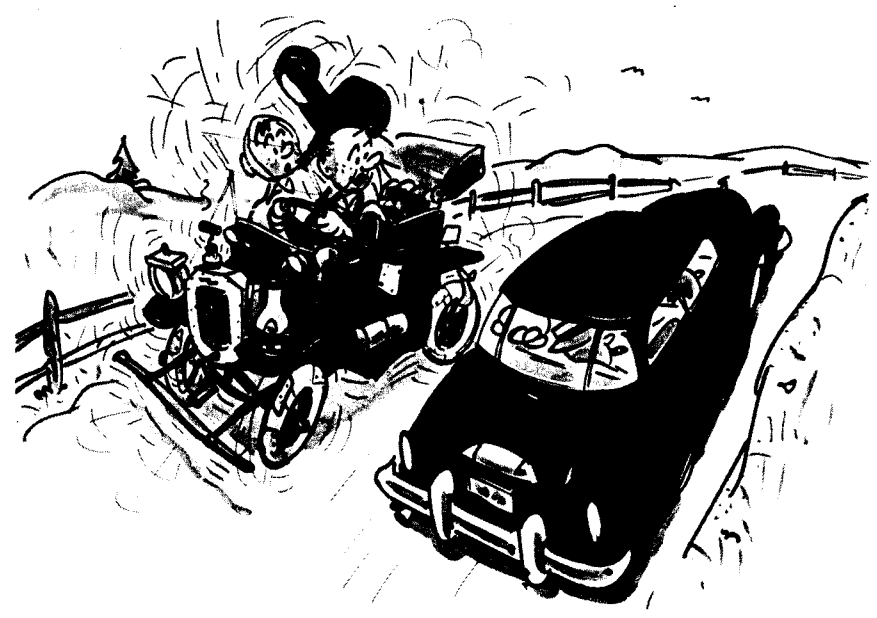
Many of the workmen in the plants are enthusiastic chocolate gourmets. Some of them say that the best chocolate of all is the plain roasted nib, unground and unsugared. It has a slightly bitter, very rich taste with only a faint flavor of chocolate. One oven tender assured me that a handful or two of nibs make his favorite cure for a hang-over.

Nearly all candy factories allow their employees to eat all they can hold. One result, of course, is that new employees overdo it in their first few days, then go off the stuff for several weeks. But their taste for it usually returns, and most of those I talked to said they "piece" regularly while working.

It's the opinion of one factory owner, though, that his employees do their on-the-job-eating in an unconscious trance. A few months ago this candymaker was approached by a vending-machine operator who wanted to install candy machines in the plant. The candymaker explained that his employees could have all they wanted for nothing of the wide variety of confections made in the plant and that they averaged the equivalent of two bars apiece per day. The machine man wanted to try anyway, so the owner told him to go ahead.

The upshot has been that the plant's 250 employees empty 10 machines three times a week, paying their own money for candies much the same as and in some cases identical with those they can have for nothing. What's more, they still eat the same amount of the candies they are making. The plant owner is completely mystified by the phenomenon.

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S **"Can't be much power in that motor, Bessie. The car don't shake like ours does"** REAMER KELLER

One of the most ingenious candymaking processes is the one used in coating bars or individual pieces with chocolate. In some cases, usually for the more expensive brands, the coating is done by a hand dipper who briefly immerses the center in a pot of melted chocolate, then sets the piece aside to cool and solidify.

But most coating is done by the "enrobing" process. Solidified centers arranged on an endless belt pass over a little pool of chocolate, which coats their undersides, then move under little spouts which drip on each piece precisely the right amount of melted chocolate needed to coat its topside. One bar-enrobing line which I watched in action moved so smoothly and quickly under the enrober and on through a cooling tunnel that it delivered 120 bars per minute to each of seven automatic wrapping machines at the end of the line.

Among the other manufacturing processes, the most colorful, probably, is the shaping of hard candies. The ingredients, basically sugar, corn sirup and water usually in 50-pound batches, are vacuum-cooked at a high temperature, then the semisolid mass is poured out onto a cooling slab. Working quickly and deftly, the candymaker throws it over a hook for pulling until it reaches exactly the right consistency. Then he returns it to the slab, works in the flavoring and colors and rolls it into a bowling-pin shape. Spinning it constantly around its lengthwise axis, he draws a thin strand off the head end and feeds it into a machine which automatically cuts off and shapes individual little lollipops, sour balls or sticks.

It takes expert judgment backed by years of experience to maneuver the mass through each of these steps without making a mess of it. The same goes for most other candies from light, airy marshmallows to rich, heavy nougats and caramels. And some types are so difficult to handle that even the experts frequently slip up. A batch of fudge, for instance, can fail so easily and for so many unforeseeable reasons that it is familiarly known in the business as "a stretch of trouble." Though there are hundreds of expertly designed candymaking machines, they are mostly mere tools of the candymakers and not, as in many modern factories, the masters who need human beings only as attendants.

"In spite of all our machines," says the head of one candy company, "we still depend almost entirely on the skill of our individual candymakers. Making good candy is an art, not a science."

To prove how unpredictably tricky a batch of candy can be, he likes to tell the story of a new confection "invented" some years ago by one of his master candymakers. One day this expert had just reached a crucial point in the preparation of an order of chocolate-coated almonds when an emergency called him away from his pots and pans for a few moments. On his return he found the batch finished, but instead of the usual dull chocolate color each piece had a brilliant gloss.

Since appearance is most important in a candy's sales appeal, he knew at once that this attractive new look was an important discovery. The company head agreed enthusiastically and asked him to concentrate entirely on the new candy. He tried. Then he tried again and again and again. In fact, it took him two and a half extremely trying years to duplicate that first accidental batch.

Improving the sales appeal of their products and finding new ways to sell them are two functions at which candy manufacturers have to be adept if they want to stay in business. The whims of their customers constantly change. One company's recent experience with gumdrops is a good illustration of this.

For some years gumdrops had been a slowly dwindling part of the company's business. Then, about a year ago, the Army gave it an order for several tons of the drops to be shaped in cubes approximately one inch on each side for handy packing in ration kits. After the order had been filled, there were a few hundred pounds left over. Partly as a favor to the company, a jobber agreed to dispose of them as penny goods.

To the surprise of everyone concerned, the new size and shape were an immediate hit with the youngsters, who are the chief customers for penny items.

The kind of store in which a candy is offered for sale can be as important to its success as its shape, appearance, taste or anything else. But picking the right kind of outlet is difficult, for the range of choice is enormous. Most other products are sold in only one or two different types of stores. You probably go to a jeweler's for a watch, to a bakery or grocery for bread, to a hardware store for a lawn mower, but your candy you may buy in anything from a hole-in-the-wall tobacco shop to a movie palace.

But there are some kinds of candy you won't buy in some kinds of stores and a few that you will buy in only one type of place. In the South, for instance, there was scarcely any market for gumdrops until one manufacturer got the bright idea of packing them in little boxes for sale in theater vending machines. Then they were a hit.

Fortunes have been made by manufacturers who found the right store in which to sell the right candy. One of the most famous cases was that of two young advertising men who in 1913 bought the rights to a new type of hard candy for $2,900. For lack of better outlets they concentrated on saloons and cigar stores and persuaded the owners to place packages of the candy on the counter next to the cash register. Just 13 years later, one of the partners sold his interest in the product for $3,300,000.

One of the biggest recent developments has been the rise of candy sales in supermarkets. Until 1940, most such emporiums treated candy as a stepchild, grudgingly displaying only a few items near the checkout counters. Since then, their candy shelves have been spreading throughout the stores.

Markets Become Candy-Wise

One Cleveland market, for instance, now has a magnificent, mouth-watering island of candy stretching 25 feet down the middle of the floor, dazzling its customers with more than 100 different confections to choose among. Other markets cannily scatter little piers of candy up and down their aisles, so that in the midst of selecting some humdrum item you suddenly are taken unawares by the opportunity to buy a glamorous box of chocolates. So successful have these methods become that supermarkets now sell more than $200,000,000 worth of candy a year.

Some candymakers are particularly pleased with the new role of the supermarkets because it associates their product with staple foods. One of their chief sources of sorrow is that some nutritionists frown on candy because it usually carries relatively few vitamins and minerals along with its high concentration of calories. These candy men insist that all the nutritionists really oppose is excessive eating of candy, and they say candy should be considered just a food to be eaten in proper proportion with other foods.

Other confectioners disagree violently with this attitude.

"To call candy 'just a food,' " says one of them, "is idiotic. People eat candy because they like it and *only* because they like it."

There's no dispute, though, that candy is an excellent source of quickly available energy. Partly for that reason, partly for its morale value, it is included in all the armed services' rations. Some emergency rations carried into combat consist solely of compact chocolate bars on which a man can keep going for several days if cut off by enemy action. Servicemen in general eat two or three times as much candy as civilians.

Among civilians, in spite of the large amounts of candy eaten in candy factories, it is not the chief producing centers which lead in consumption of candy. That distinction belongs to the Mountain States as

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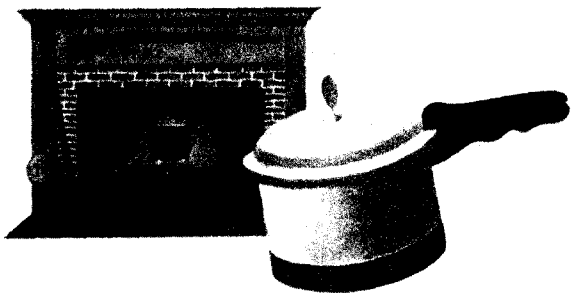

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a group, where the average individual eats four or five pounds more per year than his compatriots in the rest of the country. In recent years, per capita candy eating in Utah and Wyoming has soared as high as 34 pounds, nearly twice the national average. At the opposite end of the scale is Mississippi where the average individual sometimes makes away with barely eight pounds a year.

Climate and altitude seem to be the two chief reasons for these variations. The colder it gets and the higher you go, the more energy you expend and the more you crave such high-energy foods as candy. Indeed, on mountain-climbing expeditions such as those which conquered Everest, climbers have lived entirely on soups and sweets during the last stages. And the Air Force's long-range, high-altitude bomber crews not only carry large candy rations but often supplement them by raids on their PXs both before and after flights.

A generation ago, weather also determined what kinds of candy could be made. With the advent of summer many factories had to shut down because heat and humidity meant almost sure ruination for batches of fudge, gumdrops and many other types. Now, however, the candymakers have those factors well under control. At one modern plant I visited, which was completely windowless, a huge installation of air-conditioning equipment had kept each room at a constant temperature ever since the factory's opening. The gumdrop room had never varied from 72 degrees Fahrenheit, the chocolate-packing room 68 degrees, the cooling room 60-65 degrees, and various storage rooms ranged from 50 degrees down to 10 below zero.

Our candy-eating habits, however, still vary considerably with the weather. Our lust for it reaches its greatest intensity in the last three months of the year, seems to taper off gradually through the first three, then dissipates abruptly so that by July we are eating less than half as much as in December. Holidays are partly responsible for this because candy seems to be an essential part of our holiday fun. Christmas, Easter, Valentine Day, Thanksgiving and Halloween all send us out by the millions to buy candy.

Short Season for Jelly Beans

At Easter, for instance, the jelly-bean makers seldom can keep up with our demands, though they make only small sales at other times of the year. And manufacturers of boxes of chocolates say that up to 90 per cent of their output is bought for gift purposes, often in connection with a holiday.

But courtship, say the confectioners, still is the theme of the sweetest music played by the cash registers of the candy-package makers. You can spend anything from a quarter a box up to $5 a pound for a five- to 10-pound package, depending on the degree of your infatuation. The record for extravagance, however, probably has been set by a Latin-American politician whose wooing was for nonamorous purposes.

About a year ago this politico, a henchman of the Dominican Republic's dictator, Rafael Trujillo, appeared at the shop of an elegant Manhattan confectioner specializing in superexpensive candies. He announced that he wished to present his Fuehrer's daughter, then approaching her eighth birthday, with the most remarkable box of candy ever assembled. The confectioner went to town on an 18-pound assortment of chocolates and bonbons, engraved the young lady's initials on each piece and presented a bill for $165.

In the U.S., packages are popular everywhere, but tastes for some types of candy vary considerably. In the Midwest, milk chocolate is preferred, while both coasts go in more for the dark, bittersweet chocolate. In fact, many Midwesterners seem to like their chocolate flavored not only with milk, but also with vanilla, cinnamon, mint, nutmeg and such, so that the chocolate flavor is more imagined than tasted. One elegant Boston store, on the other hand, is so strongly opposed to such practices that it flatly refuses to handle chocolate in any form except the straight bittersweet, on the grounds that the other types are low-class.

New England in general is the most crotchety part of the country in its candy tastes. Though you can find lozenges with such old-fashioned flavors as scratchy horehound and woodsy sassafras in most places if you search them out, they remain popular only north of New York. Tart wintergreen still is a Yankee favorite, though most of the rest of the country tends to associate it with liniments for aching backs.

Popular With the Old Folks

Peanut candies are successful in most places but especially so in the South. Hard candies such as citrus-flavored sour balls and peppermint sticks don't vary much in popularity from one part of the country to another, but there's a sad little twist to their greatest success. It is in institutions such as old-folks homes and asylums, where pleasures are few and the inmates want those that last longest when they can get them.

A few cities have their own local specialties. New York's is halvah, a rich, crumbly, oddly flavored concoction of ground sesame seeds, sugar, honey and egg whites. New Orleans is famous for its pralines made with white sugar, molasses and pecans. San Francisco was the original source of a confection, now popular in many other places, with a chocolate-fudge center and chocolate cover shot through with a light, haunting mint flavor.

Candymakers spend much of their time working out still more varied confections. Currently, several firms are trying new ways of incorporating apple flavors, a difficult kind to handle, in cream centers and gumdrops. And in co-operation with the U.S. Department of Agriculture the industry is conducting a whole series of experiments on new candy uses for peanut butter, oat flour in caramels, soy in jelly beans and similar broad projects.

Before launching new products the confectioners sometimes try them out on taste panels, but this often is risky.

"We usually have to rely on our own hunches about whether a new kind will sell," says the head of one company. "The trouble with trying to get reactions to samples is that, especially when it's free, most people just like candy, period." THE END

"I don't know, Henry. I'm going steady with three fellows already"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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Westbound

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

She heard the gravelly crunch of her husband's boots, the sound of loose stones rolling on the steep slope below the tent. He was on his way back from the main camp, where he had been talking with his surveying crew. As he appeared at the edge of the firelight, the Mexican woman, Josefina, slipped away into the star-filled night.

He came into the tent, with a handful of papers which were stained by the sweat and dust of the day. Putting them down on the rough blankets of his own cot, he laid his hand gently on Sally's shoulder.

"We'll be breaking camp pretty early in the morning, darling," he said. "The next water is ten miles. Can you get that far?"

"Why, of course, David," she said. Then, looking up at his thin, anxious face, she said, "Please—please, my dear, don't worry about me. I can stand everything but that—your worrying."

Suddenly his hand on her shoulder began to tremble ever so slightly. Somehow, this shocked her. It was the first sign of weakness she had ever seen in him, and it deepened her own secret fears.

"David!" she said sharply. "I'm stronger than you know. You're strong too. Stop it!" But she turned her head toward the big hand on her shoulder. She could reach it only with a corner of her lips, to kiss it quickly and softly.

She wished so much that she could share more fully in his work. He was chief locating engineer for the railroad, which was pushing its main line westward to the Coast. His job was to find the straightest possible ways across these hundreds of miles of broken and terrible country, the easiest possible grades for the locomotives which soon would follow where his campfires had burned. And always he must remember that locomotives had to have never-failing water within safe distances. There must be easy grades for the steel, but through this part of the West there was never anything easy for the locator, out ahead. Sally had seen him lounging in the saddle, looking at a jagged wall of mountains with something like despair in his eyes, but also with a tightening of his stubborn jaw.

MILES behind him and his surveying party were the big brawling camps of pick-and-shovel gangs, teamsters, and track-laying crews. They were working hard and fast to gouge out and scoop together a right of way and lay the steel, working to reach the pass. For this was a race for the narrow pass, a race between two rival railroads; and in little dusty towns, a saloon or two had been wrecked on Saturday nights when gangs from the rival construction camps came drifting in.

Sally finished braiding her hair and sat with her hands folded, while David methodically put the papers away in his carrying desk of battered mahogany.

"I've just been talking to the two boys I sent spying," he said. "They came back an hour ago. From what they say, we're ahead of Gig O'Meara and his crew—ahead, but only by a margin of four or five days' work. I wonder about Gig."

His voice had an odd quality: grim, and yet a little wistful. Gig O'Meara was locating engineer for the Rio Bravo and Coast, the rival railroad. And once he had been David's best friend. They had been together on a Union Pacific surveying crew when David was a boy. Gig was older than David, and he was everything a boy in the West would want to be: a hard fighter, but a good friend. But now their loyalty to their rival employers overshadowed their friendship.

Sally waited while David snapped shut the dull brass clasps of his traveling desk. "I guess Gig is scouting us, too," he said. "At noon today, one of the boys found the marks of shod horses, three of them, on a hill above us. The marks were fresh."

"Just where is Mr. O'Meara now, with his surveying crew?" Sally asked.

"They're paralleling us twenty miles to the south, but through even rougher country. That's why we're ahead," David said. After a long pause, he added, "Their line of survey will *have* to converge with ours somewhere under Ghost Mesa. It's the only way into the pass."

WHILE David closed the flaps of their tent, shutting them in alone together, Sally loosened her stays and reached for the prim, high-necked, long-sleeved nightgown which lay folded on her pillow. After a while when David knelt beside her cot, with his head resting on the curve of her arm, she said, "I'm only an extra burden to you, David, through here. On the trail. I'm only a liability to you now. And I've wanted so awfully to be a help to you."

"What foolishness you talk! You are my best help. Just by being you and being here," he murmured. "Be quiet now, darling, and think about sleep."

She sighed, fighting down the panic she felt. She knew she was in for it; there was no retreat now. The time was weeks past when he could have taken her back to the railhead and sent her back East. It was too late now, too late for her to risk the trip, and there was no place to leave her in the little sun-baked adobe towns behind them. There was no place, no safe place for her to meet her trial. They were in wild land now, and her child would have to be born under the open sky.

"David," she said, "you love this country, don't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "more than any I have ever seen, I think. I don't quite know why. I wish you would see it, and tell me why. It's something deep with me, this country. If only you felt it too, and could tell me. You understand things like that."

"It's a strange country." She turned her face away. "Too strange. It's full of history, but not our history. Old—old and cruel. I've—I've never been afraid before in my life."

"I'm here," he said quietly. "Maybe just a plain, practical-minded engineer isn't a bad fellow to have around sometimes."

"Kiss me good night now," she whispered. "Practical-minded? Oh, David. When the trains come through, it will be because a dreamer with a rifle was here before them."

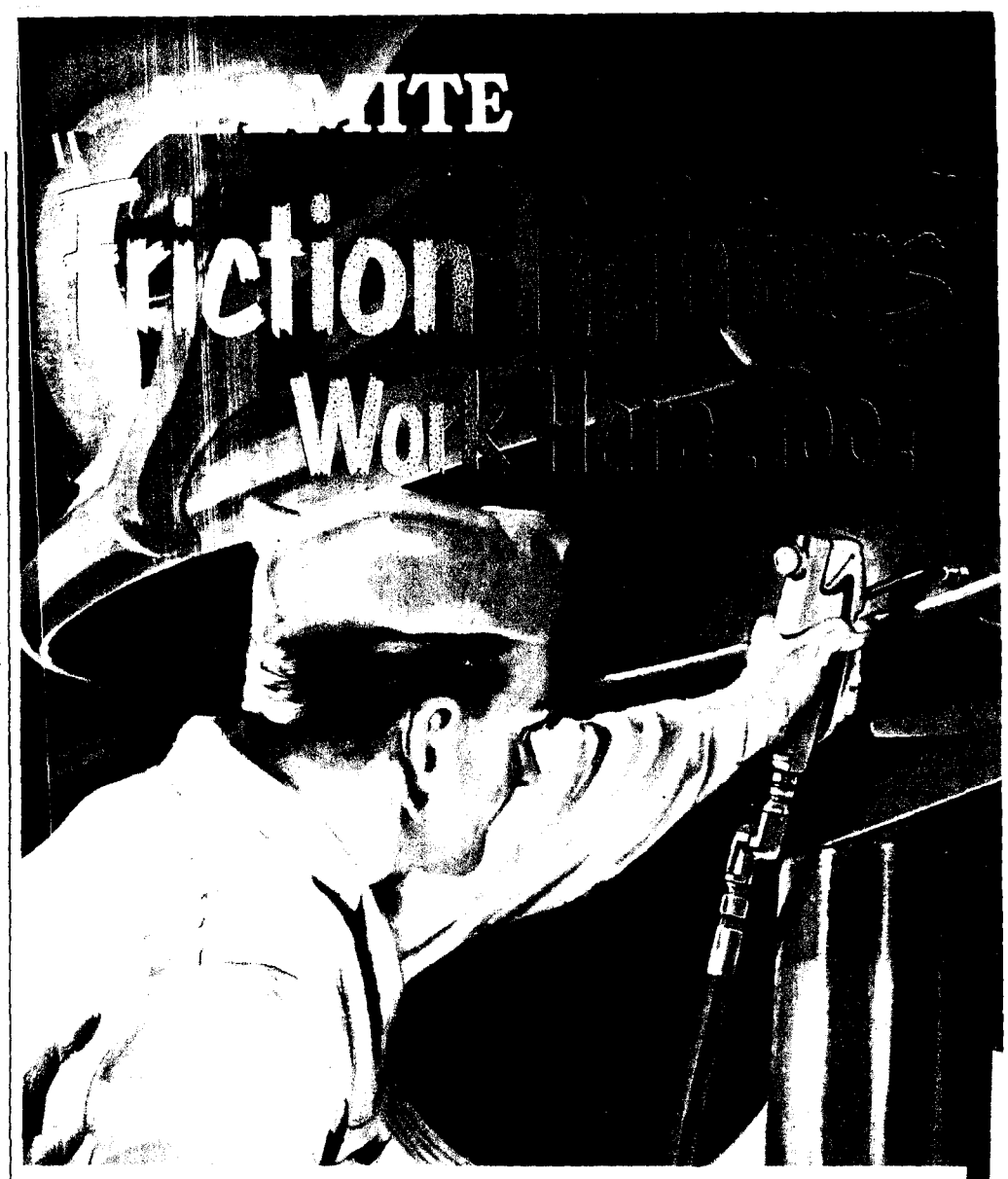
"Dreamer yourself," he mumbled uncomfortably. "But you have more courage than I have, Sally. I think you're remembering the way your great-great-great-grandfather Daniel was born."

"Well, it does help to remember it from time to time," she said. A Puritan girl, now only an ancestress in a dark old oil portrait hanging in the parlor at home, had borne her first child in a corner of a blockhouse, while wisps of black-powder smoke blew past her, and Indians came out of the forest.

"Our child will be that kind of American too," David said softly, but she could tell that though he was proud of it, he was afraid for her too. "And the steel will come, and the big freights, and the new towns, and all the people, and none of them will ever know. And that's the way it should be."

Smiling, they found each other's lips in the darkness. For they knew that even if they should die, and if it should be another railroad that got through, it was all the same; the country was growing.

Lying awake long after David's breathing told her he was asleep, Sally thought with amusement of his embarrassment at being called a dreamer. Because, in spite of his concise pages of figures and estimates, that was what he was. It was the first thing she had ever thought about him. That had been two years ago. He had come to Boston between jobs to give a series of lectures



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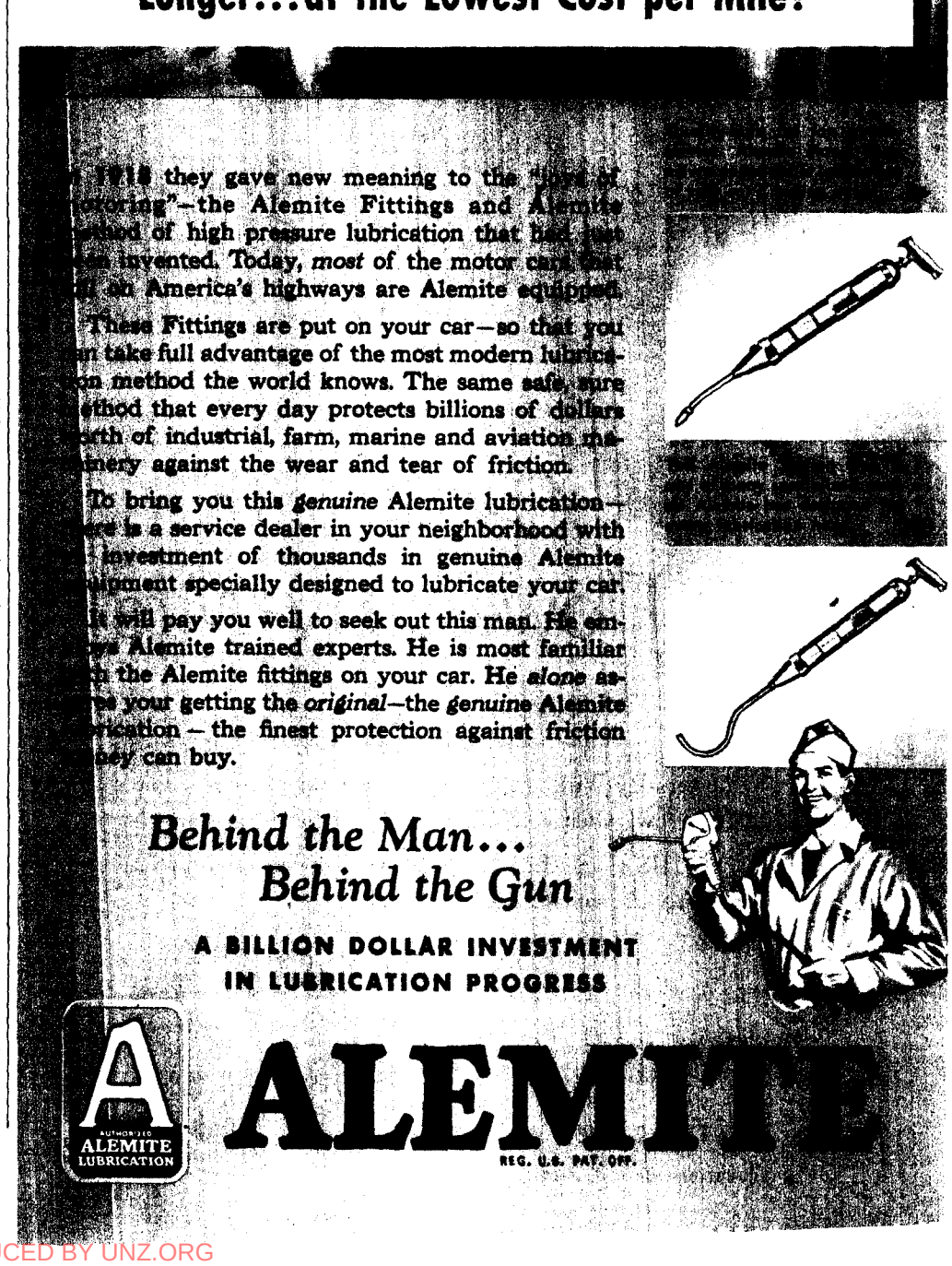

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at Harvard on engineering problems in the West. Since her father was on the board of directors of the railroad, David had been invited to the family's old brick house.

Sally had thought he was an awkward young man, brusque with shyness, until suddenly, that first evening in the parlor, she'd found herself caught by his eyes, which were very clear. She was eighteen then; and during the year that they were engaged to be married, while he was away, running a line through the Rockies, she'd studied Spanish because she knew of the tremendous job ahead of him through the Southwest, and she meant to do her part in that life and that work, as much as she could. And tonight in the tent, she went to sleep still thinking of how little help she had turned out to be. She was even afraid of this land which he loved so.

IN THE next morning's early sun, she watched David on horseback, leading his cavalcade of engineers and equipment-laden pack horses away to the westward, leading the way into the immense expanse of country ahead. She followed slowly, perched on the high lurching seat of a wagon, with Josefina, the Mexican woman, driving the team. Sally could no longer ride a horse, and when the wagon's jolting got too rough she got down and walked. When that happened, the Mexican packers with their pack horses would catch up with her and pass her, the feet and hoofs kicking up spurts of dust which, for a little while, drifted shining in the sun.

But when she was riding, sitting on the folded lambskins which cushioned the wagon seat, she was uncomfortable with Josefina beside her. Josefina was a strange, silent woman, very dark, probably more than half Indian. David had heard of her in a little town in the hills. He had sent his head Mexican packer to find her. Two days later he had brought her into camp to see David; and after a conference in which money was delicately mentioned, she had agreed to come along to be with Sally, and to be nurse to the baby afterward. Throughout all this country Josefina was famous as an expert, a sage, in these matters. She was a woman of perhaps forty—you couldn't tell—and Sally did not know whether she was good or evil.

For ten days now, Josefina had been watching these people who had asked her help. Watching with secret thoughts, and her Indian eyes had shown neither friendship nor pity nor dislike. Nothing.

So it was all the more surprising when that morning Josefina said, "You *are* afraid. *Verdad!*—for true!"

Startled, Sally felt herself shrinking away with all the stiffness of her New England heritage. She even drew her wide, gray skirts more closely to herself on the wagon seat. Odd shadows deepened at the corners of Josefina's lips.

"The loneliness of women, at this time, the great loneliness—" she said, "no one else can share that. Indeed, we women are alone then."

The wagon careened laboriously along. The wheels made soft sounds in a patch of sand. After a silence, Josefina said, "See, before us, and on all sides of us, this strong and ancient country."

In spite of herself, Sally looked. On one side were the high folds of the piñon hills, and ahead were two great mesas, immensely distant, their flat tops making ruler-straight lines above the far horizon. One mesa was Indian-paint red, but the mesa beyond was deep cobalt blue in cloud shadow.

Josefina said, "It may be that this silent country through which we pass has gifts that it can give you—if you can receive. It may be. I do not know." It was as if for many days she had been making up her mind to speak of this.

Sally glanced sidewise at her, almost shyly. In a way, she knew what Josefina was talking about; but where Josefina was seeing these things out of racial memories, out of the heart, Sally had only the exact, dry pages of history books through which to try to understand. But this land, which in its immensity had indifferently absorbed the little pools of blood of so many races in unknown wars, which in its vast silence had absorbed their brave, sad songs and all their boastings—this land could not be contained in pages of words. Here had come the conquistadors, in weather-rusted mail of Spanish steel. They had not found their Golden Cities, not up this way; but they had found sun-crumbled cliff cities of the old races, lost in time, which even their Indian slaves could not explain except in legends.

Sally knew all that from history books, and she knew that these were haunted hills—haunted by time, haunted by the evil and the hopes and the bravery of men. "Yes," Sally said. "I know, Josefina."

The wagon jolted on, and after a long silence, Josefina said, "See, a little dust blows and settles, glittering in the sun. It is the same dust that covers the places of the Old Ones in the hills—the lost places of the vanished peoples. Men and women they were, too, those Old Ones in this land."

Sally thought: And after we pass, it will be the same. It will always be the same; the comings and the deaths of races have not changed it much, and neither can we. But I, like other women before me—unknown now and forgotten as I shall be—I am bringing one more new life into this country.

So they went on toward the pass. David now had guards all around the camp at night, just in case; and their scouting riders told him that Gig O'Meara was posting his camp the same way. Rifles and sweat and the material dreams of men—they meant less and less to Sally. She was facing a different frontier from theirs.

And yet this harsh land was somehow beginning to be a part of it too, for her. Almost unwillingly at first, she began seeing this country and its blanket of time through the eyes of Josefina. Strange, rapt, withdrawn eyes Josefina had. Very late one afternoon, when the long shadow of Ghost Mesa was coming to meet them, Josefina said in her slow voice, "I will try to tell you something to give you courage. But first, look up at the mesa, which will be there forever, as other women before you have lifted up their eyes in their trouble. Let the strong Indian sun touch your face. It is good, the Indian sun."

Pushing back the embroidered rim of her bonnet, Sally said in her book Spanish, "Josefina, you have told me much already that gives me courage."

ON THE high, swaying seat of the wagon, Sally stared at the wild, empty country ahead. Somewhere out there the first great test of her new womanhood was waiting for her. Desperately she made herself think of the child rather than herself. Somewhere out there, beside the trail . . . A lot of children have had to be born that way.

Josefina absent-mindedly slapped the reins. "Since you are far from your home, you must accept more ancient and less gentle things. I speak of the strength of this land and this sun. I, myself, am a devout woman, but I do not think that this is altogether a heathen thought. In my town, women go now to the blue-painted well, and they talk, they talk. Piety I have always with me, especially toward midnight. But Indian gifts are to be taken under the sky."

Knowing it would please her, Sally said courteously, "We are not Indians, you and I."

"The country is Indian," Josefina said. "Its gifts are harsh."

Sally shivered, but, with her civilized mind, she could smile faintly at such pagan auspices for a New England baby.

Josefina's brown fingers tightened nervously on the reins. "Soon we come to the little river which flows at the feet of the mesa, with the pass beyond." Though she would not have admitted it, Josefina's voice became pure Indian, prophesying. "Like others who have been here—Indian women who were as you are—you may soon need to remember any courage that you can."

That night in camp, Sally did not try to tell David any of this. He was very quiet, very still, with worries of his own.

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"What is it, David?" she said. "Is it Gig O'Meara?"

"Well," he said, "his line of survey will have to converge with mine on these flats between the river and the foot of the mesa. We're still ahead, but I've got to drive the work like hell for the pass. This is a rotten time for you, Sally."

"Never mind about me. I'm all right," she said. "You get to the pass, and hold it. We'll hold it until the railhead comes up." She was a little proud of herself for talking railroad language. The law concerning the filing of plats was all very well, as David had explained it to her, but already she had been in the West long enough to know that possession of the ground was a good deal more important for immediate practical purposes. It was man to man here, and let the lawyers fight through litigations in courts for years afterward. As a matter of fact, both railroads had already filed plats for the line through the pass, and both their railheads were, through all these weeks, toiling toward it along the newly surveyed and converging lines of approach.

"Forget about me," Sally said. "I'll do the family part of the worrying."

They both laughed a bit shakily. She could say careless-sounding words for David, but the terror was with her again in the night. For all her brave thoughts, she knew that she had not proved herself yet. Her forehead was wet with the secret terror, and even in the tent the desert night wind found it and touched it coldly.

It was still dark when she woke up, but she could smell good black camp coffee and piñon smoke. While she was dressing, fastening the hooks and eyes of her bodice, David brought her a steaming cup, and after a while they went out and had breakfast under the morning star. The Mexican packers were already breaking camp, and David left her when the east began to have the unearthly green, infinitely clear light of that high country's dawn. Sally was folding her nightgown into her traveling case when Josefina drove the wagon up.

The going was rough that morning through the scrub brush along the river, and Sally had to walk nearly all the way. On her left rose the terribly high, rough wall of the mesa, with the great slides at its base that sometimes reached almost down to the river. But the trail twisted around many of its buttresses of bare rock. Sally had to stop once in a while, to rest a little. So the Mexicans with their pack horses were a mile or so ahead, and out of sight, when, about ten o'clock, David came riding back to find her. He swung down from the saddle, and his horse dropped its head, blowing after a hard gallop. The gold-mounted butt of the rifle, where it showed above the saddle scabbard, caught a hot gleam of sun.

Gently, David put his arm around her. "I've been so anxious about you," he said. "I had to ride back to make sure you were all right."

Tactfully, Josefina drove the wagon on for a few yards and then reined in the team.

"I'm fine," Sally said. "You shouldn't bother about me. The work—"

"I left the boys running an easy grade, straightaway before the big curve up into the pass starts," he said. "But I can't stay long. I—"

THE horse's head had come up suddenly, and he turned, moving with a few uneasy steps, looking back down the trail. There was a sharp shoulder of rock just behind them, so they couldn't see what was catching up with them; but they heard the sounds, muffled in the trail's soft dust, of another horse coming at an easy walk. David started for his rifle, but his horse was ten feet away and the rifle was on the far side of the saddle; it was too late. They hadn't heard in time.

A single horseman had appeared around the rock shoulder. David stopped, the rifle still just out of reach. "Hello, Gig," he said.

"Hello, David," Gig said. His hand had dropped to rest on the butt of the .45 at his hip. His big Irish face still looked surprised. He hadn't expected to come suddenly upon the wagon so far behind—and David with it. The bench of land was very narrow here, between the rock face and the river, and its steeply sloping bank was ten or twelve feet above the boulders in the stream below. Gig was riding a powerful, bright bay horse, but its satiny coat looked dark against the rushing, sunlit water as Gig paced it slowly forward, with his hand resting lightly on the butt of his six-shooter. His battered fighter's face smiled angelically on David. And David's gold-mounted rifle was deep in its scabbard out of reach. And David wore no revolver. Josefina had turned around on the wagon seat to watch impassively.

"How you doing, Gig?" David said.

VIP'S WAR

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"Oh, fine," Gig said. "Just fine, David. So fine that you aren't going to get to hold the pass against me."

Sally, recognizing the charm in his Irish voice, knew why David had always loved this older and tougher man. And then Sally realized something else. These two men facing each other were both sick at heart, because they were friends, and there was nothing left for them but murderous duty.

Stealthily, Sally gave David's horse a punch with her elbow. It moved away a few steps and then looked back. Neither man noticed. They were looking straight into each other's eyes.

"I'll see you in hell, Gig," David was saying quietly. "What are you going to do?"

SADLY, Gig's eyes narrowed as his hand tightened on the butt of his .45. Sally was walking after David's horse with her hand outstretched, as if to take him by the bit and hold him still.

"David, I've got you," Gig said softly. "Your work's finished here."

Sally was edging, step by small step, around David's horse.

"I won't shoot unless you make me, David." Gig's voice was almost pleading, but it was determined, too. "It's better for you and me to have it out right now, than for a lot of good men to get killed later on in a pitched battle at this pass. And I've got the gun on you now, David."

"Go ahead and use it," David said.

"Well, stand where you are, and don't make me shoot," Gig said. "We're going to bargain, David. Both our crews would fight for this pass, and I don't want that to happen because I don't know who would win. But I've won here, where it's just the two of us. Of course, now, if you should force me to shoot, there would still be a battle at the pass and that would be too bad because a lot of our boys would still get killed. So listen to reason, son. There's the other pass, the south pass away down yonder, left for you. I know it's a bad one, but I'd advise you to take it."

On the far side of David's horse, Sally's hands had reached the rifle. It was awkward to get out of the scabbard because both horses were moving restlessly. But as David started, empty-handed, for Gig O'Meara, the long, beautiful barrel of the rifle came up. The gold mounting of the stock was warm against Sally's cheek.

"Stop. Both of you," she said clearly. And Gig O'Meara turned his head to look at her.

"Hey!" he said. Half laughing, he waved both his hands. "I won't fight a woman. Come on, David, call her off."

"Sally!" David said. "Don't—"

"But I'm going to shoot," Sally said.

"Sally! Put down that gun!" David's voice cracked with fear for her. "This is the real thing. You don't know—"

"But I do," Sally said. "Shut up, David. Dear."

On the bead of the rifle's front sight, she was watching Gig O'Meara's face. On that hard face, she saw his sudden comprehension of a terribly real danger. He was realizing that there is nothing so dangerous as a frightened woman defending her man.

He was backing his horse, half-rearing it for his own protection—and then all the rest of it happened so quickly that it was only a whirling of blurred pictures to Sally. But she held the rifle steady. She saw Gig's big red horse rearing, waltzing backward, and then one hind hoof going over the edge of the crumbling bank. The hoof pawed in air for a moment, trying to find earth again, and then the horse and the man whirled slowly and toppled backward and out of sight, with a great falling sprawl of legs. Sally heard the noise of loose rocks and soil sliding, then a thunderous splash in the river. Some dust rose and drifted gently away. Sally lowered the rifle.

David ran down the bank, stumbling and slipping in his haste. Gig was lying with his head and shoulders in the water, unconscious. He was half buried by a little avalanche of earth, with one of his legs doubled queerly under him. His big bay horse was wading out toward midstream, the stirrups dangling and a wet saddlebag slapping against its side. David hauled Gig's head and shoulders out of the water, looked at his face, and then picked him up and started toward a gravel bar downstream where there was no bank. Gig's horse hesitated, watching with walling eyes, and then followed. Sally and Josefina reached the gravel bar with the wagon before David; and the three of them got Gig up onto the wagon bed.

"He's just knocked out," David said. "But his leg's broken."

"That I can care for," Josefina said. "It is my profession. Think, though. His men, though it may be only some of them, will arrive soon behind him. They will overtake us and find him in this wagon."

With a faraway, pleased look in his eyes, David put his hand inside the wet saddlebag on Gig's horse. After groping around, he pulled out a leather-bound ledger. It was soaked, and he didn't try to open the pages. David smiled. "I know the way Gig works. This, Sally, will be his detailed estimates on cuts, fills, and trestle work for the last forty or fifty miles of his survey. Gig would never trust these to anyone else, not to any of his men. The old boy said a while ago that he'd got me. Well, I guess we've got him now. Thanks to you, Sally."

"I know a safe place," Josefina said. "Quick, across the river. They will not find us there. The water will hide our tracks, but you, Señor McAusland, can find them on the other side and follow us later. You go now to your men, before you are caught with the book. The injured man here will be safe with me." Grimly, she reached for Gig's holster and threw the six-shooter far out into the river.

Looking at Sally, David's eyes became anxious. "Darling," he said, "I can't let you—"

"David," she said quietly, "I'm part of this, now. And I'll carry my part through. You get back to yours, right now!"

David bit his lip, then bowed his head to kiss her. Laughing, she pushed him toward his horse.

After he had ridden away, leading Gig's horse, Sally and Josefina turned to the river. The wagon team was nervous. With a woman walking beside the head of each horse, holding tightly to each bit, the team and the wagon were led down into the river, and they all went splashing and floundering out across the swift, shallow water. Its icy weight dragged at the women's thick skirts, swirling them out sidewise.

On the other side of the river, they hauled out on another gravel bar, and Josefina hastily climbed up over a wagon wheel and took the reins. Sally walked. It was a long way, through scrub brush. Sally's wet skirts flapped dismally at her ankles. Soon their wetness was so caked with dust that they didn't flap any more. After about a mile, Gig groaned. Sally looked over the side of the wagon.

"Well," Gig said. "This is some comedown for me. Where's David?"

"He's gone back to work," Sally said. "And you mustn't worry about your book of estimates. It's perfectly safe."

Gig groaned again. "I might have known it," he said. "How do you do, Mrs. McAusland?" With a deep, resigned sigh he closed his eyes again, and Sally trudged on.

Through those miles, while she walked, Sally found something which would remain with her all the rest of her life. It was the stern self-discipline, so often misunderstood, of New England women who had gone quietly about their household duties while their men went to battle or were too long-gone at sea. Sally knew that with these arid miles she had left girlhood, and she was now with those women whose past she could carry on. They, too, had had to draw their courage from the frontiers.

Josefina turned the team into a narrow canyon. After a few hundred yards, the team stopped abruptly. Josefina was pointing. High up under the canyon's rim was a cluster of ruined cliff dwellings.

"It is one of the places of the Old Ones," Josefina said.

They tied the team in a clump of trees. Josefina got Sally's blankets and a lantern out of the wagon. It took her a long time to help Sally up the steep trail, worn smooth in solid rock centuries ago. After the last slow climb they came to a crumbling terrace of masonry. A moment later they were inside a room which had been ruined by the suns of centuries and looted by their winds. Here, Josefina spread the blankets, and Sally lay down. Then the Mexican woman went back down the trail. Once, while she was gone, a sickish musky smell crept into the room, and Sally knew it was rattlesnake; but after a while the odor faded gradually away. After that, Josefina seemed to be coming and going many times, bringing armloads of piñon wood, and then a while later there was a fire in the ancient smoked place in a corner of the room. . . .

It was hours later when Sally woke up again, and Josefina was crouched dozing by the fire.

"How is Mr. O'Meara, down in the wagon?" Sally asked.

"He is all right," Josefina said. "He curses much, but he is all right."

The sun disappeared early that afternoon. Tremendous clouds were banking up. Josefina was renewing the fire when they heard David's voice calling Sally from the canyon. When he came up the trail and stood looking down at her, his face was white under its tan.

"Darling—I'm glad you're resting," he said. "And Gig says he'll take the south pass. He says he knows when to be practical." David grinned. "It will cost him a hundred and nine extra miles, and heavy grades. But he's a good old Gig—without a gun. And he always keeps his word. He said to tell you that if he had to lose, he was glad it was Sally McAusland who won."

SHE remembered David kissing her. She remembered Josefina motioning him away. But it must have been a long while later when the black waves of agony stopped for a little while and left her clearheaded again. For a long time she must have been withdrawn into her own secret and instinctive self, in the way women must learn—far, far beyond the sound of men's voices. It must have been a long time, because now it was evening, and Josefina was kneeling beside her, and through the door she could see the great thunderheads coming up over the peaks, over the mesas. They stood in folds of cloud-white and massive black. And in the peals of thunder over the desert, the ancient gods of this land were talking.

Lying there, Sally wondered if every woman did not recede a little into the primitive when she faced childbirth. All she knew, looking up into Josefina's dark and secret face, was that she was being helped through the most primitive thing of all. Someday she would try to tell David what brought her through. But now she thought: Here my child will be born. In this land my child will live, for when all the work is done we will come back. This is our country.

The lighted lantern on a stone ledge was blowing in a great wind. . . .

Tonight, the Coast-bound streamliner leans smoothly on a long, climbing curve. In every Pullman, the narrow gleaming corridor outside the row of compartment doors begins to tilt perceptibly upward, and all the comfortable passengers feel the drag of diminishing speed, for even this great train is slowed a little by the grade which leads into the pass. Perhaps none of them knows how the pass was won, long ago.

Up ahead, a big Diesel-electric locomotive is leading the way into an immense expanse of country which is slanted toward the sky full of desert stars. And the engine's lonely, running cry echoes back into the hills and is lost.

After the train has passed, a little dust blows and settles in the night—the dust that covers the places of the Old Ones in the canyons. Time creeps down again from their hills.

And in the blue-floored library of the ranch house, the talk pauses. John McAusland, a gaunt old giant of a man, a born Westerner, is looking at the piñon embers in the fireplace, listening to that long, fading cry in the wild hills.

Then someone—maybe one of his sons or a granddaughter or one of his guests—strikes a match to a cigarette, and the slow talk begins again. THE END

COLLIER'S **"I suppose everybody's pretty busy these days—cleaning up Christmas bills, shoveling snow, figuring income-tax returns . . ."** LAFE LOCKE

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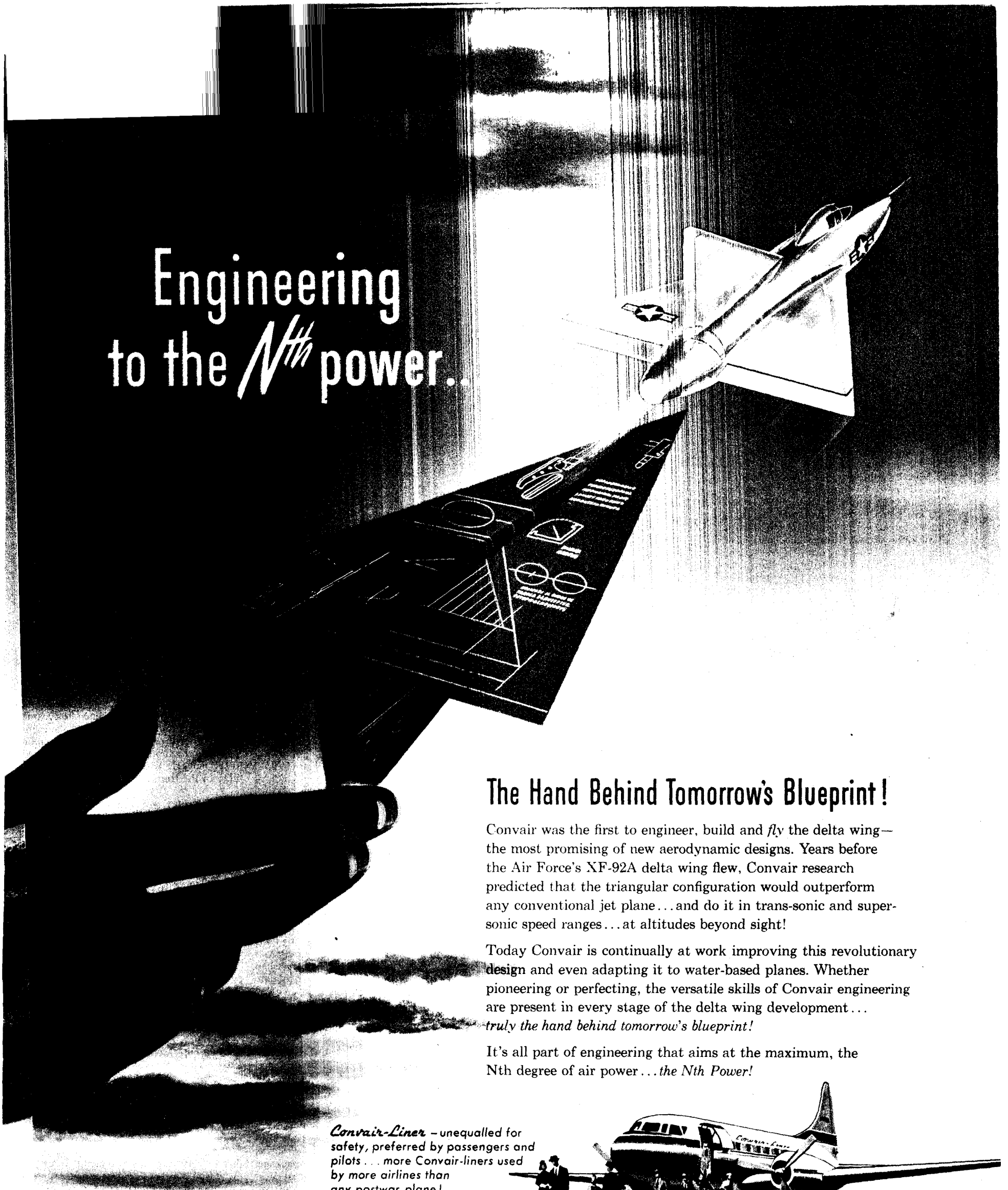

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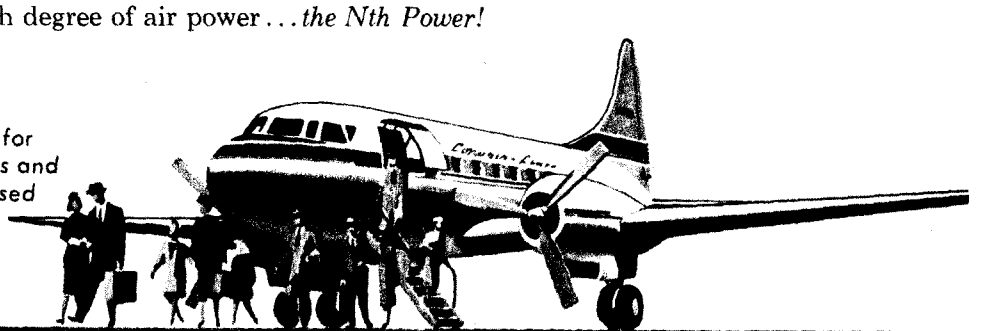

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Abe's Dream of Ann Rutledge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

then repeated, as if to himself, "I wonder if they really know what it means?"

A large man, portly and well dressed, smiled beneath his heavy mustache as he entered the car and walked down the aisle with the heavy tread of authority. "I beg your pardon, Mr. President," he said. "I should like to explain to you that we have arranged a little room, a sort of salon, at the other end of the car for you. You may take it for your own use—privacy, you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Wood, thank you," replied Mr. Lincoln. "You are very kind to us."

Mr. Wood laughed heartily. "Not at all, Mr. Lincoln. Not at all. When the railroads asked me to arrange transportation for you, I said to myself, 'Now look here, Superintendent Wood, you have a most important passenger to look after. See that he gets what he wants.'" He laughed again and started off. "Just tell me if there's anything you want."

"I can't think of a thing, Mr. Wood. Thank you again."

Mrs. Lincoln saw him through the door and turned to her husband. "At least, Mr. Lincoln, you might have inquired where we are going to have our dinner. I must have a good warm meal at noon—I *must*. You know what terrible headaches I have; one of them is starting now."

"Perhaps you had better lie down, my dear," said Mr. Lincoln. "There'll be a lot of stops and I must appear. No need for you to parade. Folks will be wanting to see what sort of a looking Sucker is going to be their President."

As he used the colloquial word of those times for "Illinoisan," he smiled, then broke into a chuckle.

MR. LINCOLN had not noticed that a young man had entered the car; he was keeping his distance, awaiting a sign of recognition before speaking. Mrs. Lincoln spoke: "Is that one of those office seekers? What does he want?"

Mr. Lincoln turned quickly. "Well, well—if it ain't Villard! So Wood finally let you ride with us, eh? Good! I thought he'd give in. How would editor Bennett know what I was doing if it weren't for you? Come here, Henry, I want to present you to Mrs. Lincoln.

"Mary, this is our friend, Henry Villard. Henry is a reporter for the New York Herald. He's been sticking around pretty close for the last few weeks."

The young reporter bowed stiffly and spoke with a German accent. "How do you do, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I flourish very well, young man. Now don't be writing any silly gossip about us for your newspaper."

"Henry is our friend, Mary. He writes what he pleases; told James Bennett before he left New York that he wasn't coming out to Springfield on a political campaign."

"Well, it's a wonder, a real wonder," said Mrs. Lincoln. "The newspapers have been saying some awful things about us, especially those New York papers. Do they think we are backwoodsmen?"

Villard bowed wordlessly. He waited until he was sure Mrs. Lincoln was finished, then spoke to the President-elect. "Mr. Lincoln, I am sorry for this intrusion. For that I beg your pardon—and the pardon of the first lady." Again he bowed, a stiff military bow. "But I must have you repeat that little talk to me that you made from the rear of the car just before we pulled out."

"Oh, that? Why, it had no significance, Henry, just a few words to the folks that I've known almost all my life."

"It was wonderful, Mr. Lincoln. I didn't expect you to say anything and you were all finished and the train had started to move before I could get my pencil and pad working."

"Reckon I can try to repeat what I said," Mr. Lincoln assured him. "But it doesn't seem very important."

"Important, Mr. Lincoln? Yes, very. The speech must be reported."

"Then let's go back to this cubbyhole they fixed up for me, where we won't bother the missus. One of her headaches is coming on."

The President-elect rose from his seat and started down the car aisle. "Let's see now—just what did I say?"

They entered the closetlike compartment at the end of the car and sat on the padded board seats. "Repeat it slowly, sir, and I'll take it down," Villard said.

Mr. Lincoln reached for the reporter's pad and pencil. "I'll write it for you, Henry."

Villard sat silent while the pencil moved slowly back and forth across the paper.

"Hey, next time ya blow your top, make it vanilla, will ya?"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

"There you are, Henry. How does it look?"

The reporter read what Mr. Lincoln had written:

"*My friends: No one not in my position* can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and *here one of them lies buried.* I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He *never would have succeeded except for the* aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being *I place my reliance for support,* and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Villard finished reading and looked up. "Fine, Mr. Lincoln. Thank you very much. I'll drop this off at the first telegraph station."

After the reporter left, Mr. Lincoln leaned back on the seat and closed his eyes. He repeated to himself the words he had just written for the newspaperman. "A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington . . . I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him . . ."

Again he was conscious of the haunting scent that had faintly perfumed the car when he entered; it seemed to be growing in strength. Memories swept over him like a flood, engulfing him, letting loose the gates of emotion that had so nearly overwhelmed him as he had stood on the platform speaking to his friends. Years had passed—26 of them—since he had last known the scent of that perfume; 26 years in which he had plodded on, not knowing where the path led, but always on.

Twenty-six years since the day he rode on horseback from Vandalia, where he had sat for the first time in the state legislature of Illinois, back to New Salem to tell Ann Rutledge he loved her. Twenty-six years since that day. Still it was as vivid to him as lightning . . .

He wore his store clothes when he rode to the Rutledge farm home and tied his horse to the post at the front gate. Ann was in the yard, hanging freshly washed clothes on the line. The soft wind of late spring blew her corn-silk hair, pushed the gingham dress against her legs. Her sky-blue eyes lighted at the sight of him; she smoothed her hair and straightened her apron.

Back in Vandalia, the young politician had talked for hours to legislators and packed galleries in the state Capitol, but now he struggled for words as Ann ran to him across the green grass. The pretty speech he had planned so carefully while he rode from Vandalia was forgotten.

"Got a present for you, Ann," he said simply.

Nervously, she unwrapped the package. "Oh, Abe—Abe! For me? Scent of Verbena! From Philadelphia! Where did you get it?"

"Just happened to pick it up in Vandalia," he said. "They're getting real fancy there; buy most anything you want now."

"Abe—you shouldn't have spent so much for a present. But I like it; I like it very much, Abe."

In the evenings that followed, when they walked together through the woods and sat on the grassy bank of the Sangamon, Ann would come close to him. And he came to know the scent of verbena and what it meant: Ann in the moonlight, corn-silk hair, blue eyes. It became a part of her and she became a part of him. The scent seemed to penetrate into the very depths of his brain; it was in his blood stream; he would carry it in his mind forever.

That was the summer the green banks of the Sangamon turned brown in the heat and drought of August, and a fever put many in their beds and some in their graves. He sawed and hammered boxes for the dead, and Ann told him to be careful, lest he, too, catch the fever.

She was fever-ridden and dying when they came to tell him she was calling his name. They had an hour alone in the cabin, and then she was dead.

When Ann lay in her coffin, her sister had taken the bottle from the shelf where it had been so carefully guarded and had touched it to the corn-silk hair. The tired man remembered now, as though he were there in the room with the coffin, how, as he had bent over the fever-wasted face, the scent of verbena had arisen to kiss him softly. All through the years, 26 of them, the memory of that last moment had come back and always he had been able to push it away; now he felt weak and unable to resist it.

He knew every foot of the ground over which the train was passing; soon they would be at the Sangamon, the engineer would slow up for the bridge, then they would be on solid earth again and the train would resume speed, carrying him farther and farther from New Salem and his thoughts. He peered long and intently at the countryside, glad he was alone, with no one to disturb his last look at the homeland.

He turned to settle back in his seat and was about to close his eyes when he became aware that another person was in the compartment with him. It was a woman. Strangely, he thought, he was not surprised to see her. He rose to offer her the hospitality of the train.

THE visitor was young, with blue eyes and corn-silk hair and her lips were red. "Ann . . . Ann Rutledge!" Mr. Lincoln whispered hoarsely, his voice barely audible in the clanking and roar of the train.

"Yes, Abe. I was waiting—waiting for you here."

"But, Ann—I'm surprised, Ann."

"Then you didn't expect me? I knew you were thinking of me, were you not, Abe?"

"Yes, Ann. I was thinking of you. But how did you know?"

"Nothing is secret to me now, Abe."

"Of course," the President-elect said. "Of course."

"For years and years, Abe, for twenty-six years, I've waited for you to make this trip."

"You *knew* I was to be elected President, Ann?"

"Certainly, I knew it. Didn't you?"

"Yes, but—well, I guess I did. Seems like I always had a sneaking suspicion I'd end up like this."

Ann smiled. "Abe, you knew it as well as I. Don't you remember, we used to talk when we walked along the Sangamon about how someday you'd be in Washington city? Remember, Abe?"

"I never thought it would be like this . . . that is, I never dreamed that this would be my job . . . to try to save the nation," Mr. Lincoln faltered.

"And why not, Abe? It had to be you. Ever since that day when I first saw you in New Salem, when you were clerking at the election booth, I hoped you'd be President. And then after I had gone away, I saw what life was to bring to you. Oh, Abe, I was so terribly proud. I was so terribly proud of you!"

"It is a great load that I must carry," he

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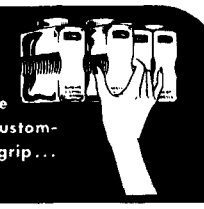

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told her. "A great load." He settled back wearily.

"But, Abe, can't you see, can't you understand that no one but you could do this? There will be a war—a long, bloody war—between these brothers."

"That is the sorry part of it, Ann," Mr. Lincoln said. "A war between brothers, bloodshed . . ."

"Yes," she said, "that and more. But it won't be so different for you from the days when you refereed the street fights at New Salem. Remember how you'd make them shake hands after they had fought?"

SHE pressed her fingers on his arm and his huge, brown hand closed over hers. For long seconds she searched his eyes. She was close to him and the scent of verbena was strong again.

"Abe," she began again, "there is more I must tell you before I go. Perhaps you already know. Do you?"

"You mean the vision I saw in the mirror on Election Day? How do you know about this?" There was rising excitement in his voice.

"You forget, Abe, I know everything now. You were lying on the sofa and you saw yourself in the mirror on the bureau. Only you had two faces—one of them was pale, pale with death."

"Yes."

"Mary Todd came into the room and you told her about it and she said it was a vision that meant you'd be elected for a second term, but that you'd not survive the second."

Mr. Lincoln bent closer to her. "Was she right, Ann?"

"She was right, Abe."

They were silent for a few moments while she studied him. "But you won't mind, will you, Abe? It will be worth it. It is your destiny. You were born to it."

He did not reply immediately. Finally he said, "I am willing."

"When you return, Abe, you will belong to me. Only a little while and we'll be together, for an eternity. I've waited so long for you. Now you must go away from me; but when you come back, you will belong to me and to your country and to the Sangamon."

Mr. Lincoln stirred uneasily. "Am I coming back to the Sangamon country, Ann?"

"You will return and remain here forever. Some will want you to remain in the capital you are to save, but their strength cannot prevail against mine. Nothing can hold against me and the Sangamon. You are linked to me and the river until the end of time."

"I always liked it around here, Ann. I'm real sorry to leave it, even for a few years. But what of you? Will you come to Washington?"

Ann shook her head sadly. "I cannot leave the Sangamon country, Abe. Here I am destined to remain, even though I am now a person in name only. I go only so far—always I must remain in the earth that pours its waters into the Sangamon. I shall never know the world as you will know it. But I shall wait! Always here. Forever here."

"I wish you could ride on to Washington with us, Ann," said Mr. Lincoln. "There's plenty of room on the train."

"I exist only in the Sangamon country, Abe. I must talk fast—soon I will be gone. Already I feel the pull of the Sangamon. You won't see me go, Abe. All of a sudden, just as though in a dream, I'll be gone." Her voice was growing faint.

She leaned across him and kissed him lightly on the forehead. Almost fiercely she spoke, but now in a whisper. "A greater load on you than on Washington, Abe. Bear it!"

The door was opened suddenly and the first-lady-elect entered the compartment. "Mr. Lincoln! Mr. Lincoln! They are calling for you! Well, I do declare! If you haven't been sound asleep! What's come over you?"

THE President-elect of the United States sat up suddenly and rubbed his eyes. He looked about him in brief bewilderment, then smiled up at his wife.

"Yes, Mary," he said. "What's all the fuss?"

"We're coming into a town and the committee wants you to speak from the rear of the car."

"Yes, Mary. I'll say something—something, I suppose. But there's really nothing to say."

"You should have been thinking about what you are going to say to the people in these little towns, Mr. Lincoln, instead of slipping in here by yourself to cat-nap. Being elected President hasn't changed you a bit, and I had so hoped it would."

The President-elect arose and adjusted his tall hat. Mrs. Lincoln was sniffing the air.

"I could swear there has been a woman in this compartment," she accused him. "It smells like verbena."

"A woman?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Well, Mary, you know you are always right."

"Mr. Lincoln," his wife sternly reprimanded him, "stop that! Here you are, the next President, on your way to Washington, and you still make jokes. Will you ever learn to be more serious-minded? You will be fifty-two years old tomorrow!" THE END

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A Waterfront Priest Battles the Big Port's Big Boss

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

delegate said, "and a few of us decided to pay a visit to its office in lower Manhattan. There were myself and several other union fellows. When we started to go upstairs to the office, Linky Mitchell came out; he walked up to one delegate and pointed a gun at his head.

" 'Get out of here,' he said. We got out.

"We were called back the next day," the union man continued, "and we had a meeting with men from a number of trucking firms. Bill McCormack was there, and his brother Harry. Linky Mitchell was there from one end of the meeting to the other. He stood all of the time."

Through the contacts he made while vice-president of U.S. Trucking from 1920 through 1927, Bill McCormack became a power in labor, business and politics.

As boss of the company's labor policy, McCormack became a close friend of a driver named John J. O'Rourke. When O'Rourke was made president of Teamsters Local 282 (upon the murder of the incumbent), McCormack had another friend in power. This friendship became valuable when McCormack went into the mixed-concrete business later, and O'Rourke's members manned his trucks—at a wage consistently lower, for years, than other teamsters were getting.

Bonds of friendship were cemented, too, with another union man, Joseph P. Ryan. An old West Side friend of McCormack's, Ryan by 1927 was already president of the ILA and head of the New York Central Trades and Labor Council as well. In this role, Ryan popped up as strike settler when teamsters walked out on U.S. Trucking and other companies.

"I knew if I could get Bill McCormack to sit down at the same table with the teamsters," said Ryan, "they'd settle."

When McCormack got up from the table, he had a major victory: the retention of the nine-hour day at a time when most unionized concerns were shifting to eight hours. With labor leader Ryan's help, he had talked the men out of it.

In U.S. Trucking, too, McCormack made important business contacts. The company's trucks hauled away much of the merchandise delivered to New York docks by railroads. This led to friendships with railroad executives which enabled McCormack to obtain two important contracts for unloading freight cars both in New York and in New Jersey for his Penn Stevedoring Corporation and the Jersey Contracting Company. These contracts, held since 1933, give McCormack lucrative stevedoring concessions on 10 piers and have made him one of the most important business factors in the port of New York.

The men employed by McCormack's companies to work on railroad freight cars are not, as might be expected, regarded as railroad workers with access to protection from the Railroad Brotherhoods. They are members of Joe Ryan's ILA. The ILA local that represents them is typical of some in the New York port area. A member said they haven't met in more than a year.

Under the "Shape-Up" System

Although they are members of the longshoremen's union, McCormack's freight handlers receive a base pay—$1.54 an hour—that is 56 cents less than other dock workers get. Barred from the regular longshoreman's pay, they nevertheless are subject to the most controversial of longshore practices: the "shape-up" method of hiring.

This method, used in the port of New York, was abandoned in London in 1912 for a system based on seniority. The Pacific Coast dropped the "shape" in 1934.

But in New York, the longshoreman lines up at 7:55 A.M. with several hundred other men in a rough semicircle at a pier entrance. From this morning "shape" the hiring boss picks the men who'll get, at most, four hours' work. The hiring boss does it by calling out the men in gangs or by tapping them on the shoulder individually.

One of the chief evils of the shape-up system is that it gives the longshoreman no security rights to his job. The dock veteran who has held a union card for many years can be passed over for the newcomer who slips a hiring boss a "fin" or for a ward heeler sent down from a political clubhouse.

When Assistant Prosecutor Isidore Dworkin of Hudson County, New Jersey, raided the Jersey City docks last summer he flushed 67 alien ship jumpers who were working on the piers. It turned out that union cards were being obtained by illegal entrants, who then got jobs—through the shape-up—over the protests of unemployed native Americans with years of seniority on the piers. One seized ship jumper working on the docks had served a stretch in Atlanta Penitentiary during World War II for sabotage. This raised interesting questions about the security of our ships and docks under the shape-up system of hiring.

As a trucking executive, Bill McCormack had a ringside seat at Big League politics. For the chairman of the board of U.S. Trucking was the late Alfred E. Smith, who squeezed in 18 months at the $50,000-a-year job between his first and second terms as governor of New York State (1921-22). Known for its political connections, the trucking company enjoyed fat U.S.-mail hauling contracts. And in 1922, when Al Smith decided to run for governor again, his trucking office became the mecca for political pilgrims from all over the state.

One of the first things Smith did on being re-elected governor was to name his erstwhile business associate, Bill McCormack, to the State Boxing Commission. McCormack became chairman of the licensing committee and, characteristically, was soon

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running the commission. Then McCormack, who had been an avid fight fan for years and was having the time of his life as Big Wheel in the sport, suddenly quit as commissioner, giving business duties as the reason.

The story behind McCormack's resignation has been bruited about in boxing circles for years. This writer heard it from a world-famous sports figure who was a friend of Al Smith as well as of McCormack. It concerned a scandal in the licensing committee, of which McCormack was chairman. Al Smith related the scandal in detail to columnist Westbrook Pegler, who wrote in his syndicated column last October:

"Smith withdrew his confidence in Bill McCormack, because he had appointed him to the Licensing Committee, and he felt that McCormack was not duly diligent to protect his administration from scandal."

The business activities to which McCormack graduated from trucking in 1927 showed that he had arrived politically. With publisher Generoso Pope and contractor Sam Rosoff—two men who knew their way around the city contracts—McCormack formed the Transit Mix Concrete Company. Selling concrete for public construction is a business attractive to men with political influence, as Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City, another concrete purveyor, proved. McCormack also went into the allied sand-and-gravel business and was soon running four such companies.

The use to which he put one of them (McCormack Sand & Gravel Corporation) was indicated in 1940. McCormack was indicted with 11 others for forming a combine that controlled 80 per cent of the sand and gravel sold wholesale in New York City's five boroughs and for conspiring to hike sand-and-gravel prices 35 per cent. The combine pleaded *nolo contendere* rather than fight the indictments. McCormack's company paid $5,000 out of a total of $50,000 in fines imposed on the group, and as part of the consent decree deal, the criminal charges against McCormack and the others were dismissed.

McCormack's role in this plot against New York City taxpayers and home builders went virtually unnoticed.

So well does McCormack stay out of the public eye that his role in obtaining valuable city bus franchises in 1933 went almost unnoticed, too. The raucous and much-publicized Sam Rosoff was the man who waved a certified check before New York City's Board of Estimate and Apportionment to prove financial responsibility. But when the franchises were granted and the busses of the Omnibus Bus Company and the East Side Comprehensive Bus Corporation began to run, it was Bill McCormack who rode in style with Mayor Fiorello La Guardia to the ribbon-cutting ceremony that opened the routes. McCormack, it turned out, was the man who was running them. (These lines were sold to the city during the O'Dwyer administration.)

By 1937, investigators looking into McCormack's activities found he had a financial interest in 19 companies, half of which are now defunct. But the probers could get no help from McCormack.

He refused to see them. "He doesn't care to discuss his affairs," they reported.

McCormack's political role is no easier to get at.

In 1938, the late Michael J. Kennedy—the Tammany boss who met with former Mayor O'Dwyer in gangster Frank Costello's home in 1942—ran for Congress. Kennedy's open support was interesting. A "labor committee" formed in his behalf included some of the water front's most gruesome characters. One labor supporter was John (Cock Eyed) Dunn, who was to be electrocuted in Sing Sing later. Another was Leon Tocci, a gunman and collector for water-front rackets who was rubbed out in Florida in 1940. Still another was Thomas Gleason, arrested twice on homicide charges and himself slain in 1944.

A Wall Street Broker's Role

The campaign manager for Kennedy was one of McCormack's closest friends, a highly respected Wall Street broker and former chairman of the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange, John A. Coleman.

A decade passed, and in 1949, Mayor William O'Dwyer, now ambassador to Mexico, said he did not choose to run for re-election. A citizens' committee called at City Hall to draft him. One of the "drafters" was William J. McCormack. Who was chairman of the committee? The same respected friend of McCormack's who figured in the Kennedy campaign—John A. Coleman.

The timing of the draft committee's call on Mayor O'Dwyer raised explosive questions. In the Sing Sing death house, early in 1949, was John (Cock Eyed) Dunn, and over the underworld grapevine came the news that "Dunn was singing." If Dunn told all he knew he could blow the lid off the water front and the city. New York District Attorney Hogan worked hard to unseal Dunn's lips and obtained a reprieve from Governor Dewey in the hope of getting Dunn to change his mind. Dunn, as already noted, complained that McCormack had blocked his business ambitions, but beyond that he wouldn't go. Many prominent New Yorkers breathed easier when the news came that Dunn had walked tight-lipped to the electric chair. That was on July 7, 1949. The citizens' draft committee called on Mayor O'Dwyer on July 12th. O'Dwyer changed his mind and formally announced he would run again.

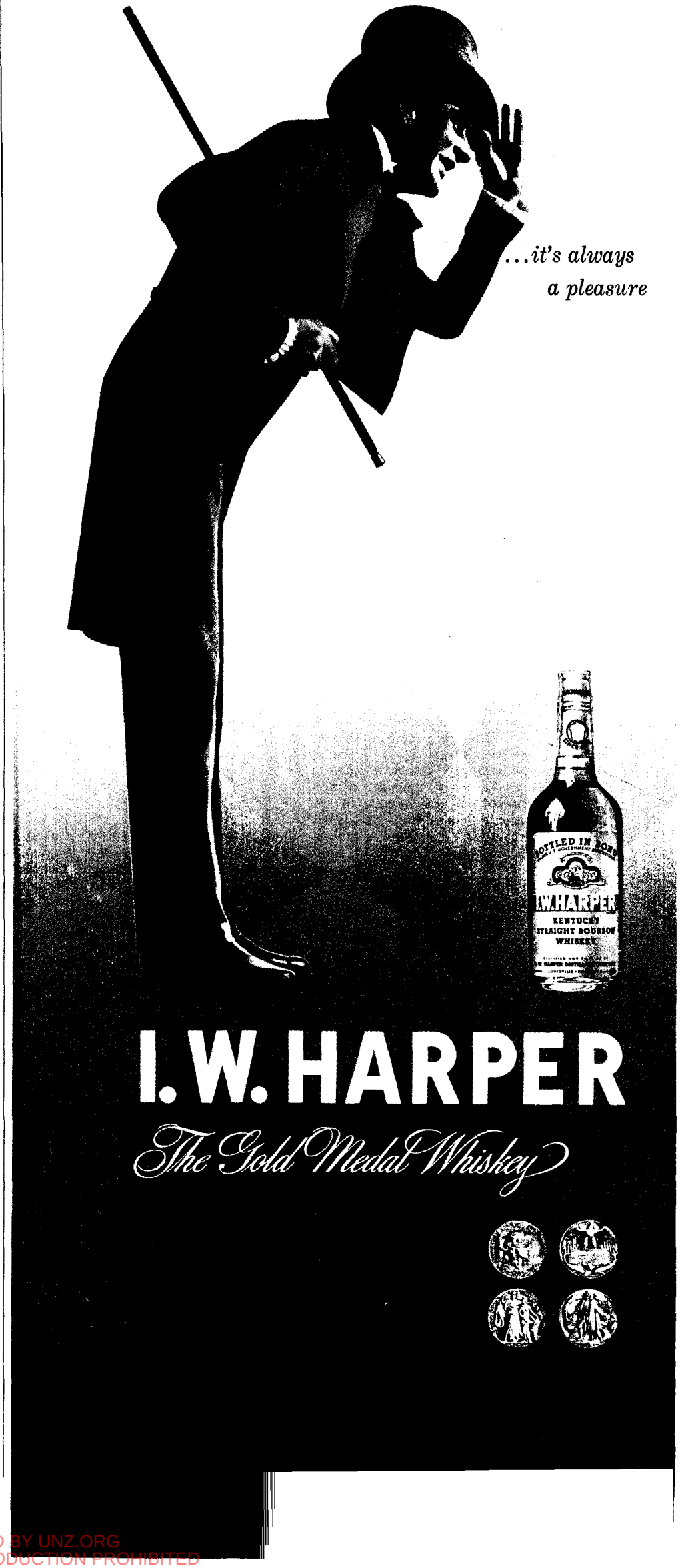
As this is written, Bill McCormack is at the height of his wealth and power. He is one of Mayor Impellitteri's closest advisers. He is seen often with the mayor at restaurants and at Madison Square Garden fights, and is a prominent country-club member. When McCormack shows up at public functions, say at the launching of a city ferryboat, he is usually treated as the most important figure there.

Yet the secret world of William J. McCormack is rocking. The New York City Anti-Crime Committee has regarded the water front and Bill McCormack as top-priority investigative targets ever since its founding in 1951. The New York State Crime Commission, the Hudson County, New Jersey, Grand Jury (which has questioned him twice) and District Attorney Hogan are probing his affairs.

These are formidable investigative forces. Who is responsible for loosing them?

He is a man as humble in his station of life as McCormack is powerful. He is a Jesuit priest, the Reverend John M. Corridan, S.J. A tenacious and resourceful foe of the water-front system, Father Corridan emerged last fall as the guide of the longshoremen's rebellion who gave it moral strength and purpose and kept it going for 25 lean and hungry days. These may turn out to be the 25 days that shook the old water-front world and spelled its doom by exposing its rotten underside.

Father Corridan is the latest recruit among a handful of Catholic priests who



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have helped mobilize the war against the old water front. One, Monsignor Edward Swanstrom, the author of a book on longshoremen, was such a thorn in the side of Joe Ryan that the union boss once had the priest thrown out of a hotel where the ILA was convening. Another, the Reverend Philip Carey, S.J.—a cherubic-faced man who keeps his motorman father's timebook in his desk as a reminder that men once worked 69 hours a week for $11 pay—has turned the Xavier Labor School into a rallying point for longshoremen. The Xavier Labor School is one of the many labor schools operated in large cities by the Catholic Church.

Father Carey, as director of this school, and Father Corridan, as his associate, believe that water-front rackets and the exploitation of the men will vanish when the longshoremen recapture the ILA locals from the mobs that now control them. So the labor school teaches the men the things they need: how to run a union meeting, how to put out a union newspaper. Lawyers and government officials join the priests in teaching labor law, labor economics and labor rights.

Father Corridan is a six-footer with the body of an athlete and the brain of a business machine—into which he can reach, with equal facility, for the lifetime batting average of a Honus Wagner or the 1945 hourly wage of the longshoremen. Prematurely bald, he yet manages to look younger than his forty years—an effect created by his wide-open youth's eyes and eager, trip-hammer speech. One of five children born to a West Side policeman, Father Corridan's speech is forthright to the point of frequent lapses from clerical punctilio.

When a Gangster Heckled Him

A rugged man, the young labor priest once stared down a gangster heckler at a union meeting and ordered him to "beat it back to your bosses and tell them that if anything happens to the men I'm trying to help here, I'll personally see they're broken throughout the port."

Father Corridan's command post from which he's been warring on Bill McCormack and Joe Ryan's water-front system for six years is a cluttered basement office in the St. Francis Xavier High School on West Sixteenth Street near the Avenue of the Americas, several blocks from the docks. Here, in a space no bigger than a kitchen, the labor priest has crammed the most complete arsenal of facts on the water front to be found anywhere in New York City—from police records and biographies of dock hoodlums to federal and other surveys of harbor costs; from U.S. reports on dock accidents to seating lists for the annual Joseph P. Ryan Association dinner.

Not all of Father Corridan's ammunition is in his files. There are some things about the water front a man doesn't put on paper but keeps in his head. In the labor priest's memory are filed secrets not to be found elsewhere, for he is a rarity on the water front—a man to whom the longshoremen talk. So do ship-line and stevedore executives and federal and city officials. What the longshoremen tell him must be protected by security measures. The longshoremen don't use the telephone. And they once used to enter his office secretly, through a door in an adjoining building.

In between crises on the docks, Father Corridan patiently peppers his facts at the water front in pamphlets, radio broadcasts and speeches. Sometimes, when gangster rivalry for pier and ILA union plums spills more blood than usual and the longshoremen get edgy, the labor priest takes other action. When three dock murders followed one another in rapid succession in March, 1949, Father Corridan raised the alarm in a round-robin letter to 25 top government officials in Washington.

"First thing I knew," the labor priest recalls, "things got quiet on the water front. The mobs heard what I'd been up to, and the word went down: 'The priest is excited. He may stir up the newspapers.' "

The mobs have reason to fear the "stirring up" that the labor priest may do. In 1950, he so stirred up the men in the ILA's most important local—791—that he helped prevent gangsters from taking it over.

The 2,000-odd members of 791 who work the four piers in the mid-Manhattan area hold regular monthly meetings at which longshoremen speak up without fear. Officered by honest men, Local 791 has been the bellwether of wildcat strikes against Joe Ryan. Its business agent, John (Gene) Sampson, who has been on the docks for 30 years, was the longshoremen's spokesman in last fall's walkout. No respecter of autocrats, 791 is fond of baiting the ILA hierarchy and has slapped a gag rule on President Joe Ryan which bars him from addressing their meetings for longer than five minutes.

Yet 791 has had to fight for its freedom. To the north is Local 824, in which shootings were so commonplace it became known as the Pistol Local. Gangster Mickey Bowers and his Uptown Mob, who dominate the Pistol Local, regard 791 as a focus of infection, a hatching place of dangerous thoughts that could infect other longshoremen with the idea of rebelling against their gangster masters. The Uptown Mob intervened in Local 791's election of 1950 and almost turned it into a gang-controlled satellite. The struggle for 791 was one of the decisive battles for the water front. Had the mobs taken over 791, there might have been no strike last fall and none of the outcries against the water-front system and the probes that have followed.

Father Corridan helped save 791. He did this by spotlighting an ominous character in the local who—the labor priest foresaw—would be the mobsters' candidate for office. The man Father Corridan spotted was one John Scanlon, a gun-happy hoodlum who, although only thirty, already had a formidable record, including a stretch for armed robbery and a charge of murder, on which he was acquitted. "Watch Scanlon," Father Corridan warned his labor-reporter friends on the New York newspapers.

Scanlon's criminal record and his aspirations for labor office found their way into print. And so did his subsequent campaign.

As Father Corridan foresaw, Scanlon ran for delegate of 791 with the help of mobster friends. Young Scanlon, his pockets bulging, became a lavish host in the water-front saloons. Mysteriously, dozens of members who had been lax in their dues, and so couldn't vote, found the money to pay up. And to do some electioneering for him, there showed up a man whom Scanlon venerates and whom others on the water front respect—the six-foot-three-inch, steel-muscled heir of New York's Arsenal Mob, Albert (Acky) Ackalities.

A criminal with convictions for bank and highway robbery, Ackalities is now lodged in the Clinton State Prison, at Dannemora, New York. Yet so keen is his interest in water-front affairs that he manages to keep his hand in with messages via the underworld grapevine. From Dannemora to the New York-New Jersey water front, this underworld grapevine can carry a message in three days.

Young Scanlon spent an estimated $5,000 on his election campaign. But Father Corridan's friends in Local 791 countered with leg work. On the docks, inside the holds of ships, in the pier lofts, they pleaded with the men: "Do you want to bring back the mobs and the days of the kickbacks?"

Hoodlum Scanlon was licked. But the margin was narrow. Local 791 escaped mob control by only 82 votes out of 1,400 cast.

When the longshoremen openly rebel as they did in the wildcat strikes of 1948 and 1951, Father Corridan slips quietly into the triple role of guide, moral bulwark and fact marshaler.

"I'm something on the order of Job," he laughs. "Remember? 'I shall be an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame.' "

When Father Corridan came to the water front in 1946, the first thing he did was to study what other priests had done. "I determined," he says, "that to do a job, I had to hit and hold a big enough beachhead. Instead of winning something for the men on one pier or in one local—if you hit the whole harbor at one time when the men are receptive, then you get somewhere."

This strategy paid off in 1948, when the longshoremen refused to accept the ten-cents-an-hour wage increase negotiated by Joe Ryan. Over his opposition, the men demanded and won a welfare fund, the first in ILA history.

When the longshoremen rebelled again last fall, the labor priest's office became its nerve center. Glued to his telephone, Father Corridan went without sleep for three days and three nights, chain-smoking four packs of cigarettes and gulping 11 cups of coffee daily.

"My first problem," Father Corridan recalls, "was to see that the men didn't get hurt." The second was to turn a public spotlight on the hoodlums who would come into the open to break the strike and preserve their water-front boodle.

The labor priest burned up the telephone wires to his friends in the city rooms of the New York newspapers and to radio and television broadcasters. As a result, when hoodlum Anthony Anastasia and his thugs started to hurl rocks at strikers in Brooklyn, reporters and photographers were on hand to tell New Yorkers about it. Score one for the labor priest. It was the first inkling millions of New Yorkers had that the notorious Anastasias were powers on the Brooklyn docks.

When Mickey Bowers and his Uptown Mob tried to roughhouse strike pickets on the upper Manhattan piers, television crews were on hand to turn the cameras on them. Score two for the priest. The men didn't get hurt.

When Joe Ryan labeled the strikers as Reds, Father Corridan came into the open to lead the Manhattan strikers—predominantly Catholic—in prayer. The labor priest had slept only four hours during the preceding week, and the prayer rendezvous was at 6:00 A.M.

To keep it, the priest set two alarm clocks and climbed into bed. But he was so afraid he'd be oblivious to the combined jangle that he got out of bed and paced his room until dawn.

Arrived at the Eleventh Avenue union meeting hall of Local 791 ILA, Father Corridan began:

"Our Father who art in heaven . . ." This was a prayer he had repeated thousands of time since boyhood. But he could not go beyond the opening phrase. His mind was a blank. Desperately, the priest launched on a prayer of his own:

"God grant that our government may order us back to work in honor. God protect and preserve each and every one of us this day." Five hundred voices intoned the words after him in an emotional chorus.

Outside the union hall, the longshoremen clustered around the priest. "If they hurt you, Father," the men said, "we'll keep the port shut down until hell freezes over."

Noting Father Corridan's role in the strike, Joe Ryan predicted to friends:

"The Jesuit College is going to take care of him." But the labor priest's superiors kept hands off.

A Psychological Stratagem

A man who understands psychological warfare, the labor priest used to indulge himself, in between water-front explosions, in a maneuver "to stir up the animals."

"I put on my hat and hiked down to the district attorney's office," he says. "I didn't have any appointment with anybody. I just showed myself around the halls of the Criminal Courts Building. You should have heard my telephone when I got back to my office. The water-front grapevine was buzzing plenty.

"From the water front there'd be calls. 'Is the D.A. after them?' they'd be asking. The racket boys were asking the same questions. I like to keep them guessing."

When the last strike was over, Father Corridan hurried to District Attorney Hogan's office. But this time he did have an appointment. Its purpose: to alert the prosecutor to the urgent danger of reprisals against the returning longshoremen. News of the priest's conference with District Attorney Hogan was enough. There have been few reports of sluggings and mayhem on the docks.

Although the longshoremen returned to work, seemingly with empty hands, Father Corridan believes the wildcat uprising was a turning point on the water front.

"Now, we're seeing light for the first time," he said.

What he meant was that the old water-front system could not stand the public scrutiny that had been turned on it. A chain reaction had set in, via probes by fact-finding panels, grand juries and crime commissions that would ultimately bring far-reaching changes.

For instance, New York State fact finders, headed by Dr. Martin P. Catherwood of Columbia University, were expected to urge a house cleaning within the ILA. Probing the causes of last fall's strike, the fact finders found some facts: one local had elected no officers for 16 years. Another local did not hold a meeting for 30 years. In other locals men had feared to vote on the contract negotiated by Joe Ryan.

"Do you think we want our brains knocked out?" they had said.

Water-front crime, already under investi-

SPRUILLE BRADEN

William J. McCormack, whose power is described in these articles, is a product of a system which has developed over the last 50 years. As soon as the social and economic evils on the New York water front are wiped out, the big power-wielding figures who now dominate it will also disappear. When the New York–New Jersey longshoremen struck last fall, the New York City Anti-Crime Committee called public attention to the intolerable conditions on the water front which are strangling the world's largest port, and urged fundamental bistate action as the only effective cure. The committee, of which I am chairman, is convinced that no superficial or sporadic investigation of crime and corruption will solve the water-front problem. True, light must be shed on the gangster control of large segments of the harbor and the links with venal politicians. The truth must be told, too, about the insecurity of the longshoremen, the plight of maritime business interests and the port's shippers and truckers, and the higher costs paid by Americans everywhere for foodstuffs and all other goods which cross the piers. These articles help spread that truth.

Spruille Braden, Chairman
New York City Anti-Crime Committee

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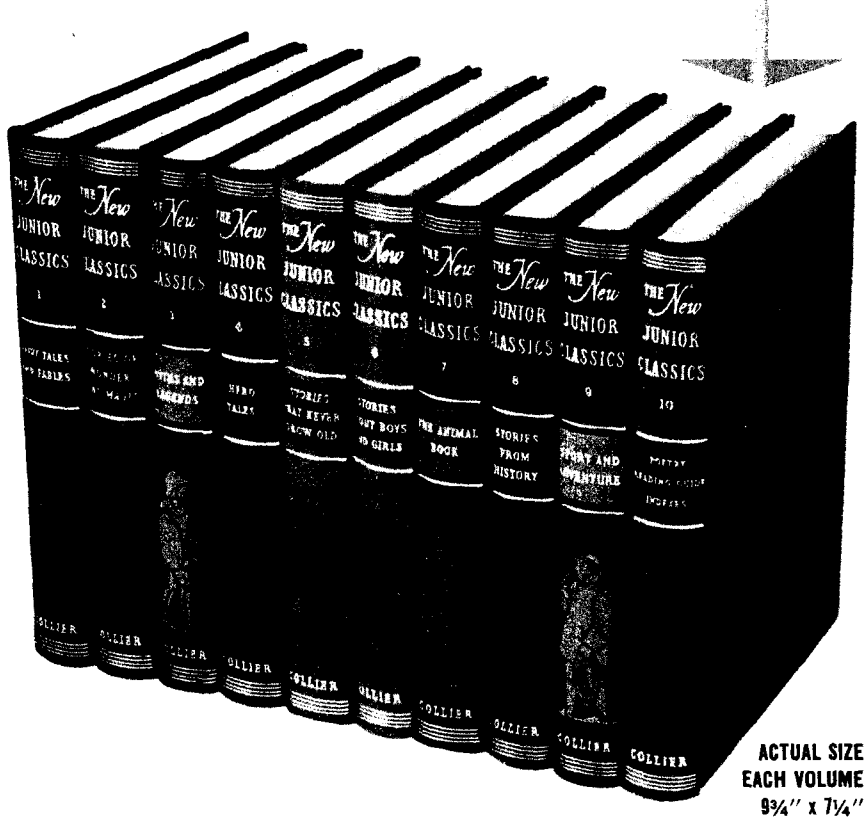

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gation by grand juries in New York, Brooklyn and Hudson County, New Jersey, was destined to get an even more intensive going-over: a joint New York-New Jersey probe sponsored by the governors of the two states. This was assured last December when Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York and Governor Alfred E. Driscoll of New Jersey announced a "bistate co-operative effort" to fight what Governor Dewey described as "racketeering, organized crime and restrictive practices which have increasingly—over the past 50 years—hamstrung the port of New York."

Governor Dewey pledged $500,000 of New York funds for the investigation, and Governor Driscoll an unspecified amount.

Yet crime investigations, necessary as they are, won't solve the longshoreman's problem, Father Corridan believes.

Says the labor priest:

"Crime commissions and grand juries can expose the pilferage, the loan sharking and other rackets. But neither the grand jury, nor the district attorney, nor the police can cope with the cause of all these evils—the rotten method of hiring the longshoremen through the shape-up."

District Attorney Hogan, the official who has lived longest with water-front crime and knows most about it, believes the shape-up should be abolished by the state legislature if necessary. "The number of criminals operating on the water front is a direct result of the shape-up," Hogan says. "It is responsible for kickbacks, loan sharking and a large percentage of the other crimes on the water front."

Father Corridan believes that the thing that would most quickly upset the old water-front applecart is not a crime probe to make headlines—but one to dig out some simple facts:

How many longshoremen are needed to do the port's work?

How many men are vying for the jobs?

How much money does the longshoreman actually take home?

"There is a chronic oversupply of labor on the docks," Father Corridan points out. "The ILA claims a membership of 30,000 in this area. I have totaled the per capita tax paid to the ILA out of its own financial statement, and find that the central international office is getting the per capita tax on only 12,000 men. This could mean that officials of the locals pocket part of the dues. But it also could mean that only about half of the registered longshoremen get regular work that permits them to keep up with their union dues. On the face of it, the longshoreman now has many things. He gets $2.10 an hour, a welfare fund and paid vacations. But all these are meaningless, because he hasn't got the final important right—the right to a decent week's work.

"Just compare the earnings of the East Coast longshoreman with those, say, in San Francisco," says Father Corridan. "In San Francisco, three out of every four longshoremen earn at least $75 a week. Here, only one out of seven earns that much. In San Francisco, only one out of every 10 longshoremen earns less than $50 a week. Here, two out of every three longshoremen earn less than $50 weekly pay.

"If we could register all the longshoremen, get their Social Security numbers, the union locals they belong to, how much they've earned in the last year—then you'd really start a revolution on the docks," Father Corridan believes. "You'd find out how little most of them work. And you'd get a start on the most necessary reform of all: limiting the available work to bona fide longshoremen."

This Ryan has fought. "It would prevent him from putting hoodlums on the docks—when he needs them to keep the workers in line," says the labor priest.

"There's no one else, Don. It's just that I'm determined there *will* be"

COLLIER'S KIRK

While Father Corridan naturally stresses the human side of the water-front problem, he knows that the deteriorating port of New York suffers from other crises, such as:

High pier rentals make the New York port the most expensive in the world, according to a report to New York's mayor. This helps drive business away from the port.

The shortage of modern piers, according to reports to the mayor, also increases a ship line's cost in New York Harbor. "The complete modernization of the New York water front cannot be long delayed," one report stated. Another warned that "water-front facilities are tragically inadequate."

The Port of New York Authority has offered to take over the operation of the New York City piers from the Department of Marine and Aviation which now handles them. The Port Authority has offered to spend $89,000,000 to rehabilitate old piers and build new ones, using its own funds for the purpose. Although strapped financially, the city has spurned this offer. McCormack admitted several weeks ago that something is rotten on the water front. In an unsolicited report to Mayor Impellitteri, he stated his qualifications as port adviser:

He had served on four of the mayor's nine committees that had probed the port.

He had been on the New York water front for 50 years. "After a while," wrote McCormack, "one comes to be regarded as an authority, perhaps a little man's Port Authority. With all due modesty, I accept the characterization."

Then in literary phrases unlike McCormack's plain West Side speech, he painted a gloomier picture of his Port World than even its sternest critics had done.

The port is ". . . the forlorn stepchild of the city family," he stated, ". . . the growing decline of the port of New York is a . . . headache of such staggering proportions that I feel compelled . . . to add my warning . . . that the port threatens to become a relic of bygone civilization."

McCormack named three mayors as "failing to heed the signposts pointing to the port's collapse": James J. Walker, Fiorello La Guardia and William O'Dwyer. Nowhere in the 12,000-word report did McCormack find room to mention that he was an adviser and key port figure in their administrations. McCormack indicts writers and others who have exposed crime on the water front. "They would blame the port's tragedy on loan sharks, thieves and two-dollar horse players.

"They create (said McCormack) . . . an overlord with God knows what hidden power."

Create? THE END

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It's a Smile World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

entertain in princely style, then borrow money from their guests to pay the bills (plus a little extra, of course, for spending money).

This is an effective piece of flummery in such tradition-bound countries as Italy, but as one approaches the Iron Curtain, blue blood in the veins doesn't rate with a Red card in the pocket.

The Iron Curtain is not the impenetrable barrier it has been represented to be. There is considerable contraband—one form of which is U. S. jazz. It's reported that attendance at a record concert of smuggled Duke Ellington records in Prague costs $1.00. Shostakovich brings only 30 cents. (On the other side of the world, the Communist Peiping regime has banned the Tennessee Waltz as decadent and reactionary, but the Hong Kong Standard reports that the Patti Page record of this tune brought $170 on the Shanghai black market.)

Jokes, of course, make Swiss cheese out of the Russian steel in the Curtain; barbed wit passes easily through barbed wire.

One of the latest gags has a Bulgarian telling a Hungarian commissar: "You would sell your own grandmother."

"So would you," retorts the Hungarian.

"Ah, yes," says the other. "But *you* would *deliver* her!"

In another joke that has wriggled through the Curtain, a Russian newly arrived in Britain watches newsreels, comedy skits and drama over television and expresses great boredom. Then he switches to a different program and suddenly his eyes light up. "Now I feel at home," he exults. "Puppets!"

But the shrewdest story from the fringe of the Curtain is this Persian aspersion: an officer of the Iranian army is reported to have said, "If the Soviets attack us, we will mobilize our army, gather all the forces of the nation, and, fighting fiercely for our homeland, we shall hold the Russians off for a length of time that will amaze the world—perhaps even for three days!"

On my way through the Middle East, I stopped at the Semiramis Hotel in Cairo. There I met an Egyptian glass manufacturer, whose plant is located near the limitless sands of the Sahara Desert. But he informed me that the Sahara sands contain a chemical which makes them useless for glassmaking—so he imports all the sand for his factory from Belgium.

From Egypt I flew to Nairobi, where, sure enough, I saw the sign which had started my game of international leapfrog: "Persons Bothering Lions Will Be Severely Dealt With." Beside this billboard was another, warning motorists that "Elephants Have the Right of Way."

In Nairobi, I learned that the native populations of Africa have had some difficulty in adjusting to modern methods. One British planter in the area bitterly regarded a broken tractor and said that the native workman's motto seems to be, "Give us the job and we'll finish the tools." A recent news report told of an African lawmaker who failed to show up for the convening of the legislature for the very good reason that he had been eaten by his constituents.

When Broadway Magic Failed

In spite of this, one American discovered that the native folk are not the children of the jungle they used to be. This chap arrived in Nairobi laden with children's magic tricks purchased in a Broadway fun shop. He was confident that these gimmicks and gewgaws would win him an army of native bearers, ready to do the bidding of the Great White Chief Who Makes Magic. He performed some of these sleight-of-hand wonders for the local inhabitants, and was coldly informed that Great White Chief would have to do his hiring through the local office of the native bearers' union.

The expeditions for most big-name big-game hunters are fitted out by Walter King, who runs a fabulous enterprise called Safariland. King supplies expeditions with everything from mosquito repellent to vintage champagne. For one party which required the services of a burro over certain hilly passes, King constructed a flyproof trailer in which the beast traveled in comfort until his services were required.

Walter King was once the cause of a minor diplomatic crisis. He was making a buying trip to Britain and cabled ahead that King of Safariland was arriving. He was met on the dock by a delegation from the British Foreign Office, complete with brass band. After a stirring welcome, the chief of protocol took King aside, unfolded a large map, and apologetically inquired if His Royal Highness would be good enough to point out just where his country of Safariland might be.

One last word about Africa before moving on to Palestine. At the Polar Bear Tea Room, in the depths of Nairobi, I ate the

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"I hope all the television cameras are turned off!"

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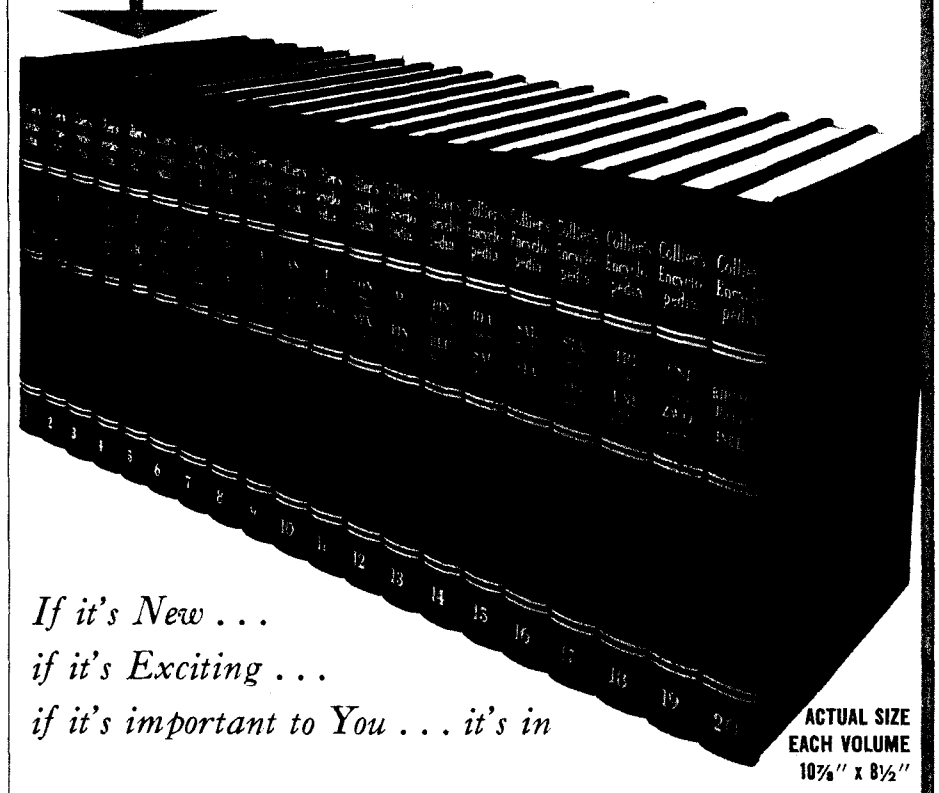

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best ice cream I have ever tasted in my life.

My guess is that Israel is the skinniest country in the world. One report has Premier Ben-Gurion looking at a map of his slender domain and saying, "We're the only nation that ever started business *in* a shoestring." Another variation: a delicatessen owner says to a patron who has just bought a salami: "Hold it north and south or you'll lose an end to the Arabs." The Commissioner of Railways is supposed to have ordered this sign placed in the cars of the coastal railway: "Passengers are requested not to lean their heads out of the country."

Other writers have already reported on the astounding development of Israel in some respects—and on the big steps still to be taken in others. Here's one story that sums it up: A group of Israelis telegraphed kind friends who had donated an ambulance to their settlement: "Thanks for the ambulance. Now all we need is a hospital."

Guests Wore "Evening Dress"

A former leader of middle-European society arrived in a collective settlement and was assigned to a hut. She soon sent out invitations to an "at home," stating that "evening dress was required." The villagers attended en masse—in pajamas.

Next stop on the trails of Hoffman was Bombay, India. I was conducted through the city by a high police official, an avid reader of the adventures of Nick Carter. He pointed out such places of interest as the Null Bazaar, where the populace meets for prayer and the sale of narcotics. In addition, the police official put the finger on the home of a man he described as a dangerous political fanatic, an agitator who might at that very moment be constructing a bomb to throw into the police station.

"If you would like to meet this man," said the police official, "it can be arranged. He is my brother-in-law."

India is crowded with such cockeyed contradictions. On the one hand there is such a fabulous respect for culture and education, the arts of peaceful life, that a man may boast of having taken an important school examination even if he did not pass. Calling cards carry such notations as "Rawal Singh. Bachelor of Arts. (Failed.)"

Opposed to this cultural hunger is a rather casual attitude toward law enforcement, not entirely unexpected in a country as strife-torn as this one. Recently, in an outlying Punjab village, a man on trial for swindling observed that the judge was late in appearing. The swindler mounted the bench, called the court to order, levied heavy fines on all offenders present, and then strolled away.

During my stay in India a savage border tribe, the Nagas, raided a village in Kashmir and made off with the heads of 93 of the locals.

Pandit Nehru, the nation's leader, described this to members of the Indian parliament as "an exhibition of exuberance" on the part of a "vital, dynamic people."

Just as in the rest of the world, there is disagreement within India over Nehru's policies, which seem aimed at buttering up the East while getting bread from the West.

Here is a native Indian comment on the Prime Minister's tactics. A recent Bombay publication reminded Nehru in print of the Cabinet minister of Akbar, who was notorious for his indecision. One day the emperor pretended to be angry with the minister's vacillating attitude on some important issue and ordained that as punishment the official should choose between eating 100 bitter onions and receiving 100 kicks.

The poor vizier naturally chose the onions as being less painful, but after gulping down a few he changed his mind and decided to try the kicks. When this ordeal became too painful, he switched back to the onions—and then back again to the kicks. . . . Eventually he ate 100 onions—and got 100 kicks, too.

Here's another and more pungent local

comment on Nehru's "dynamic neutrality": "Once a man was out hunting. Seeing a large and violent-looking bear, he decided to try to escape by lying down and pretending to be dead.

"The bear is out hunting now."

Speaking of hunting, I was told that when New York Post columnist Earl Wilson was invited to shoot a tiger during his stay in India, he accepted by cable; a date was set, the beaters got busy and a water buffalo was staked out as a lure.

At this moment a cable arrived from the columnist saying, "Anxious meet tiger, but want visit Calcutta. Would tiger come halfway?"

My last story from India is about a financier who makes the sucker who bought the Brooklyn Bridge look like the canniest financier since Jay Gould. This chap was a prince of Nepal who became one of the richest merchants in Calcutta. At the end of the war, when the British were clearing the Japanese invaders from Burma, the prince was approached by an English army officer, one of those impressive types with ribbons, aiguillettes, medals and all sorts of fancy decorations.

The officer informed the prince that the British government was short of money. He had been deputized to raise money by selling Burma. The purchaser would be known as the King of Burma, and would have the right to collect taxes, rule the subjects of the territory, and receive the full salute from heads of other nations.

The captain added that the greatest secrecy must be observed in making the deal, for any word that the British were short of funds might encourage the Japs to hang on a while longer.

The prince cautiously allowed that he might be interested in such a deal, but he explained that, as a shrewd businessman, he would require the signature of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, the theater commander, on the contract. The captain readily agreed, went away, and came back two weeks later with Mountbatten's signature. Again the prince held back, this time insisting on Winston Churchill's signature on the deed, or no sale. "Nothing could be simpler," replied the captain. Again he disappeared, returning two weeks later with the signature of Churchill on the papers. Now the prince was satisfied. He paid over the money, and received the deed to Burma.

Investigation in Rangoon

The captain went back to Rangoon, and shortly thereafter was observed by British Intelligence to be sending home sums of money considerably larger than he might be expected to save on a British captain's pay. An inquiry was conducted, and the story came out.

The Nepalese prince recovered a large amount of his money, but he could not be consoled. After all, he had in his possession a deed, signed "Mountbatten" and "Churchill!" He didn't want his money, he wanted Burma! At last report he was still trying to get it.

For the tourist who is not a purist, Hong Kong is the land of milk and honeys. China darlings crowd the streets and fill the air with scent-sational allure. The girls wear dresses tightly buttoned to the collar—and slit right up to where Hopalong would carry his holster. If you look down at a girl's legs, she may ask you innocently if you dropped something.

The Hong Kong radio makes a liar out of Kipling every hour on the hour; the East constantly meets the West on these uninhabited kilocycles.

For a Western influence, the local station puts on a show called T for Tuesday which features only songs that begin with the first letter of the day of the week. Then, sandwiched between Monday's Melancholy Baby and Friday's Frenesi will be newscasts featuring such items as this flash from Peiping:

"The Chinese Peace Committee, which, like the British Peace Committee, is affiliated with the World Peace Council, an-

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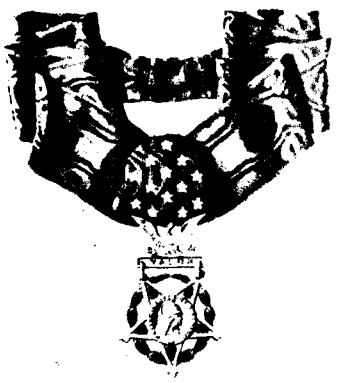
Medal of Honor



Lieutenant Frederick Henry of Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor for sacrificing himself to save his platoon in combat near Am-Dong, Korea, September 1, 1950. When the platoon could no longer hold its position, Lieutenant Henry ordered the men to pull back. But someone had to stay behind to provide covering fire. He chose to be that man, and was lost.

Always remember this—Lieutenant Henry offered his life for more than just a small platoon in far-away Korea. It was also for America. For you.

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nounces it has raised funds for the purchase of 2,000 war planes and 200 tanks."

Here is the Hong Kong reaction to this propaganda: "The Communists have announced three objectives in China—to abolish hunger, poverty and wealth. So far they have accomplished a third of the program—they have abolished wealth."

From Hong Kong you fly to Formosa, where a note on the list of Customs Restrictions informs the traveler that no passenger may bring in more than two pounds of bubble gum. Or you can fly to Australia. I skipped Australia this trip, but an official of the Philippine Airlines scrounged me some Sydney newspapers, from which I gleaned the following:

An Australian was recently imprisoned for putting into practice a wonderful way to make a living by getting fired from jobs. He'd get a new position, then sneak out and call his employer and blacken his own character on the phone. Upon returning to the office he would usually be discharged with a week's pay. He pulled this three or four times a week for several months before the arm of the law put the sleeve on him.

The world wool market has enriched some Australian sheep ranchers. One of these recently came to town and offered to buy a Rolls-Royce. "It's got to have one of those glass roll-up partitions between the driver and the rear seat," he told the salesman. "Can't have the sheep licking the back of my neck when I drive them to market."

A Rule with One Exception

Instead of Australia, I headed for Japan. You can hardly imagine that the Nipponese you see on the streets of Tokyo are the fanatical, aggressive soldiers who fought so fiercely at Guadalcanal and Okinawa. They are a polite, delicate, ceremonious, poetic, custom-ridden people. Rigid social conventions keep men and women separate everywhere—except, of course, in the bath. Since they have difficulty pronouncing the English word "Thursday," they will say, to avoid embarrassment, "I'll see you the day after Wednesday."

The heart and soul of Japanese ceremony is emperor worship, which has not been washed away by six years of occupation. When the Japanese occupied the Philippines, they maintained a separate filing cabinet in their newspaper morgues for pictures of the emperor. In each office, the cabinet was set on a pedestal, to place it above the other cabinets, and there was a humble bow to the cabinet before and after removing honorable photo from honorable files.

The Japs have not stopped dancing the emperor waltz, but you can roll any Japanese in the aisles simply by rolling up a sheet of paper and holding it to your eye like a spyglass. It seems that the imperial family, weakened by many generations of intermarriage, produces an occasional nongenius. Such a man was the Emperor Yoshihito, father of Hirohito. Scheduled to read an imperial rescript before a convocation of the Diet, he changed his mind, and instead—for reasons known only to himself—rolled up the speech and squinted through it as through a telescope.

This delightfully unimperial performance occurred more than 30 years ago and was promptly hushed up. Yet, although the story has never been printed in any Japanese paper, book or magazine, enough of the Japs have heard of it so that any aping of the trick will cause them to do Nip-ups.

At the Tokyo Press Club, where the correspondents hang out, I was informed that the favorite motion picture of the GIs in Korea is, for some reason, Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein, in which Dracula and the Wolf Man also appear. Some units have seen it as many as six times, until now these characters are like old fiends. You can make any international interpretation of this that suits you.

Another story from that flaming peninsula probably has been told in some form in every war since the Crusades. It concerns the Korean farmer who rode to market on his donkey with his wife walking behind.

"I don't know what to do about Harry—I've told him I'm through with him, but he keeps right on taking me out"

COLLIER'S JOHN COOK

Chided for this unchivalrous conduct by a GI, the Korean merely remarked that it was the custom of the country. Some months later the same GI saw the same Korean on the way to market. He was again riding the donkey, but this time the wife was walking in front. "New custom of the country?" said the GI.

"Land mines," said the Korean.

One of the by-liners at the Press Club took me for a week end to Atami—the Atlantic City of Japan. It's a wonderful place. The big souvenir items are sure-enough crying towels. These are towels with a beautiful, sad, poetic Japanese story printed on them. You read 'em and weep. Here's the Atami Story, as freely translated by a local resident:

"Many years ago are girl name Omiya and boy named Kanichi. She papa-san have plenty money. Boy have no money. Very sad, so. *Ne?* (This means: You get it?) So she papa-san give boy money go school, get uniform. Kanichi fall in love Omiya, so. *Ne?* But she come here Atami with other boy. Kanichi very angry. He come Atami, talk Omiya under tree. He say Omiya, 'You come Atami same day, next year, rain come down.'"

Don't ask how it all came out—that's all there is. It's all very poetic, and besides, it sure sells towels. Personally, I don't see it for Hollywood, unless they find some way of giving it a wow finish.

Everywhere in Japan, the talk is of peace. Many new products are named for it; there is even a cigarette called Peace. One advertisement in a Tokyo paper states—"Peace be eternal on a solid foundation—use Onoda Cement." The city of Hiroshima has turned itself into a great monument to peace, and is attracting thousands of curious tourists, who purchase souvenirs of radioactive rubble from the first wartime A-blast.

It is interesting to note that in the midst of all this peace talk, in fact precisely a week after the Japanese peace treaty was signed, the Nipponese had an observance scheduled in memory of Yamashita, the Tiger of Malaya, who was hanged by the Allies for war crimes in the Philippines.

It is partly for reasons like this that the people of Manila—having had the Japanese as boarders, and having consequently been the victim of the Japanese boardinghouse reach—are not nearly so optimistic as our State Department about the recent treaty with Japan.

Manila was battered during the war, and the town is just beginning to perk up. There were still bullet holes in the walls of my hotel room, and a sign at the hotel desk read, "Leave firearms here." But the Filipinos have just joyously celebrated the opening of a new toothpick factory, providing cheap toothpicks for the first time in Philippine history. At Max's, a Manila restaurant, they serve a Martini in a water glass so big that it is probably the only place in the world where customers order half a Martini. In the juke-box district, one palace of pleasure offers dancing with the lights out—and I mean with the lights out.

Dancing, it should be noted, is not the only thing that goes on in the purple Philippine darkness.

Luzon, the main island, was one of the major supply bases for Operation Coronet, the projected invasion of the Japanese home islands, which the A-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki made unnecessary. If you saw, in person or in pictures, what England looked like before D day, you can begin to imagine the amounts of material which were stranded in the Philippines when the war suddenly surprised everybody by coming to an end.

I was told that whole warehouses were sold, as they stood, for a flat sum, with no inventory of the contents. Untold millions of dollars' worth of goods were just stolen. One story which recently appeared in the papers told of a group of pilots who used the huge tanks of an oil storage depot to mark their position for the return to their landing field. One morning, they circled over the area and found that the entire tank farm—tanks, pumps, pipes and equipment—had disappeared during the night.

The aftermath of war is not so apparent in Hawaii—which was my last stop before returning Stateside—although in Honolulu you still hear a thousand stories of the events, ludicrous and tragic, of the momentous morning of December 7, 1941.

They tell of one dentist who was an air bug and who was out in his private plane that day. In the midst of a tentative acrobatic he flew right through the middle of the formations in the first Japanese air strike. "My," he said, enthusiastically waggling his wings, "I didn't realize there were so many of us amateurs out this morning."

Live Bullets Angered Golfer

On that same morning a golfer was just lining up a putt on the third hole of a Honolulu course when a plane swooped down out of the sky and rained machine-gun bullets on the green. "Those crazy pilots," he said, digging a slug or two out of the turf for evidence. "Using live bullets for training! When I finish this round I'm going down to Hickam Field and complain about those fellows to the commandant."

For today's visitor, however, it's hard to think that war ever struck this place. In Hawaii it is always summertime and the living is easy. One boy earns his poi holding up the microphone for wave noises, which are used as atmospheric background for the international broadcast of a weekly Mutual Broadcasting System radio program, Hawaii Calls. His name is Terry Wengler, and he gets program credit. There's one girl whose duty it is to take the temperature of the water for announcement on the show.

Honolulu is the land where orchids are actually a dime a dozen. That's in the tourist areas. Back in the country they go for six cents a dozen—and no takers. In certain truck-farming neighborhoods they just use them for fertilizer.

Honolulu is the one place in any United States territory or possession where the inhabitants match the Europeans in the art of leisurely good living. By three in the afternoon, many a businessman in Honolulu has knocked off for the day. You will find them next to dew-dappled glasses at the Outrigger, at the Royal Hawaiian, or under the great banyan tree in the court of the Moana Hotel. The Royal Hawaiian, by the way, has a door in its ladies' room adorned with 290 strands of pearls (this is one of the few pieces of information in this travelogue I was forced to come by secondhand).

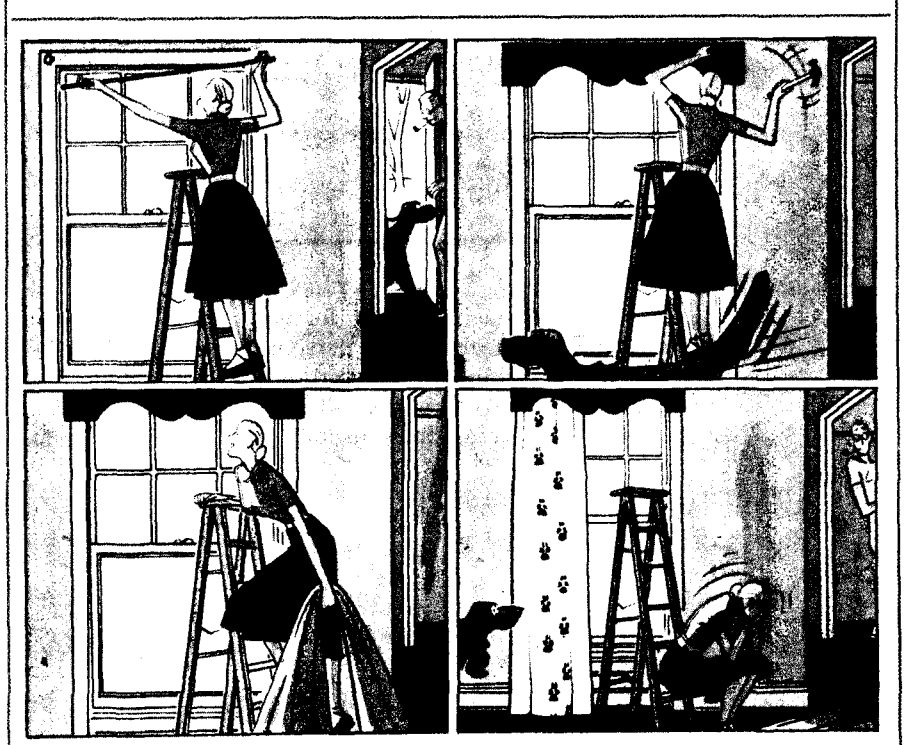
It was hard to leave Hawaii, but finally the day came when my Philippine Airlines DC-6 lifted from the field, circled the island of Oahu and then pointed its nose toward San Francisco.

On the trip homeward, it occurred to me that in all this wandering I had reached only one profound conclusion. Of all the fabulous products of American industry I had seen in foreign lands, the ones that got the biggest rave notices everywhere were some handsomely engraved pictures of the Presidents I carried with me—such Presidents as Washington and Lincoln, beautifully represented on small, wallet-sized bits of bonded paper. I left a good number of these around the world, and the natives of every land seemed genuinely delighted to get them. Lincoln ran ahead of Washington in popularity, perhaps because of the 5 in the corner of his portrait. It speaks a lot for the world-wide reverence for America's great men.

I thought I had really covered the earth, but no sooner had I returned than people began to say, "What, you didn't see Cape Town? How could you have gone to Africa and skipped Cape Town?" They said the same about Bangkok, and about Basra, and about Tibet. So I guess I'll just have to go around the world again soon.

I will, too. I want to do it while it's still there. THE END

CLANCY



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50 Little-Known Facts About the Atom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

source of atomic energy. Other elements, such as plutonium, can be manufactured from uranium, but uranium still remains the key to atomic energy.

7. ***Did Dr. Klaus Fuchs, Britain's atom-spy scientist, "give" the A-bomb to the Soviets?***

Dr. Fuchs did pass on vital atomic secrets of bomb production and bomb design to the Soviets. This data could not have but helped the Soviets to shave months off their production schedule. But no one person could "give" the A-bomb to the Soviets. Even with a set of complete blueprints for our plants and for the bomb itself, the Soviets would have had a major undertaking ahead of them. The fact remains that we underestimated Soviet capacity to push through its atomic project to a rapid and successful completion.

8. ***What is the biggest obstacle in the way of international control of atomic energy?***

In a word—Russia. Specifically, the biggest factor—should the Soviets sincerely desire agreement—is discord over an adequate inspection system. Should all nations agree not to manufacture atomic arms, there would have to be some impartial international authority to make sure that no nation secretly violated this pact. The only way we could be sure that the Russians were not building A-bombs at a remote and secret base would be to have a team of inspectors free to roam behind the Iron Curtain and report on suspicious activities. This apparently is the last thing the men in the Kremlin want, for it would open up the U.S.S.R. to the outside world. Once this were done, the Politburo feels it would lose its iron grip on the masses. Thus, we have a real impasse which grows more perilous as the Soviet atomic stockpile continues to grow larger.

9. ***What countries are well advanced in atomic research?***

Obviously, the list must be topped by the United States and Russia, since each has mastered the A-bomb. However, Canada, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, France, Australia and others are well along on scientific aspects of atomic energy. The United States has no monopoly on atomic knowledge. What it does have is the technical and industrial know-how to combine science with industry and produce large-scale manufacturing operations.

10. ***How many A-bombs had been exploded by the start of this year?***

Twenty-seven.

One in New Mexico in 1945	1
Two over Japan in 1945	2
Two at Bikini in 1946	2
Three at Eniwetok in 1948	3
One somewhere in Russia in 1949	1
Four at Eniwetok in 1951	4
Five in Nevada in the spring of 1951	5
Two somewhere in Russia in 1951	2
Seven in Nevada in the fall of 1951	7
Total	27

11. ***How big is an A-bomb?***

A-bombs now come in assorted sizes. The "big fellows" or city-buster models are estimated to be about five tons in weight. The "little boys" developed recently may weigh more than one ton. The size of an A-bomb is sometimes confused with the uranium core which lies deep within the bomb package. This metallic core is roughly the size of a baseball.

12. ***How powerful can an A-bomb get to be?***

A-bombs packing the biggest wallop correspond to an explosive content equal to more than 100,000 tons of TNT, as Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado has revealed. Such bombs would devastate over 20 square miles of city area. Even bigger bombs are possible, but they are not profitable in terms of the scarce uranium which must be used in the core. It makes better military sense to use two bombs rather than one bomb twice as big.

13. ***Can an H-bomb be made to work?***

Probably. No H-bomb has been tested yet. The special kind of hydrogen for the weapon could be produced in the so-called H-bomb plant being built on the Savannah River. This plant is not yet completed. When it is finished, it may well be used to produce more material for small A-bombs rather than for big H-bombs. The super H-bomb, 1,000 times more powerful than an A-bomb, has excited much speculation, but as a military weapon it would add little to our atomic arsenal. Today the United States already has enough big A-bombs to reduce the bulk of Russia's industry to rubble. This being true, the super H-bomb would be of limited military usefulness. It would, however, have psychological-political value.

14. ***Is there any danger that our scientists will go too far and blow up the earth?***

No. Scientists do not gamble on the results of atomic explosions. A-tests are carefully planned and executed. No atomic experiments would ever be authorized if the scientists felt for one moment that they would get out of hand. Although atomic energy remains a mystery to the layman, atomic scientists have accumulated a vast amount of knowledge about it. For example, atomic fission is still quite new to science, yet we already know more about it than we do about the process involved in the burning of coal and oil. Atomic explosions are, of course, spectacular but they are dwarfed in power by nature's violence. The San Francisco earthquake, to take one case, was hundreds of times more powerful than an atomic explosion.

15. ***Is it safe to explode A-bombs within the continental U.S.A.?***

Yes. Through 1951, 13 A-bombs were exploded in the United States and not a single person was injured. The atomic proving ground near Las Vegas, Nevada, has been established so that scientists and the military may learn more about atomic weapons without having to conduct tests in the remote Pacific.

16. ***If a bomber carrying an A-bomb crashes, will there be an atomic explosion?***

No; chances are that no real atomic explosion would occur. Something in the nature of a "dud" might possibly take place, so that the immediate area around the plane crash would be a radioactive hazard. The area, however, would be quite small—probably no more than a city block in size.

17. ***If an enemy A-bombed our atomic-bomb storage vaults, would the bombs inside explode?***

No. When in storage, the A-bombs are not fused to explode. Furthermore, the

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concrete vaults are strong enough to protect the A-bombs even from an atomic blast.

18. ***Is there any way to detect if an enemy A-bomb has been smuggled into a city?***

There is no instrument which can ferret out a hidden A-bomb. Geiger counters are worthless for this purpose since the bomb does not emit any radiation prior to detonation. When the nation's number one A-bomb expert, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, was asked what would be the most useful tool for detecting an A-bomb, he replied he would want a screw driver to open all the packing cases in every basement.

19. ***Are our coastal cities in danger of atomic attack from the sea?***

Yes. The threat of atomic missiles launched from hostile submarines stealing into our coastal waters is a very real one. Russia has almost 400 subs, it has the A-bomb, and it has missiles. The combination poses a serious threat to both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. The Navy is struggling with the tough problem of submarine detection and interception.

20. ***A-bomb tests in Nevada broke windows in Las Vegas, 75 miles away. Does this mean there is no place to hide?***

Absolutely not! The atomic explosions set off there were in some cases smaller than those which took place over Japan, but it just happens that a blast wave has peculiarities and under the proper weather conditions it can wander far from the explosion site and rattle windows 50, 70 or even 90 miles away. A very few windows, usually the big ones, may break. But so far as the real demolition of buildings is concerned, the blast effect of a Nevada-type A-bomb is confined to a few square miles.

21. ***Is it true that a foxhole is a good bomb shelter?***

Yes. A foxhole is still a soldier's best friend. It is the doughboy's secret weapon against the A-bomb. In it a soldier can ride out an atomic attack even though the bomb is dropped one-half mile away.

22. ***Can you return to an A-bombed city and live there?***

Yes. Ninety-nine chances out of 100, there will be no radioactivity lingering in the city. Despite many rumors about Hiroshima being uninhabitable, it could have been re-entered almost immediately after the bomb burst.

23. ***Do modern city buildings make good A-bomb shelters?***

Yes. Some of the concrete and steel-frame structures are excellent shelters. A modern department store or an apartment house affords good protection in the lower floors. Anyone who doubts this should recall that in Hiroshima hundreds of Japanese inside such buildings within one-half mile of the bomb burst survived and are in good health today.

24. ***Should you buy special A-bomb clothing?***

No. The notion that you can protect yourself in this way is ridiculous, as any reputable scientist can tell you.

25. ***Has any medical treatment been discovered to counteract the effects of bomb radiation?***

No, not yet. However, postwar research on how the human body is injured by penetrating rays (like X rays) has yielded hope that someday doctors will be able to treat radiation effects successfully.

26. ***What is meant by the "tactical" A-bomb?***

Military men use two words in describing bombardment—"tactical" and "strategic." Tactical bombing takes place at or near the front lines in the battlefield, whereas strategic bombing is aimed at the enemy's heartland and seeks to destroy his industry and civilian will-to-resist. The smaller atomic bomb recently developed by the Atomic Energy Commission is better adapted to use at the front line and hence is often called the "tactical A-bomb."

27. ***Can one A-bomb wipe out a whole enemy division?***

Theoretically, yes; practically, no. If the 10,800 soldiers comprising a Red Army rifle division were to be drawn up for parade-ground drill in close-order formation, then a single well-placed A-bomb would annihilate the entire division. Some congressmen, returning from the Nevada A-tests, have made fantastic statements about the tactical A-bomb, based largely upon a misconception of how soldiers are arranged on the battlefield. In practice, troops usually disperse over a wide front, with a single division assigned to hold five or six, or even more, miles of the front line. Under such conditions, remembering too that many troops hole up for protection, a single A-bomb would probably not destroy more than 15 per cent of the division. And even this is a liberal estimate.

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"The thing I dislike most about men is they think they are so wonderful just because they are"
COLLIER'S
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28. ***Does the baby A-bomb replace the TNT blockbuster bomb of World War II?***

Strictly speaking, no. Despite talk about small atomic explosions, the punching power of even the smallest A-bomb is measured in thousands of tons of TNT. Therefore, the new A-bomb does not replace the five-ton TNT bomb, where a limited objective is intended. Where mass bombing is concerned—i.e., where hundreds of TNT bombs are rained down on one target—the small A-bomb does replace a large number of high-explosive bombs and it has the big advantage of not requiring large numbers of aircraft to deliver the same destruction. An A-bomb can be made equal in explosive power to, say 10 tons of TNT, but this would be a foolish venture since the same A-bomb, if properly exploded, could equal thousands of tons of TNT. Here an A-bomb still differs decidedly from a TNT bomb. The latter can be made in different sizes merely by adding more TNT, but the A-bomb requires a certain minimum investment of precious uranium before it can be made to work at all. This critical amount of uranium is very little different for a bomb designed to explode with 10 tons or 1,000 tons of TNT's explosive effect.

29. ***Can the A-bomb be used as a super booby trap?***

Yes. The A-bomb could be planted in the basement of a house or secreted in a shallow grave. When the enemy is lured into the area, the A-bomb could be detonated either as a booby trap or by remote radio control. A few such experiences would make the enemy extremely wary of advancing into strategic villages or into gaps in the front line.

30. ***Are atomic rockets being developed?***

Not yet. Some thinking has been done about atomic rockets, but as yet nothing has evolved from the dream stage to the blueprint phase. Atomic rockets would not be an impossibility, but they would present great technical problems.

31. ***Newspapers speculated about an atomic hand grenade in connection with the recent Nevada bomb tests. Is such a weapon possible?***

No. Not unless we can find a modern Paul Bunyan to heave it. No pocket-size A-bombs are in the picture. Nor will an atomic tommy gun be developed; this is strictly for Buck Rogers. There are two reasons for such wild stories about atomic hand weapons: (a) the over-all size of the A-bomb is confused with the size of the uranium core. The uranium could easily fit into one's side pocket, but the complete bomb may be as big in bulk as a refrigerator; (b) Production of a smaller bomb led to the erroneous assumption that the physical volume of the bomb has also been drastically reduced. The popular term "baby A-bomb" refers to the explosive power of the new weapon, not to its physical size, for it is still a jumbo bomb.

32. ***Suppose that by accident a prospector wandered onto the A-bomb test grounds in Nevada during one of the detonations. How close could he come to the A-bomb and still survive?***

One mile. At this distance he probably would still survive, but would be badly shaken up and dazed by the experience. His eyewitness account afterward might read like this: "First thing I knew, there was a blinding flash right in front of me. I suddenly felt as though I were in a blast furnace; the heat on my face was overpowering. A little later—a few seconds, I guess, but it seemed much longer—I felt an awful squeeze on my body. It was so bad that if it had lasted another second, I couldn't have endured it. Then I was knocked to the ground, and when I came to I was still blinded. It was about half an hour before I could see properly. No bones were broken but I was badly burned about the face and hands and some parts of my shirt were scorched." The prospector would probably live to a ripe old age; his burns would heal, his vision would return to normal. Although he unknowingly did receive a big dose of penetrating bomb rays, the only real aftereffect might be cataract formations in his eyes. Were the prospector two miles away, the only aftereffects would be superficial skin burns and a whale of a story to tell later. Three miles away he would still feel the heat and blast, but it would not burn him or knock him to the ground. At this distance he would have no aftereffects whatsoever.

33. ***Recent A-bomb tests produced radioactivity which was found later in snow falling on several Northern states.***

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Is it dangerous for children to play in such snow?

No, not at all. Do not rush to buy a Geiger counter to check up on the snow man little Johnny built in your back yard. The chances are that even if the snow was radioactive, you couldn't detect it that way. Actually, almost every snowfall normally contains some radioactivity. All that atomic explosions do is add a trace more of radioactivity. The amount added is so slight that it takes skilled scientists to measure it; it cannot hurt anyone.

34. ***Do atomic explosions have an effect on the weather?***

No. It's the other way around. The weather has a real effect upon atomic explosions. A murky or foggy day will almost cut in half the distance at which the bomb's heat can burn you. However, since nature's pranks with weather are always bewildering to man, he is prone to blame these on A-bombs. Farmers in southern France, deluged with torrential rains, swear that the A-bomb is the villain. More than one Chicagoan, cursed with the winter's unprecedented snowfall, is sure it is due to our explosion of seven A-bombs in Nevada during recent months.

35. ***Who can direct that atomic bombs be used militarily?***

Only the President has the power to authorize military use of the A-bomb. Strict procedures have been established to ensure that no lesser individual is in a position to order its use.

36. ***Why wasn't the A-bomb used in Korea?***

Fundamentally because there were no really good targets for it. North Korea did not present any appropriate strategic cities as targets, and the battle front stretched over many miles of mountainous terrain. Chinese Communists and North Koreans were strung out in valleys and on hillsides, very often well protected in deep shelters. It would have been a waste of atomic ammunition to use the A-bomb. Furthermore, it would have added fuel to the Communist propaganda fire about the American "aggressor."

37. ***What is meant by "atomic fission"?***

Atomic fission is the splitting of a uranium atom into two fragments. It is this process which releases energy in the form of heat. The heat thus produced can be emitted in a flash (atomic explosion) or it can be controlled (atomic power).

38. ***When will the United States complete its first A-power plant?***

Probably not until 1954 or 1955. The date is very indefinite because no real plans for a full-scale atomic-power plant have yet been agreed upon. At the close of 1951 the Atomic Energy Commission announced that an experimental atomic plant at Arco, Idaho, had produced a small amount of electrical power as a by-product. Both the General Electric Company and Westinghouse Electric Corporation are hard at work building land-prototypes of atomic engines. These probably will not be completed much before 1953. The Navy's first A-submarine, the Nautilus, is scheduled to be afloat in 1954.

39. ***When atomic-power plants are perfected, will it be safe to have them located inside city limits?***

Yes. Atomic-power generating stations will be made even more reliable than steam plants are today. All plants will be equipped with elaborate automatic control devices to prevent the atomic reaction from running wild and blowing up.

40. ***Do workers in our atomic plants have normal offspring?***

Yes. Children born in Oak Ridge and in Los Alamos, New Mexico, are perfectly normal. If anything, as one doctor remarked, judging by the baby carriage parade at Oak Ridge, there seems to be remarkable fertility among people who work in the atomic plants.

41. ***Will atomic energy cure cancer?***

In some cases, yes; and in other cases, no. There are many kinds of cancer. Some, such as skin cancer, in most cases respond very well to treatment (called radiotherapy) with radioactive materials (called radioisotopes). Others, such as cancer of the thyroid, can sometimes be alleviated by taking radioisotopes in solution (popularly called an atomic cocktail). Still others, such as leukemia (cancer of the blood cells), stubbornly resist radiotherapy. But besides being used to treat cancer directly, radioisotopes play a leading role in medical research. These radioactive substances give scientists a powerful new tool to explore inside the human body, right into the innermost mysteries of living cells, so that more and more can be learned about the origin and nature of cancer. Naturally, this technique of probing the body's secrets is not limited to cancer investigations. It can and is being used in hundreds of research laboratories throughout the nation and the world to extend man's knowledge about himself and the world about him.

42. ***Will atomic energy be used to heat your home?***

Yes and no. Yes, in the sense that someday a central power plant in your city, running on atomic power, may heat your house by electricity produced at the master plant. No, in the sense that you will not have a small atomic furnace in your basement. An individual atomic furnace is possible, but the cost would be far beyond the pocketbook of the average citizen.

43. ***Will atomic power mean cheaper electricity?***

We don't now know. Extravagant claims about the cheapness of electric bills once we enter the A-power age overlook the fact that a large part of the cost of power goes into taking it from the main generating station and distributing it to your home. Even if atomic electricity becomes feasible, you would still have to pay monthly electric bills.

44. ***Will our Air Force get atomic aircraft?***

Yes. The answer should undoubtedly be hedged with some "maybes" or "probablies," but it now appears that a nuclear power plant can be developed to propel an aircraft. The first A-plane will be of the heavy bomber class, since the atomic motor will weigh about 30 or 40 tons. Development of an atomic engine sufficiently rugged to withstand the stress of flight is much more difficult than making a land-based prototype. The General Electric Company has undertaken design-work upon the aircraft engine, and Convair Aircraft is studying the air-frame problem. No engine construction is under way. A guess, and it is little more, puts the date of nuclear-powered flight close to 1960.

45. ***Will atomic engines be used to drive automobiles?***

No, not in your lifetime. Even if you could afford to purchase such an "atomobile," you would find it rather a monstrous white elephant. To shield you from the radiation of the motor, you would have to lug along a thick concrete or iron box weighing up to 25 tons. An atomic locomotive is a possibility, but its feasibility depends upon what the cost of atomic power will be. If it could not undercut the Diesel engine, there would be little reason to switch.

46. ***Can atomic explosives be used for excavating or mining?***

No. Scientists know of no way to explode an A-bomb below ground without depositing or entrapping enormous amounts of radioactive material in the rock and soil. This rules out using the A-bomb to help build canals or make new beds for rivers. If you used atomic explosives to mine ore, the explosion usually would be too big to be useful and the ore would get heavily contaminated with radioactivity. Even if you could then process the ore, you would have the bugaboo of trying to sell radioactive iron or silver. In itself not a health problem, it would be forbidden by government officials because some of the iron or silver might find its way into a testing laboratory and upset the delicate experiments there. (Tass, the official Russian news agency, has intimated that Soviet scientists are using the A-bomb for peaceful purposes, to redirect rivers and build canals, but this is obviously a propaganda trick.)

47. ***If atomic work is so secret, how can the taxpayer be sure that his dollars are being well spent?***

He can't. When an agency operates behind a curtain of secrecy, it is essentially its own master. Here is the situation in a nutshell: those behind the curtain do not come out and criticize themselves; those outside the curtain are rarely in a position to know what should be criticized. Congress recognized this dilemma and established a special "Watchdog Committee," headed by Connecticut's able Senator Brien McMahon, to keep an eye on atomic activities. However, atomic operations are complex, far-flung and highly technical. It is doubtful if any group of congressmen can adequately ride herd on atomic energy.

48. ***Is secrecy hampering progress on peacetime use of atomic power?***

Yes. Much of the atomic energy program is still veiled in secrecy. Work on atomic-power plants is—in the opinion of government officials—so tied in with atomic-bomb work that it must be kept secret. Although the Atomic Energy Commission has undertaken to release from the secret category as much information as the law will permit, a great deal remains to be done before atomic-power research can benefit from the free interchange of ideas which is the spark of scientific progress.

49. ***Why is the public so confused about atomic energy?***

A recent survey made by the University of Michigan revealed that the layman was very poorly informed on A-bombs, A-power and atomic matters in general. Basically this is not because of a scarcity of published material, but rather it is due both to the abundance of exaggerated stories about atomic energy and ones which are much too technical for the average person to grasp.

50. ***Is atomic energy a force for good or evil?***

It is both. Right now it looks as if the destructive aspects of atomic energy predominate in the world; but should peace come, atomic energy can be a powerful force for man. It can lead to new discoveries in medical science, help to conquer disease, and eventually bring power to lands which are not blessed with adequate supplies of coal and oil. Atomic energy, like any product of science, is of itself neither a thing of good or evil. It is what man does with it that determines whether the account is entered on the red or black side of the ledger. THE END

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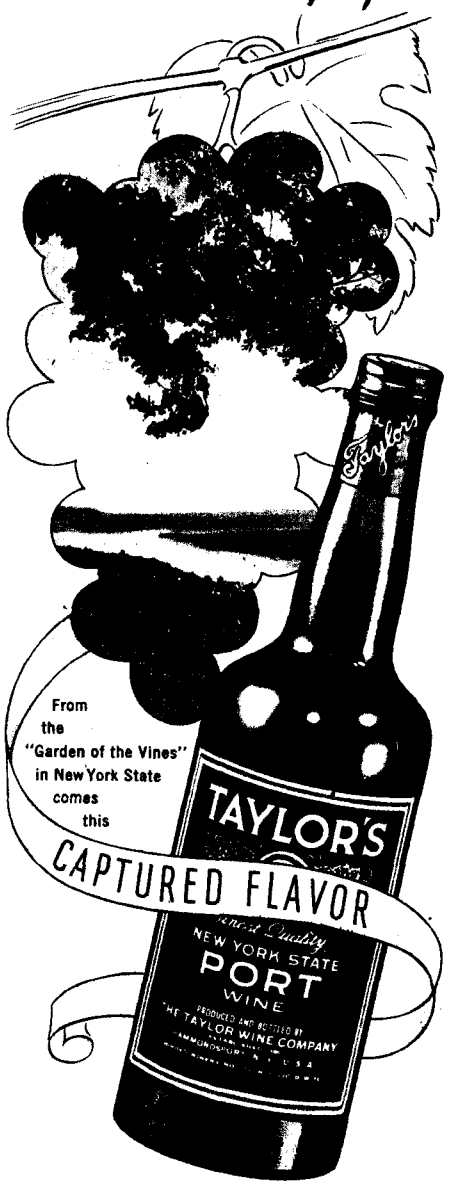

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MIGs Are Down His Alley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

happened, you have to ask other pilots who were there that day:

Three clusters of Sabre jets from the 4th Fighter Interceptor Wing were in the air over North Korea at the time—not hunting MIGs, but providing a screen for the Fifth Air Force's fighter bombers chopping up the Communist roads and rail lines below. Colonel Benjamin S. Preston, of Hollywood, Florida, was leading the first flight; Colonel Harrison R. Thyng, of Pittsfield, New Hampshire, the second, and Major Winton W. Marshall, of Raleigh, North Carolina, the third. Major Davis was in the second flight.

Enemy Bombers Heading South

Colonel Preston saw the bombers first. He didn't quite believe it—a dozen twin-engine, twin-tailed bombers about 10,000 feet below, heading south. The enemy had never sent out a bomber formation such as this before. (Later, it was generally agreed that these were aiming to soften up a UN-held observation post on an island off the coast of North Korea.)

MIGs formed a wheeling cover over the bombers, while LA-9 propeller-driven fighters clung to their flanks.

"Tallyho!" called the colonel.

The first two waves went down after the bombers, while the third stayed protectively upstairs. The Sabre jets went through that bomber formation like buckshot through a screen door. Then they swooped back and did it again, and then once more. Each pass lasted only a few seconds. The entire battle lasted four minutes. Davis, each time he swept through, shot down an airplane—three bombers, one right after another. Each time, he came in on their tails, and each time he did the job with just the breath of a burst from the banked .50-caliber guns in the nose of his Sabre.

As he came out of the last pass, one of the MIGs from upstairs came down to protect the bombers. Davis got him, too.

Although Davis finds it difficult to tell about this or his other exploits, he's much more articulate when talking about his colleagues. He thinks they're just about the best bunch of fighter pilots in the world. Certainly the record indicates as much, with the MIG-Sabre score standing at 15 Sabres lost as against 132 MIGs shot down, as of last December 31st (that doesn't include MIGs shot down by other types of UN plane, of course). And this despite the fact that the Red jets nearly always outnumber the American ones.

"Our training's better," says Davis. "And our gunnery; there's the big thing—gunnery. A fighter pilot's just flying a gun platform. If he can't shoot, he's no use to anybody."

"Do you get a lot of gunnery practice?"

"Did most of my practicing back in the States, before I came over. I used to shoot some as a kid—just duck and rabbit hunting—but after I got to flying fighters I took up skeet pretty much. Gunnery's important, all right, but sometimes even a good gunner is held back by not getting close enough. Here, I'll show you what I mean."

Davis, like all pilots, makes airplanes of his hands when he talks.

"December 13th (that was the day he got two MIGs before lunch, two after) we went up to MIG Alley in the morning and tooled around a while till our fuel got low. There were 12 of us and we were about finished with our regular patrol when 50 MIGs came across the Yalu.

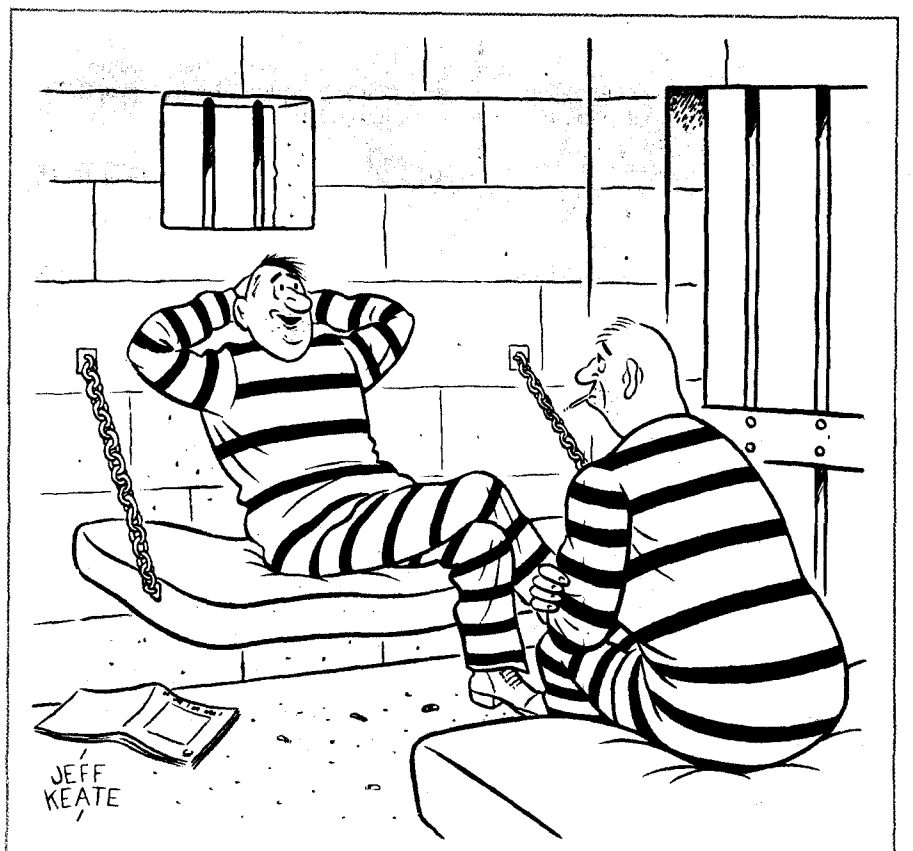
"I called a sharp right turn, into the MIGs. You always turn into 'em, of course. Turn away and they're on your tails. That's how most fighters are shot down by other fighters—from behind. Well, we turned in, and I got a MIG almost right away. One of those quick, lucky shots. But you can't depend on doing that all the time.

"Then along came another MIG, making a long dive. Bouncing one of our Sabres down below, possibly. Went after him, and he pulled up into a loop, I don't know why. That slowed him up, and I could get in close. Like this."

The finger tips of his right hand almost touched the heel of his left hand.

"See? You get in where you can't miss. That distance is hard to judge going so fast—sometimes fellows swear they were 'right on that MIG,' and then their gun camera film shows they were really hundreds of yards away.

"You score a 'damage' shooting from that distance, instead of a 'kill.' But if you get in there, that MIG'll go down!"



COLLIER'S

"Yessir! Saved myself fifty bucks by acting as my own counsel!"

JEFF KEATE

"I know very little about him, except he's a junior partner in the firm—Capital, $10,566,243.19; Assets, $37,502,764.27; Cash surplus, $16,507,812.—of Murple, Katzenbiz, Beane, Zeigel and Culp, Security Investment Trust, Incorporated"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

There's no doubt that Davis "gets in there." Intelligence officers say they can identify his gun camera film on sight, by the proximity of the enemy plane, and because of the way Davis' bullets whip unerringly into the target. His vision is so sharp that the men who fly with him say he can spot birds in the sky or distant vehicles on a road long before they're visible to anyone else.

From all this, the picture of the ideal fighter pilot begins to emerge: aggressive, cool, keen-eyed, and possessed of the combat experience that enables him to judge time, distance and plane performance at jet speeds. But what kind of man is it that develops into such a smooth-functioning, sure-handed fighter?

Davis has ideas about that, too.

"During World War II," he says, "fighter pilots were always depicted as real young. Most of them were. That's not necessarily the case any longer. More older men are flying than ever before. The good ones have a kind of natural stability. I think it's because they usually come from a good home; that is, from happy, well-adjusted families."

"Never Much Fuss" at Home

Davis' home life—when he's home—is happy and well adjusted. "Never much fuss," is the way he puts it. His wife is the former Doris Lynn Forgason, of Sudan, Texas, whom Davis met at a Maple, Texas, church service in 1940, and whom he married in 1943, just before going overseas. Mrs. Davis is living now in Lubbock, Texas, her husband's home town, with their two children, George Andrew III, twenty-two months, and Mary Margaret, seven-going-on-eight.

Major Davis was born on December 1, 1920, on the farm and ranch of George Andrew Davis, Sr., near Lubbock. Both parents were from old Texas families. The senior Davis is retired now, but still active as a church elder in Hale Center, Texas.

George worked on the farm as a youngster—"did some riding, worked some cattle, but never any rodeo or trick stuff"—and he remembers his childhood as very placid and secure.

"The folks were always pretty good to me. I never had a set allowance, but I always got what I needed. My father gave me the 50 cents for my first airplane ride—with one of those barnstormers that used to come around—when I was ten years old. I guess I knew right then I'd fly someday."

After graduating from high school, he took a year of business administration at Harding College, in Searcy, Arkansas. In March, 1942, he entered the aviation cadets, and he's been in the Air Force ever since.

The minute George A. Davis, Jr., gets near an airplane he becomes very unaverage. In World War II (in which he was also an ace) he flew 266 Pacific missions in P-51s and P-47s, was credited with seven victories, and won the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross with one cluster, and the Air Medal with eight.

After World War II he ferried F-80 Shooting Stars for a while, then demonstrated the same plane in air shows at various cities in the United States. He had become Director of Operations and Training at Greater Pittsburgh Airport, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, when the Korean war broke out. Davis didn't know it then, but he was on his way to becoming an ace for the second time.

New aces are usually rotated home, but the 4th's three active aces—Davis, Major Marshall (one of the squadron leaders present at the "Bomber Shoot") and Major Richard D. Creighton, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, also a squadron commander—asked to stay.

Perhaps this is the final item in the list of things that add up to an ace—a complete single-mindedness about the job. Davis and the others are Air Force career pilots. If you ask Davis if he ever had any other occupations besides flying, he shakes his head and says, "Flying. That's about it."

He wants to finish 100 missions, the usual combat tour for non-aces. "Might learn some more," he says, looking toward the sky, and probably wishing he were in it.

You can ask anywhere in Korea: There's no doubt in anyone's mind that Major George A. Davis, Jr., of the Far East Air Forces, will further distinguish himself—and do it at jet pace.

He can't help it. He's a natural. THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

A corporation is engaged in making and ·lling a product—at a profit. That opera-on includes making sure laws aren't passed ampering these efforts. To do this, busi-ess is beginning to advertise the economic stem which makes their product possible, ist as they advertise the product itself.

Harry Truman and Norman Thomas ave denounced "political advertising." hat should do a lot toward further en-ouraging the practice.

R. LEIGH SMITH, JR., Cedar Grove, N. J.

Dr. Parker

DITOR: Just read Painless Parker—Last of merica's Tooth-Plumbers (Jan. 5th). aughed from one end of the subway to ie other—a long, giddy ride. I recom-iend it to all sour-pusses!

ALEXANDER J. HUTCHEON, Floral Park, N. Y.

. . Greatly amused at your reference in rticle on Parker to his having to wait until pring to get a boat out of Sitka, Alaska.

Bet you're going to catch hell from the itka Chamber of Commerce.

EDW. E. E. BEATTIE, San Diego, Cal.

Objections

DITOR: Is Collier's trying to sabotage the isenhower for President movement?

The cartoon which illustrates The Two Margarets I Know (Dec. 29th), picturing General Ike and Elsa Maxwell, foremost ractitioner and archpriestess of that con-lomeration of mediocrities, sycophants nd saps variously called The International et and Café Society, has given the first etback to my long-time admiration for the eneral.

I trust the camaraderie displayed has been vastly exaggerated for the purpose of drawing otherwise unobtainable interest to a probably undeserving article.

CDR. GEORGE R. JACOBS, JR., USS Fremont, APA 44, Norfolk, Va.

. . . I enjoyed your article by Elsa Maxwell, The Two Margarets I Know, very much, but what a *faux pas* Miss Maxwell made!

The program she referred to, Who Said That?, is an NBC television show and not CBS, as she stated.

Am I right?

MRS. F. J. O'BRIEN, Rome, N. Y.

You're right, Mrs. O'Brien.

Space Talk Made Easy

EDITOR: My sister (age eleven) and I got a big bang out of reading Planet Parenthood (Jan. 5th).

I'm glad author Robinson included that little lexicon of space talk, as recently I listened to Space Patrol for the first time and was completely mystified by those expressions, the meanings of which I didn't know. Now that I know them, I can keep up with the programs—and my sister.

ZITA CARNO, Bronx, N. Y.

Praise for a Collaborator

EDITOR: I want to thank you very much for Journey to 4000 B.C. (Dec. 22d—Jan. 5th) by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., with Bill Davidson.

It is a very handsome job and we, as well as Collier's, are very much indebted to Mr. Davidson's fine hand in it.

HARRY L. SHAPIRO, The American Museum of Natural History, New York, N. Y.

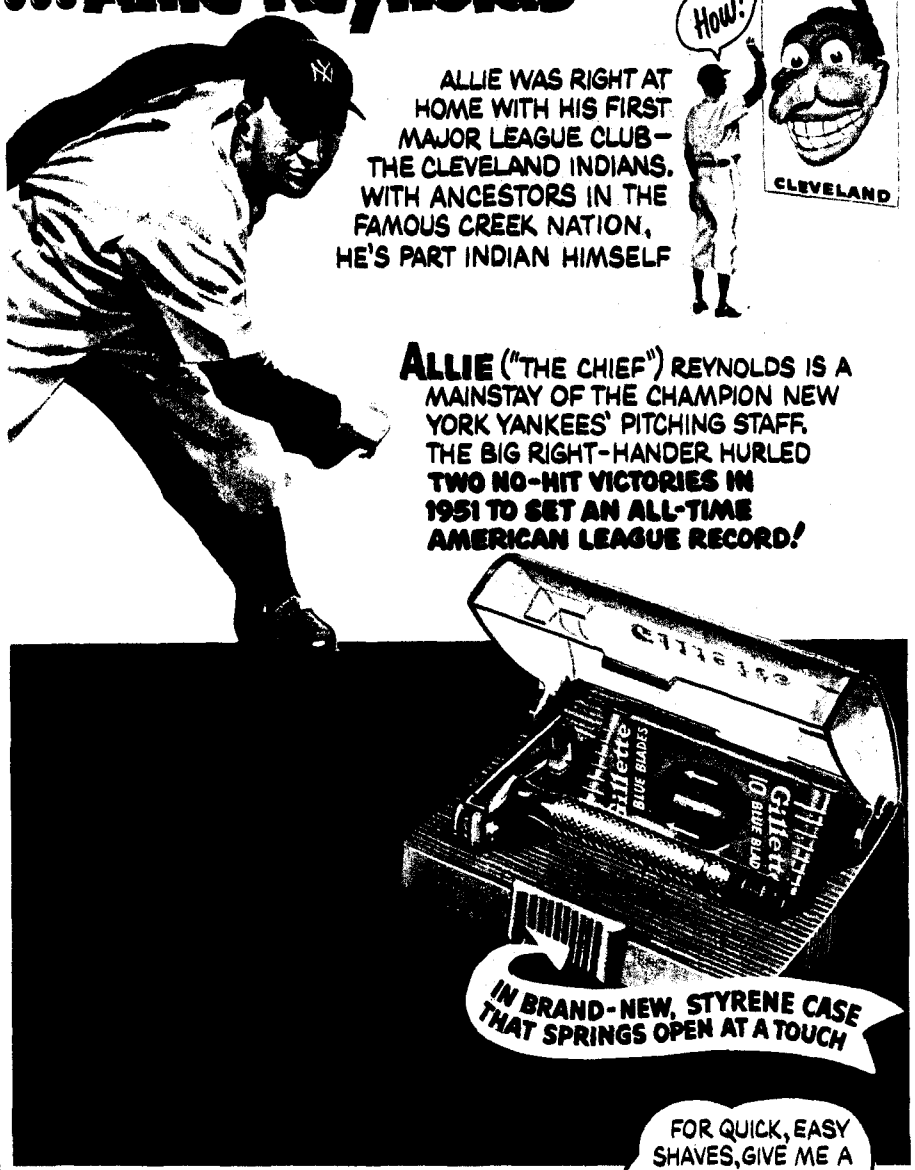
COLLIER'S

"Finish him off in the fourth . . . think you can last that long?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

...Allie Reynolds



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Allie Reynolds

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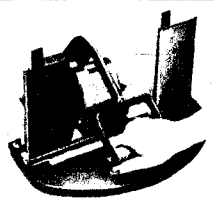

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Mr. John Haig Detwiler, who also makes his home in Philadelphia.

★ ★ ★

Just in case you run out of facts to grouse about, the Pentagon is spending $26,500,000 annually on music. This is not piped-in stuff warranted to lull tired generals into midafternoon slumbers or to quicken the steps of message-carrying colonels as they ankle along the corridors bearing memorandums from office to office. It's to keep 281 bands tootling. More than 10,250 sailors, Marines, airmen and soldiers are thus occupied—average pay, $3,000 annually.

★ ★ ★

Years ago, when the Arkansas River was our Western frontier, an adventurous traveler paused for refreshment at a log cabin tavern about seven miles from Conway, Arkansas. It was tough country. The local boys thought it rare fun to cut your ears off. And they'd murder you for your horse without bothering to ask you to hand the critter over. Well, this traveler, who somehow got away from the place with nothing more than four or five major injuries, was, as you might expect, disgusted. Local lore has it that he spread the word that the patrons of the tavern "sucked at the jug until they were swole up like toads." When the boys heard this, they were delighted. And ever since then that immediate crossing of the Arkansas has been known as Toad Suck Ferry, even though the ferry, like the tavern, is no more. But now what's happened? The Honorable Brooks Hays, member of Congress from Arkansas, wants to change Toad Suck Ferry's name to Terry Ferry, after his predecessor in Congress. Our man down there reports that ever since Mr. Hays made his suggestion, there's been an eerie roaring all along the Arkansas from Ozark to Conway. The boys of the Toad Suck Tavern are laughing fit to die.

★ ★ ★

A lady in Amsterdam, New York, who is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds but who shuns publicity, objects to occasional notes in this department of Collier's intimating that gallantry in men is vanishing. "Only recently," she tells us indignantly, "many of my neighbors saw my fine, big husband permit me to hang on to his arm so that I would not fall on the ice as I carried out the day's accumulation of garbage."

★ ★ ★

We hope it is not asking too much of you to believe that, occasionally, old Forty-eight is at a loss to explain something. For example, why did a young Filipino, Salvador M. Tabuena, of Valencia, Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Philippine Islands, write to Dr. Karl T. Compton, chairman of the corporation for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, imploring the doctor to send him Collier's? "With all spirit of humility and frankness," wrote Mr. Tabuena to Dr. Compton, "this letter has no other purpose but to appeal to you for help. . . . As a student who is desirous to read American periodicals and newspapers, will you please kindly send me a gift subscription to Collier's for me?" Dr. Compton tells us: "I know nothing about Mr. Tabuena. Why he appeals to me for help, I do not know. However, I am willing to make this gift subscription my good deed for 1952, and if you will enter his subscription and send me the bill, I shall be glad to take care of it."

★ ★ ★

Man named Whipple Wyant just dropped in to say that he's from Burlington, Vermont, and that he wishes the Big Brass in Washington would stop "studying" things and "try doing something about something." We tried to placate Mr. Wyant, but didn't get far. He said he'd come in to say something and wasn't going to leave until he'd said it. "Somebody writes up a report saying that somebody's stolen a lot of my money—taxpayer's money," said Mr. Wyant, adding that he's a taxpayer. "Somebody asks the White House what it's going to do about it and the answer is the White House is studying it. Then somebody finds out that somebody's been renting buildings from the government and renting them back to the government at a big profit. And what's the government doing about that? The government's studying it. There's too darned much studying going on by people who never come up with the answer." We asked Mr. Wyant what he was going to do about it. Said he was studying that.

★ ★ ★

Bitter complaint from a very stout lady (300 pounds) who tried three times with no success to get off the train at Waterbury, Connecticut. Her favorite method is to back down the car steps holding firmly to the side rods as she descends. Also, she always waits until all other passengers have alighted, not wishing to hold back the more agile. But three times, she informs us, some member of the train crew got the idea she was entering the train and pushed her back up the steps. Fourth time they tried pushing her back, she shouted at the top of her capacious lungs: "Look out below. Coming down." This time she made it. However, she's pretty bitter. Says a lady oughtn't to have to holler as she leaves a train.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours just scampered in to report that as he was driving through Sandy Spring, Maryland, he ran into a heavy cloud, forcing him to slow down to almost forty and turn on his headlights. Stopping for gas, he made inquiries. He learned that he had been passing the estate of Secretary of State Dean Acheson and that the cloud was sawdust. According to the filling station operator, whenever Mr. Acheson's nerves begin twanging off key he speeds to his wood-turning shop and makes china cabinets, rustic furniture, drop-leaf tables and the like. We have since verified the fact that the Secretary's hobby is indeed woodworking. When our friend got slowed down in Acheson sawdust, Mr. Acheson was doing something restful with a load of old wood from the remodeled White House.

NEXT WEEK
in
Collier's

The Favorite Bible Passages Of 25 Famous Americans

As a fitting observance of Brotherhood Week, Collier's asked 25 prominent citizens for their selections. The result holds a message of deep significance for us all

●

They're Sticking Stalin With a Pitchfork

By sowing unrest behind the Iron Curtain, a determined and well-organized group of Russians who fled Communism in their homeland actively schemes to oust the Red Czar

●

I "Married" Somebody Else's Husband

By IMOGENE COCA

The co-star of Your Show of Shows gives you a peek at the confused life of a video entertainer whose public insists that she's really wed to stage partner Sid Caesar

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Boyhood Pal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

arring an old fellow that begun to tumble ve years ago and got so scared he threw imself off the train. They put it down to icide. He never said yes or no, just cinned out of the bunk and out to the vestiule and wrestled the door open and dived ut and broke his neck. Served him right," e says. "He didn't have no call to panic ke that. I wasn't going to hurt him."

Well, about that point I got out my bote, poison or not.

"I ain't had a drink since I died," Puggy ays, sort of wistful. "But don't you go etting plastered. I got a proposition for ou."

I asked him was it honest.

"Your end is," he says. "Anyway, you ot no choice. I'm asking polite, like one al to another, but you try saying no and e what happens to you."

His trouble was money and his wife. eems he'd eloped with a Callao girl named

"Oh, it's been longer than that! I think coffee was around 52 or 53 when we last saw you folks!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

/elma Burke in 1912—they'd started going ogether after my time—and she was kind f up against it after he got killed. She was vorking in a roadside place called Virgil's outside Lansing and getting along best she could and he wanted to see she was done ight by. He wanted her to have a nest egg e'd stashed away that she didn't know bout, and I was to go lift it and take it to er.

I asked him how he knew where she was nd all if he couldn't leave Lower Two, and e blew up at me.

"Rot you," he says, "I don't want no questions. We got ways of knowing things. I never see her, but I know what her situation is. If I can just fix this up, I can have some peace," he says with a kind of a sigh. "I sure can use some after doing sixty thousand miles a year in this old crummy. Just back and forth and back and forth. Now, dry up, and here's your marching orders," he says. And he give them to me.

The cash—ten thousand dollars in big bills—was in a couple of waxed flat-fifty cigarette tins nailed up inside a big hollow sycamore in the creek bottoms on the Cass place outside Lebanon, Michigan. "Biggest tree anywheres along," Puggy says. "Way high in the dark of the hollow." And he sends "Dididitdadit—ditdit," which is "30" and means a sign-off.

I spent the rest of the night tapping, trying to raise him again, but I reckon he just squatted there and laughed at me. Between bad company and original cussedness he was a pretty mean lot. I didn't want any part of him or Velma Burke either. I remembered her. She was kind of an angelic knockout to look at—green eyes and red hair and rose-petal skin, and blow-away slim—easy to fall for, I guess, if you didn't know her the way I did, from being in the same high-school class.

I wasn't likely to forget her, because she did me real low-down dirt once, whispered to me for an answer in a history test and I gave her my guess, which was it was Benedict Arnold shot Alexander Hamilton. It sounded reasonable to me, but it was wrong, and when it come up that way on both papers they had us both on the carpet and Velma made out she'd guessed wrong and she'd seen me peeking at her paper. And that was the girl I was to drop everything and do a big favor for.

Well, I wasn't much use to Blatch & Cummings in Columbus, and I didn't sleep coming back next night, though I made sure the car wasn't Mt. Minnequamagog but Polecat Springs. Then that Thursday, while I was still groggy inside, old J.M. Blatch told me to get over to Bay City and find out about spoilage trouble there with our canned beets. Yes, Bay City is in Michigan and Lebanon is close by. I was crazy enough to wonder if maybe Puggy and his spirit friends hadn't fixed it to spoil those beets.

I went. And, after I'd smelled enough sour beets to last a lifetime, I hired a car and spent the week end looking for the Cass place near Lebanon. And what beat me, being in the state of mind I was in, I couldn't get track of any Cass place within fifteen miles of that forsaken town. I didn't just check the courthouse records and then drive around aimless. I covered the local real-estate men and the editor of the paper and the oldest inhabitants. If anybody named Cass had so much as dickered for an acre of land near Lebanon since Methuselah's time, I'd of got wind of it.

So I was sure I was crazy. Only, on the train coming back to Chicago, I got a queer feeling on my right thigh like nothing I ever had before. And when I took my clothes off that night, there, neat as you please, in red on my skin, branding me like a steer, not to be rubbed off or washed off—I found that out fast—was Puggy's call letters: Dash-dash—dash-dot-dot-dot.

I still recollect how that place felt—not like a burn or an itch or a sting or a prickle, but more like the way you feel in the back of your neck when you suspect somebody is staring at you and you turn around and sure enough they are. It was real, all right. I should know. I lived with it for years.

I got salve from drugstores and goop from advertisements about "blotched skin" and "stubborn blemishes." I gave up swimming because I didn't want people to see it. Finally I took it to the best skin doctor I could hear tell of and gave him the story. He looked at my leg and said something about "interesting stigmata" and told me to come back Friday and he'd have a colleague there to look at it. Well, before Friday I looked up "stigmata" in the dictionary and it said stuff about "certain mental states, as in hysteria." So I never went back.

Next thing was to have it out with Puggy. So I wrote the Pullman outfit asking for sentimental reasons if they could locate me a car named Mt. Minnequamagog, and they wrote back short but polite that there was no longer any such name on the list. That made sense. She was probably overdue for scrapping. But that letter disappointed me so I didn't hardly bother to wonder where Puggy was hanging out, now that they'd put the blowtorch to his old home on wheels.

Always and forever I had that feeling in my leg, and it looked like there was no chance at all of ever getting rid of it. I took to drinking heavier and going out with a class of people I'd never liked before. I hung on to my job, but it was plain that old J.M. had stopped thinking of me as a comer the way he had. And even though I knew Puggy's old car was gone for good, I worked up a creepy feeling about trains so strong I took to driving or flying wherever I had to go—planes were coming in by then. For years I never set foot in a railroad car.

BUT, come winter, 1935, I was stuck. Ice all over, and I had to testify in a lawsuit about a refused order in Evansville. The airport was snowed in; trains were still running, though. And every train was so jammed, the best I could get was Lower Two. The car was named Mountain Melody, but even so you probably have a rough idea of how creepy I felt about it.

She had plenty of clicks for me to wince at and listen to. Then, right out of Englewood, as speed picked up, they come cold and clear: Dit-didit—ditda—da, and that's Morse for RAT.

I just froze.

Dididididit — diditda — dadit — daditda, says the clicks, and that's Morse for PUNK.

I unfroze enough to work my nail on the sill. "This not your car," I sent. "What are you doing here?"

"My car, chum," says Puggy. "Renamed years ago. Some professor of Indian stuff noticed her and wrote the company did they know what Minnequamagog meant in Indian and they found out it was something you'd blush to chalk on a fence. How's your right leg, you double-crossing swindler?"

Well, it was jumping and pulsing awful, that's how it was. I could scarcely keep from hollering. But I got a grip on myself and sent him all about how I'd combed Lebanon, Mich., and finished up: "I'm not spook enough to make out how you figure I get your mark on me because you don't know what you're talking about. But I do know there's no Cass place in that end of Michigan, nor ever was."

No answer for a spell. Then very slow: "What state was that?"

I sent: Dada—didit—dit-didit—dididdit, meaning "Mich."

There was another long break, then a string of bad language sent sloppy but heartfelt, then: Didit-didit—dit-dit—diditda—ditdadit — dit-dit — dit-dit — daa — didit — da — dididit — dada — didit —dididit—dididit, making: "You fool, it's Miss."

I might of known. Practically every state in the Union has a Lebanon, and Puggy's

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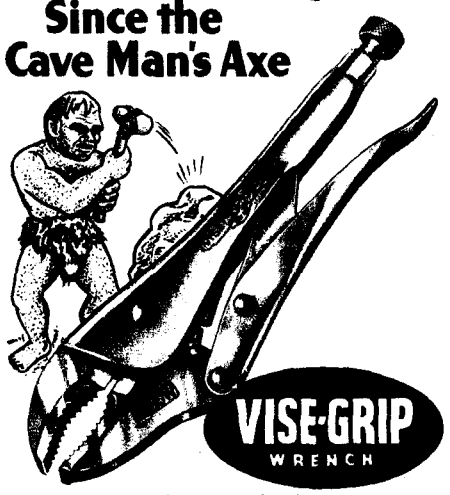

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A·1 SAUCE

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dots were always unreliable. The string of dots on the tail of Miss. could easy make Mich., if the sender was anyways careless. Or maybe I read it wrong. That was Puggy's idea. I said it was his fault, and we had it backwards and forwards all the way to Terre Haute. I don't reckon any such language ever got into code since old man Morse invented it. But I didn't argue about what I did next. My leg was leaving me no choice but to hightail it for Lebanon, Miss., first chance.

SOON as I got back from Evansville, seeing thawing weather had cleared the highways, I told J.M. I had family trouble, borrowed a week against my 1936 vacation, and took out in my own car. With me went a big flashlight, a stout claw hammer, and a short stepladder.

This time it was a breeze. The day I struck Lebanon, it rained cats and dogs, so there wasn't anybody much outdoors to wonder about me. Three questions located me the old Cass place—a played-out little cotton plantation five miles from town on miserable roads, with nobody living there. It took time, and I hadn't seen mud like that down along the creek since France in 1918. Raincoat or not, I got soaked to the skin. But here was my tree, big as a circus tent and hollow as a night-club smile. And here were the cigarette tins, each with a big rusty nail through a corner. I sure was relieved. I could just see myself convincing Puggy they were gone.

It come to ten thousand dollars, like he said: six five hundreds and seventy hundreds, all in those oversize, pre-Depression bills. They were going to cause comment at a bank, but I reckoned a story to fit could be cooked up when the time come.

I drove hard, but the weather was nasty and highways weren't what they are now, so I didn't make Lansing till afternoon the third day. The gas station I asked at said Virgil's had changed hands a while back but anyway it was the third joint on the right going north. That turned out to be a little eatery painted blue and white, very neat, and with a big sign: VELMA'S KITCHEN. No cars parked that time of day, no customers when I went in, which was fine. I was feeling good, even if I was kind of puzzled why Puggy thought Velma needed help so bad when it looked to me like she was doing all right.

Two girls in white uniforms were mopping up back of the counter, but what I was looking for was back of the cash register. Only it jolted me when I saw it. It was Velma all right, blazing red hair and bright green eyes and even the complexion pretty fair yet, but in her white uniform she was big as a house. In all those years she'd got a build like a plunging fullback—no fat but plenty of muscle on a solid frame. I just stood and gaped at her.

After a while she says, kind of hard: "All right, what are you selling?"

I took off my hat and come close, beginning to think about what I should of been thinking about before—how was I going to get any sane woman to swallow my story? "Velma," I says, "don't you know me?"

One look down and one look up and she says no and bit it off sharp too.

"I'm Tom Knox," I says. So she looked again.

"Well," she says after a while, "I guess you could be, at that. Little Tom Knox," she says, "still sneaking round after people. How'd you know where I was?"

"Puggy told me," I says.

"Puggy!" she says. "He's been dead fourteen years. What is this, anyway?"

"I know he's dead," I says. "He told me that too."

Well, if you can imagine a Shorthorn bull looking scared, that was Velma for a couple of split seconds. But she got hold of herself quick and begun to look like that bull fixing to charge. I don't know yet just how she'd muscled Virgil out and taken over, but then and there I begun to feel sorry for him.

"Tom," she says, "I never had much

COLLIER'S **"I *knew* we could settle it out of court"** SIDNEY HOFF

opinion of you, but I wouldn't of thought you'd go crazy. What are you talking about? And, what's more, I want to know how you got here. I'm through with Callao and everybody that ever come from there—through for keeps. And I don't want—"

I busted in on her. "I'm sane as you are," I says, "and I haven't been in Callao since before you and Puggy left town. Keep quiet and I'll tell you how I got here."

I felt like a fool, but I hoped the wad of money would put some backbone in it, so I stood there like a bad boy in front of teacher and sang her my song, short enough so she wouldn't lose patience and low enough so the counter girls wouldn't hear. Things looked just rough enough so I took the precaution of not giving details of where I lived or where I worked. It seemed like a good idea at the time but I didn't know till later just how good.

She frowned heavy and heavier right along, which was no help, and neither was the way Puggy's mark on my leg was heating up, just the way it had on the train. About halfway through my story, she reached under the cash register and got out a Colt .38 and laid it handy, and I was willing to believe without being shown that she could handle it. But I kept on swinging my jaw and finished by passing her a Manila envelope jam-full of Puggy's spook-money.

She took it and pulled the wad out halfway and says: "I thought this was a racket. Real money isn't this big."

I explained and told her she was plenty old enough to remember the old-size currency. She glared at me and says: "All right, now, on the level, where'd you get it?"

"Velma," I says, "I been telling you. If you got the time, I can run through it again but it won't make it sound any better."

"Oh, no," she says, pushing the wad back in again. "I take no money from lunatics or crooks that can't think up better yarns than that. It's a new wrinkle to me, but I'm not buying. Get out," she says, "and take this bait with you, Tom Knox. The one thing I'm sure of about you is you aren't drunk."

Well, it was all right by me if she was going to suspect herself out of ten thousand dollars—not that I couldn't see her point under the circumstances—but I knew I was branded for life if I couldn't get shut of Puggy's orders. I did everything but get down on my knees to her, and I'd of done that if it wouldn't have alarmed the girls behind the counter. Finally I asked if she'd believe me if she saw the marks on my leg. She said she'd bet every dollar in that envelope, if it was real money, that nobody but me *could* see those marks.

"I can't cover all that without long odds," I says. "But I'll bet you five hundred, even money, those marks are there and you can see them." I saw her eyes flicker. "Velma Burke," I says, "you take me where I can get my pants off and you got a bet on your hands."

"Let's see the dough," she says, "and not in this stage money, either."

WELL, just in case, I'd cashed a thousand before I started South, so I could cover, though I don't generally carry such amounts. She looked my five hundred over, tucked it into the envelope, put it in the cash register, and picked up the gun. I started to duck, but all she did was call over the counter: "Girls, I'm going into the stock room with this character. If you hear me scream or shoot, call Sergeant Mickle. If I'm not out in ten minutes, call him anyway."

The girls gulped, but one of them says, "Okay, Velma." I took it what Velma said went around there, few questions asked.

"And if you don't think I'll get quick service," Velma says to me, "Sergeant Mickle is my fiancé and the barracks is only three quarters of a mile."

"He must like 'em big," I says, too sore at her to use good sense when it came to the backchat.

"He does," she says, "and he'd make two and a half of you. Now, we'll see about that bet."

So she covered me with the gun, backed toward the door, opened it behind her, backed in, and I followed, keeping well away so she wouldn't get nervous with that cannon. When I closed the door behind me, she was fifteen feet away at the other end of the stock room, against a background of cold cereals and canned corned-beef hash—our own brand, too. Well, I sure needed something to make me feel at home.

"Take 'em off," she says, motioning with the gun.

I did. I felt kind of screwily pleased I always been choosy about my shorts, even if I do wear nightshirts. Then I out with my right leg, like a girl in a ballet, and twisted sidewise so she could see. She breathed in sharp and come closer.

"Could be a burn," she says.

"You nor nobody else ever saw a burn like that," I says. "And it isn't lipstick or barn paint or ketchup or sealing wax. And it's gnawing at me like I can't tell you."

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"Well," she says, kind of quavery, "my folks were Irish. I got a right to be some superstitious." She was breathing awful fast. "You mean to tell me," she says, "that Puggy Brinton went to all that trouble to see I got his last ten thousand dollars?"

"That's what I mean," I says.

"Well, Tom," she says, "you were a no-account kind of kid but you weren't a liar. I guess I believe you." And the moment she said that, the marks plumb vanished and the gnawing quit. "They're gone," she says. "But I did see them."

"You sure did," I says.

"I guess it's worth it, having to believe my own eyes," she says, and then come out of it fast. "The money!" she says, and drops the gun and dives for the door.

I come along out when I had my pants back on. She was counting it slow and careful. My stake and a five-hundred-dollar bill was already laid to one side for me. I took it. "I might mention," I says, "that this party's cost me about three hundred dollars in travel expenses. Never mind the time out of my vacation," I says.

She didn't even look up from counting.

"On your way," she says. "I got no time for childhood friends that know I was married to a gambler. And don't forget the friends I got around here wear police uniforms."

So I skipped warning her about how the bank might get inquisitive about that stack of old-time money. I just put on my hat and was on my way, like she suggested.

TWO days later, I was driving to Racine, up U.S. 41, with the radio on, and the noon news says: "Mrs. Velma Brinton, of rural Lansing, Michigan, has been held for questioning because ten thousand dollars in old-time currency that she brought her bank for deposit proved to carry serial numbers showing the bills are part of the loot that an unidentified mob took from the Briggs National Bank of Tulsa, Oklahoma, in March, 1920. Mrs. Brinton's fiancé, Police Sergeant Herman Mickle, says their engagement is off unless she can think of a better story than she has so far managed to give authorities. Previously known as an active committeewoman in local politics and a successful businesswoman, Mrs. Brinton may not be extradited on account of the statute of limitations, but she has already stated she plans to leave town when released. The money will be turned over to the insurance company which reimbursed the Briggs National—"

And right away, I picked up a rattle somewhere down below the dashboard and it turned into Puggy, like I more than half expected. "Well, Tom," he says "that does it. We sure fixed her wagon, didn't we?"

I didn't say anything. I was still trying to take the thing in.

"Did I know that was hot money?" Puggy sends, kind of singing it. You can put a lot of expression in Morse if you try. "I sure did. I won it shooting crap with Big John and he was lookout man for the mob that knocked over the Briggs National and I done it with honest dice because I was scared to try anything. Did I know she was going to marry a John Law? I sure did, boyhood pal, I sure did."

I answered back on the steering column. "Nice guy you are, planting that kind of trouble on your widow just because she's getting married again."

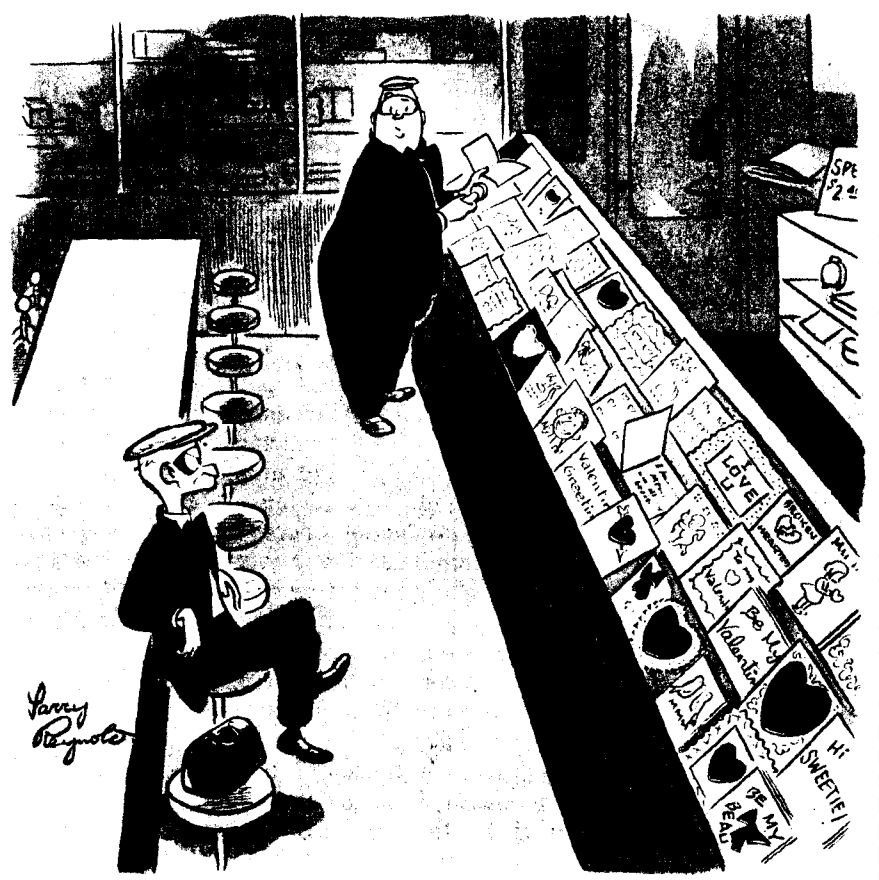
"My widow!" he says. "My poor, bereaved widow. I'd never of been in that kind of crap game except for her. I'd just been home to the little flat in Detroit, Tom. And the furniture was still there, what was too big to carry away convenient. But she wasn't—and neither was the seventeen thousand dollars I'd left with her to keep for us against a rainy day. I was down to my last hundred when I went up against Big John. And I was mad. I been mad ever since. But now I got my own back."

"That kind of makes a cat's-paw out of me," I says.

"It sure does," says Puggy. "You were just made for the job, Tom, always were. Thanks, boyhood pal. I'm loose now. I can be on my way. Don't ask me where, but I reckon it's a good thing I always liked warm climates." And he signed off.

Which is why I lit a cigarette with a five-hundred-dollar bill there on the shoulder of U.S. 41. THE END

BUTCH



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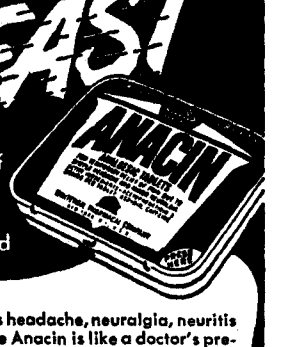

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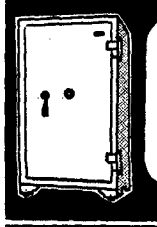

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DORMAN H. SMITH

While the Red Buzzards Watch

NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE Pearl Harbor, the Radio Corporation of America got to thinking about the very sort of sneak attack that occurred on December 7, 1941. They also started doing something about a means of warning against such an attack. By the summer of 1941 they had built and successfully demonstrated the RCA Alert Receiver. Since then, incidentally, the company has made available to its competitors the instrument's manufacturing rights.

This receiver can automatically, and in a few seconds, alert all the components of a civil defense system to the imminence of an air attack. Connected through broadcasting stations and defense control centers to radar outposts, the Alert Receiver flashes a light and rings a bell when it receives an inaudible broadcast signal which is sent in the event of attack. It then transmits raid instructions and other significant news, and shuts off automatically with the all-clear.

The receivers could be set up in military and civil defense stations, in hospitals and in police and fire stations. They could be put in power and water plants, railway and air terminals, and other important locations. Presumably they could also be installed in private homes and automobiles. They could be—but they're not. They are not even being manufactured, although their design is simple and they could be produced quickly and at a low cost. Why not?

Well, a year ago RCA announced that "availability of the instruments is dependent upon official specifications on detail affecting design and production. These specifications must be determined before production can begin."

Recently we checked with RCA to see how things were coming along. We were told that the situation looked a little more hopeful than a year ago, but that the receivers aren't yet being made, because the civil defense officials in Washington haven't given the green light.

We wanted to know how come, and an RCA official told us, guardedly, that "apparently it was the desirability of putting attention on other military production." We still wanted to know how come, and he added that there seemed to be the same apathetic feeling toward civil defense in Washington that most of us have observed in our own communities.

As the RCA man spoke of apathy, we thought of an article called Hiroshima, U.S.A., which this magazine published in August, 1950. Written by John Lear, it described a hypothetical atomic bombing of New York. Accompanying it was another article by Mr. Lear which was the result of a trip to England, where he studied Britain's radar screen and civilian defense setup, and went through its instruction course in civil defense against atomic attack.

The contrast between what was being done in the United Kingdom and the United States was not at all flattering to this country. In fact, virtually nothing was being done over here. And we know that it was more than coincidence that Americans began to wake up and do something after the appearance of Collier's Hiroshima, U.S.A. Several officers of the government have told us, unofficially, that Mr. Lear's articles were largely responsible for getting the civil defense program started.

But there is still plenty of apathy, as the story of the Alert Receiver shows. This is not to say that a good deal hasn't been accomplished. We do not mean to disparage the communities whose civil defense preparation is the exception to the general situation. Nor do we wish to withhold credit and thanks from the public-spirited few to whom the many will look for safety and help if an atomic attack should come.

Yet individuals and individual communities can do only so much. Our continental defenses are certainly far from impregnable. And it seems odd that the instrument we have described, which obviously could save precious minutes and help save lives, has not been accepted by the government and put in production after more than 10 years.

The receivers could alert the entire country, a specific area or a single city, as the situation required. And until the threat which we are spending billions to avert has actually been averted, it seems to us that these receivers have a valid claim to a place in the country's system of defense.

TIME Out of Mind

To a TIME-awed young staffer in 1947, TIME's Otto Fuerbringer, now assistant managing editor, had this to say when challenged regarding the accuracy of a story: "Listen, kid, anything goes around here." As of 1952, anything apparently still goes.

No digger for facts, TIME (cir. 1,654,000) recently misfired a few sour grapes aimed at *Collier's* (cir. 3,136,000) issue of October 27th (Preview of the War We Do Not Want). In a garbled story, archly headlined The War Nobody Liked, TIME's press department pontificated: "Only *Collier's* was unwilling to admit that the issue was a bad idea."

TIME's reason: a publisher had decided not to bring out the issue in book form after two contributors to the Preview, plus the brother of a third*, had been to Europe and discovered that some people there had "misunderstood and misinterpreted" the issue's motive, as *Collier's* contributor Robert E. Sherwood put it. Reprinting of their articles in book form, they felt, might compound the misunderstanding. Thus the book publisher's decision.

To TIME's somewhat clouded crystal ball there could be but one deduction: *"(Collier's)* journalistic jackpot . . . began to turn out wooden nickels" and as a result, claimed the Lucemen, *Collier's* had lost a chance to "cash in further" on the issue.

Had they really researched, TIME's TIME-publicized researchers might have discovered that (1) *Collier's* had no financial interest in the proposed book, would not have received one nickel—wooden or otherwise—if the book had sold in the millions; (2) the Reader Analysis Bureau of the Crowell-Collier Research Department found that 71 per cent of readers sampled said the issue was "a good idea"; (3) among those who agreed with the 71 per cent was TIME's editor in chief, Henry Robinson Luce, who wrote *Collier's* Editor Louis Ruppel: "There is no question that you made a great impact with that issue and, in my personal opinion, a useful one."

Thus, as it must to all men, error had come again to the editors of acidulous, infallible TIME.

*Playwright Robert E. Sherwood, Broadcaster Edward R. Murrow, Victor Reuther, brother of UAW-CIO's Walter.

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